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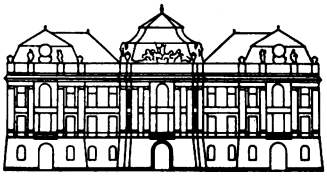
MENTEM ALIT ET EXCOLIT



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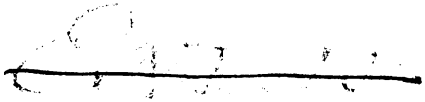

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* XLVIII. K. 68

Swift, Jonathan

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Treatiſes writ by the ſame Author, moſt of them mentioned in the following Diſcourſes; which will be ſpeedily publiſhed.

A *Character of the preſent Set of* Wits *in this Iſland.*

A Panegyrical Eſſay upon the Number THREE.

A Diſſertation upon the principal Productions of Grub-ſtreet.

Lectures upon a Diſſection of Human Nature.

A Panegyrick upon the World.

An Analytical Diſcourſe upon Zeal, Hiſtori-theo-phyſi-logically *conſidered.*

A general Hiſtory of Ears.

A modeſt Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble *in all Ages.*

A Deſcription of the Kingdom of Abſurdities.

A Voyage into England, *by a Perſon of Quality in* Terra Auſtralis incognita, *tranſlated from the Original.*

A Critical Eſſay upon the Art of Canting, *Philoſophically, Phyſically, and Muſically conſidered.*

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A

TALE OF A TUB.

Written for the Universal Improvement of Mankind.

Diu multumque desideratum.

To which is added,

An ACCOUNT of a BATTEL

BETWEEN THE

Antient and Modern BOOKS in St. *James's* Library.

Basima eacabasa eanaa irrauriſta, diarba da caeotaba fobor camelanthi. *Iren. Lib.* 1. *C.* 18.

——— *Juvatque novos decerpere flores,*
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora Musæ. Lucret.

LONDON:
Printed for *John Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall.*
MDCCIV.

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TO

The Right Honourable,

JOHN

Lord SOMMERS.

My LORD,

THO' the Author has written a large Dedication, yet That being addreſs'd to a Prince, whom I am never likely to have the Honor of being known to; A Perſon, beſides, as far as I can obſerve, not at all regarded, or thought on by any of our preſent Writers; And, I being wholly free from that Slavery, which Bookſellers uſually lye under, to the Caprices of Authors; I think it a wiſe Piece of Preſumption, to inſcribe theſe Papers to your Lordſhip, and to implore your Lordſhip's Protection of them. God and your Lordſhip know their Faults, and their Merits; for as to my own Particular, I am altogether a Stranger to the Matter; And, though every Body elſe ſhould be equally ignorant, I do not fear the Sale of the Book, at all the worſe, upon that Score. Your Lord-

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ſhip's Name on the Front, in Capital Letters, will at any time get off one Edition: Neither would I deſire any other Help, to grow an Alderman, than a Patent for the ſole Priviledge of Dedicating to your Lordſhip.

I ſhould now, in right of a Dedicator, give your Lordſhip a Liſt of your own Virtues, and at the ſame time, be very unwilling to offend your Modeſty; But, chiefly, I ſhould celebrate your Liberality towards Men of great Parts and ſmall Fortunes, and give you broad Hints, that I mean my ſelf. And, I was juſt going on in the uſual Method, to peruſe a hundred or two of Dedications, and tranſcribe an Abſtract, to be applied to your Lordſhip; But, I was diverted by a certain Accident. For, upon the Covers of theſe Papers, I caſually obſerved written in large Letters, the two following Words, *DETUR DIGNISSIMO*; which, for ought I knew, might contain ſome important Meaning. But, it unluckily fell out, that none of the Authors I employ, underſtood *Latin* (tho', I have them often in pay, to tranſlate out of that Language) I was therefore compelled to have recourſe to the Curate of our Pariſh, who Engliſhed it thus, *Let it be given to the Worthieſt*; And his Comment was, that the Author meant, his

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his Work ſhould be dedicated to the ſublimeſt Genius of the Age, for Wit, Learning, Judgment, Eloquence and Wiſdom. I call'd at a Poet's Chamber (who works for my Shop) in an Alley hard by, ſhewed him the Tranſlation, and deſired his Opinion, who it was that the Author could mean; He told me, after ſome Conſideration, that Vanity was a Thing he abhorr'd; but by the Deſcription, he thought Himſelf to be the Perſon aimed at; And, at the ſame time, he very kindly offer'd his own Aſſiſtance *gratis*, towards penning a Dedication to Himſelf. I deſired him, however, to give a ſecond Gueſs; Why then, ſaid he, It muſt be I, or my Lord *Sommers*. From thence I went to ſeveral other Wits of my Acquaintance, with no ſmall Hazard and Wearineſs to my Perſon, from a prodigious Number of dark, winding Stairs; But found them all in the ſame Story, both of your Lordſhip and themſelves. Now, your Lordſhip is to underſtand, that this Proceeding was not of my own Invention; For, I have ſomewhere heard, it is a Maxim, that thoſe, to whom every Body allows the ſecond Place, have an undoubted Title to the Firſt.

THIS, infallibly, convinced me, that your Lordſhip was the Perſon intended by the Author. But, being very unacquainted in

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in the Style and Form of Dedications, I employ'd thoſe Wits aforeſaid, to furniſh me with Hints and Materials, towards a Panegyrick upon your Lordſhip's Virtues.

In two Days, they brought me ten Sheets of Paper, fill'd up on every Side. They ſwore to me, that they had ranſack'd whatever could be found in the Characters of *Socrates*, *Ariſtides*, *Epaminondas*, *Cato*, *Tully*, *Atticus*, and other hard Names, which I cannot now recollect. However, I have Reaſon to believe, they impoſed upon my Ignorance, becauſe, when I came to read over their Collections, there was not a Syllable there, but, what I and every body elſe, knew as well as themſelves: Therefore, I grievouſly ſuſpect a Cheat; and, that theſe Authors of mine, ſtole and tranſcribed every Word, from the univerſal Report of Mankind. So that I look upon my ſelf, as fifty Shillings out of Pocket, to no manner of Purpoſe.

If, by altering the Title, I could make the ſame Materials ſerve for another Dedication (as my Betters have done) it would help to make up my Loſs: But, I have made ſeveral Perſons, dip here and there in thoſe Papers, and before they read three Lines, they have all aſſured me, plainly, that they cannot poſſibly be applied to any Perſon, beſides your Lordſhip.

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I expected, indeed, to have heard of your Lordſhip's Bravery, at the Head of an Army; Of your undaunted Courage, in mounting a Breach, or ſcaling a Wall; Or, to have had your Pedigree trac'd in a Lineal Deſcent from the Houſe of *Auſtria*; Or, of your wonderful Talent at Dreſs and Dancing; Or, your Profound Knowledge in *Algebra*, *Metaphyſicks*, and the Oriental Tongues: But to ply the World with an old beaten Story of your Wit, and Eloquence, and Learning, and Wiſdom, and Juſtice, and Politeneſs, and Candor, and Evenneſs of Temper in all Scenes of Life; Of that great Diſcernment in Diſcovering, and Readineſs in Favouring deſerving Men; with forty other common Topicks: I confeſs, I have neither Conſcience, nor Countenance to do it. Becauſe, there is no Virtue, either of a Publick or Private Life, which ſome Circumſtances of your own, have not often produced upon the Stage of the World; And thoſe few, which for want of Occaſions to exert them, might otherwiſe have paſs'd unſeen or unobſerved by your *Friends*, your *Enemies* have at length brought to Light.

'Tis true, I ſhould be very loth, the Bright Example of your Lordſhip's Virtues ſhould be loſt to after Ages, both for their ſake and your own; but chiefly, becauſe they

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they will be so very necessary to adorn the History of a *late Reign*; And That is another Reason, why I would forbear to make a Recital of them here; Because, I have been told by Wise Men, that as Dedications have run for some Years past, a good Historian will not be apt to have Recourse thither, in search of Characters.

THERE is one Point, wherein I think we Dedicators would do well to change our Measures; I mean, instead of running on so far, upon the Praise of our Patron's *Liberality*, to spend a Word or two, in admiring their *Patience*. I can put no greater Compliment on your Lordship's, than by giving you so ample an Occasion to exercise it at present. Tho', perhaps, I shall not be apt to reckon much Merit to your Lordship upon that Score, who having been formerly used to tedious Harangues, and sometimes, to as little Purpose, will be the readier to pardon this, especially, when it is offered by one, who is with all Respect and Veneration,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obedient,

and most Faithful Servant,

The Bookseller.

THE

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THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

IT is now Six Years, since these Papers came first to my Hands, which seems to have been about a Twelvemonth after they were writ: For, the Author tells us in his Preface to the first Treatise, that he hath calculated it for the Year 1697, *and in several Passages of that Discourse, as well as the second, it appears, they were written about that Time.*

As to the Author, I can give no manner of Satisfaction; However, I am credibly informed, that this Publication is without his Knowledge; for he concludes the Copy is lost, having lent it to a Person, since dead, and being never in Possession of it after: So that, whether the Work received his last Hand, or, whether he intended to fill up the defective Places, is like to remain a Secret.

If

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The Bookseller to the Reader.

If I should go about to tell the Reader, by what Accident, I became Master of these Papers, it would, in this unbelieving Age, pass for little more than the Cant, or Jargon of the Trade. I, therefore, gladly spare both him and my self so unnecessary a Trouble. There yet remains a difficult Question, why I publish'd them no sooner. I forbore upon two Accounts: First, because I thought I had better Work upon my Hands; and Secondly, because, I was not without some Hope of hearing from the Author, and receiving his Directions. But, I have been lately alarm'd with Intelligence of a surreptitious Copy, which a certain great Wit had new polish'd and refin'd, or, as our present Writers express themselves, fitted to the Humor of the Age; *as they have already done, with great Felicity, to* Don Quixot, Boccalini, la Bruyere, *and other Authors. However, I thought it fairer Dealing, to offer the whole Work in its Naturals. If any Gentleman will please to furnish me with a Key, in order to explain the more difficult Parts, I shall very gratefully acknowledge the Favour, and print it by it self.*

THE

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THE
Epiſtle Dedicatory,
TO
His Royal Highneſs
PRINCE POSTERITY,

SIR,

I HERE preſent *Your Highneſs* with the Fruits of a very few leiſure Hours, ſtollen from the ſhort Intervals of a World of Buſineſs, and of an Employment quite alien from ſuch Amuſements as this: The poor Production of that Refuſe of Time which has lain heavy upon my Hands, during a long Prorogation of Parliament, a great Dearth of Forein News, and a tedious Fit of rainy Weather: For which, and other Reaſons, it cannot chuſe extreamly to deſerve ſuch a Patronage as that of *Your Highneſs*, whoſe

 number-

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numberleſs Virtues in ſo few Years, make the World look upon You as the future Example to all Princes: For altho' *Your Highneſs* is hardly got clear of Infancy, yet has the univerſal learned World already reſolved upon appealing to Your future Dictates with the loweſt and moſt reſigned Submiſſion: Fate having decreed You ſole Arbiter of the Productions of human Wit, in this polite and moſt accompliſh'd Age. Methinks, the Number of Appellants were enough to ſhock and ſtartle any Judge of a Genius leſs unlimited than Yours: But in order to prevent ſuch glorious Tryals, the *Perſon* (it ſeems) to whoſe Care the Education of *Your Highneſs* is committed, has reſolved (as I am told) to keep you in almoſt an univerſal Ignorance of our Studies, which it is Your inherent Birth-right to inſpect,

It is amazing to me, that this *Perſon* ſhould have Aſſurance in the face of the Sun, to go about perſuading *Your Highneſs*, that our Age is almoſt wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one Writer upon any Subject. I know very well, that when *Your Highneſs* ſhall come to riper Years, and have gone thro' the Learning

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ing of Antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect inquiring into the Authors of the very age before You; And to think that this *Inſolent*, in the Account he is preparing for Your View, deſigns to reduce them to a Number ſo inſignificant as I am aſhamed to mention; it moves my Zeal and my Spleen for the Honor and Intereſt of our vaſt flouriſhing Body, as well as of my ſelf, for whom I know by long Experience, he has profeſs'd, and ſtill continues a peculiar Malice.

'TIS not unlikely, that when *Your Highneſs* will one Day peruſe what I am now writing, You may be ready to expoſtulate with Your *Governour* upon the Credit of what I here affirm, and command Him to ſhew You ſome of our Productions. To which he will anſwer, (for I am well informed of his Deſigns) by asking *Your Highneſs*, where they are? and what is become of them? and pretend it a Demonſtration that there never were any, becauſe they are not then to be found: Not to be found! Who has miſlaid them? Are they ſunk in the Abyſs of Things? 'Tis certain, that in their own Nature they were *light* enough to ſwim upon the

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Surface for all Eternity: Therefore the Fault is in Him, who tied Weights ſo heavy to their Heels, as to depreſs them to the Center. Is their very Eſſence deſtroyed? Who has annihilated them? Were they drowned by *Purges* or martyred by *Pipes?* Who adminiſtred them to the Poſteriors of —— But that it may no longer be a Doubt with *Your Highneſs*, who is to be the Author of this univerſal Ruin; I beſeech You to obſerve that large and terrible *Scythe* which Your *Governour* affects to bear continually about him. Be pleaſed to remark the Length and Strength, the Sharpneſs and Hardneſs of his *Nails* and *Teeth:* Conſider his baneful abominable *Breath*, Enemy to Life and Matter, infectious and corrupting: And then reflect whether it be poſſible for any mortal Ink and Paper of this Generation to make a ſuitable Reſiſtance. Oh, that *Your Highneſs* would one day reſolve to diſarm this Uſurping *Maitre de Palais*, of his furious Engins, and bring Your Empire *hors du Page.*

It were endleſs to recount the ſeveral Methods of Tyranny and Deſtruction, which Your *Governour* is pleaſed to practiſe

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ctiſe upon this Occaſion. His inveterate Malice is ſuch to the Writings of our Age, that of ſeveral Thouſands produced yearly from this renowned City, before the next Revolution of the Sun, there is not one to be heard of: Unhappy Infants, many of them barbarouſly deſtroyed, before they have ſo much as learnt their *Mother-Tongue* to beg for Pity. Some he ſtifles in their Cradles, others he frights into Convulſions, whereof they ſuddenly die; Some he flays alive, others he tears Limb from Limb. Great Numbers are offered to *Moloch*, and the reſt tainted by his Breath, die of a languiſhing Conſumption.

BUT the Concern I have moſt at Heart, is for our Corporation of *Poets*, from whom I am preparing a Petition to *Your Highneſs*, to be ſubſcribed with the Names of one hundred thirty ſix of the firſt Rate, but whoſe immortal Productions are never likely to reach your Eyes, tho' each of them is now an humble and an earneſt Appellant for the Laurel, and has large comely Volumes ready to ſhew for a Support to his Pretenſions. The *never-dying* Works of theſe illuſtrious Perſons, Your

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Governour, Sir, has devoted to unavoidable Death, and *Your Highneſs* is to be made believe, that our Age has never arrived at the Honor to produce one ſingle Poet.

We confeſs *Immortality* to be a great and powerful Goddeſs, but in vain we offer up to her our Devotions and our Sacrifices, if *Your Highneſs*'s *Governour*, who has uſurped the *Prieſthood*, muſt by an unparallell'd Ambition and Avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our Age is altogether Unlearned, and devoid of Writers in any kind, ſeems to be an Aſſertion ſo bold and ſo falſe, that I have been ſometime thinking, the contrary may almoſt be proved by uncontroulable Demonſtration. 'Tis true indeed, that altho' their Numbers be vaſt, and their Productions numerous in proportion, yet are they hurryed ſo haſtily off the Scene, that they eſcape our Memory, and delude our Sight. When I firſt thought of this Addreſs, I had prepared a copious Liſt of *Titles* to preſent *Your Highneſs* as an undiſputed Argument for what I affirm. The Originals were poſted

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poſted freſh upon all Gates and Corners of Streets; but returning in a very few Hours to take a Review, they were all torn down, and freſh ones in their Places: I enquired after them among Readers and Bookſellers, but I enquired in vain, the *Memorial of them was loſt among Men, their Place was no more to be found*; and I was laughed to ſcorn, for a *Clown* and a *Pedant*, devoid of all Taſte and Refinement, little verſed in the Courſe of *preſent* Affairs, and that knew nothing of what had paſs'd in the beſt Companies of Court and Town. So that I can only avow in general to *Your Highneſs*, that we *do* abound in Learning and Wit; but to fix upon Particulars, is a Task too ſlippery for my ſlender Abilities. If I ſhould venture in a windy Day, to affirm to *Your Highneſs*, that there is a large Cloud near the *Horizon* in the Form of a *Bear*, another in the *Zenith* with the Head of an *Aſs*, a third to the Weſtward with Claws like a *Dragon*; and *Your Highneſs* ſhould in a few Minutes think fit to examine the Truth; 'tis certain, they would be all changed in Figure and Poſition, new ones would ariſe, and all we could agree upon would be, that Clouds there

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were, but that I was groſly miſtaken in the *Zography* and *Topography* of them.

BUT Your *Governour*, perhaps, may ſtill inſiſt, and put the Queſtion: What is then become of thoſe immenſe Bales of Paper, which muſt needs have been employ'd in ſuch Numbers of Books? Can theſe alſo be wholly annihilate, and ſo of a ſudden as I pretend? What ſhall I ſay in return of ſo invidious an Objection? It ill befits the Diſtance between *Your Highneſs* and Me, to ſend You for ocular Conviction to a *Jakes* or an *Oven*; to the Windows of a *Bawdy-Houſe*, or to a ſordid *Lanthorn*. Books, like Men their Authors, have no more than one Way of coming into the World, but there are ten Thouſand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profeſs to *Your Highneſs* in the Integrity of my Heart, that what I am going to ſay is literally true this Minute I am writing: What Revolutions may happen before it ſhall be ready for Your Peruſal, I can by no means warrant; However, I beg You to accept it as a Specimen of our Learning, our Politeneſs and our

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our Wit. I do therefore affirm upon the Word of a ſincere Man, that there is now actually in being, a certain Poet called *John Dryden*, whoſe Tranſlation of *Virgil* was lately printed in a large Folio, well bound, and if diligent ſearch were made, for ought I know, is yet to be ſeen. There is another call'd *Nahum Tate*, who is ready to make Oath that he has cauſed many Rheams of Verſe to be publiſhed, whereof both himſelf and his Bookſeller (if lawfully required) can ſtill produce authentick Copies, and therefore wonders why the World is pleaſed to make ſuch a Secret of it. There is a Third, known by the Name of *Tom Durfey*, a Poet of a vaſt Comprehenſion, an univerſal Genius, and moſt profound Learning. There are alſo one Mr. *Rymer*, and one Mr. *Dennis*, moſt profound Criticks. There is a Perſon ſtyled Dr *B--tl--y*, who has written near a thouſand Pages of immenſe Erudition, *giving a full and true Account* of a certain *Squable* of wonderful importance between himſelf and a Bookſeller: He is a Writer of infinite Wit and Humour; no Man raillyes with a better Grace, and in more ſprightly Turns Farther, I avow to *Your Highneſs*, that with theſe Eyes I have beheld

held the Perſon of *William W--tt--n*, B. D. who has written a good ſizeable Volume againſt a *Friend of Your Governour* (from whom, alas! he muſt therefore look for little Favour) in a moſt gentlemanly Style, adorned with utmoſt Politeneſs and Civility; replete with Diſcoveries equally valuable for their Novelty and Uſe: and embelliſh'd with *Traits* of Wit ſo poignant and ſo appoſite, that he is a worthy Yoke-mate to his fore-mention'd *Friend.*

WHY ſhould I go upon farther Particulars, which might fill a Volume with the juſt Elogies of my cotemporary Brethren? I ſhall bequeath this Piece of Juſtice to a larger Work: wherein I intend to write a Character of the preſent Set of *Wits* in our Nation: Their Perſons I ſhall deſcribe particularly, and at Length, their Genius and Underſtandings in *Mignature.*

IN the mean time, I do here make bold to preſent *Your Highneſs* with a faithful Abſtract drawn from the Univerſal Body of all Arts and Sciences, intended wholly for Your Service and Inſtruction; Nor do I doubt in the leaſt, but *Your Highneſs* will peruſe

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peruſe it as carefully, and make as conſiderable Improvements, as *other* young *Princes* have already done by the many Volumes of late Years written for a Help to their Studies.

THAT *Your Highneſs* may advance in Wiſdom and Virtue, as well as Years, and at laſt out-ſhine all Your Royal Anceſtors, ſhall be the daily Prayer of,

SIR,

Decemb. 1697. *Your Highneſs's*

Moſt devoted, &c.

THE

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THE PREFACE.

THE Wits of the preſent Age being ſo very numerous and penetrating, it ſeems, the Grandees of *Church* and *State* begin to fall under horrible Apprehenſions, leſt theſe Gentlemen during the Intervals of a long Peace, ſhould find leiſure to pick Holes in the weak ſides of Religion and Government. To prevent which, there has been much Thought employ'd of late upon certain Projects for taking off the Force, and Edge of thoſe formidable Enquirers, from canvaſing and reaſoning upon ſuch delicate Points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require ſome Time as well as Coſt, to perfect. Mean while, the Danger hourly increaſing, by new Levies of Wits all appointed (as there is Reaſon to fear) with Pen, Ink, and Paper, which may at an hour's Warning be drawn out into Pamphlets, and other Offenſive Weapons, ready for immediate Execution:

It

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It was judged of abſolute neceſſity, that ſome preſent Expedient be thought on, till the main Deſign can be brought to Maturity. To this End, at a Grand Committee, ſome Days ago, this important Diſcovery was made by a certain curious and refined Obſerver; That Sea-men have a Cuſtom when they meet a *Whale*, to fling him out an empty *Tub*, by way of Amuſement, to divert him from laying violent Hands upon the Ship. This Parable was immediately mythologiz'd: The *Whale* was interpreted to be *Hobs*'s *Leviathan*, which toſſes and plays with all other Schemes of Religion and Government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noiſy, and wooden, and given to Rotation, This is the *Leviathan* from whence the terrible Wits of our Age are ſaid to borrow their Weapons. The *Ship* in danger, is eaſily underſtood to be its old Antitype the *Commonwealth*. But, how to analyze the *Tub*, was a Matter of Difficulty; when after long Enquiry and Debate, the literal Meaning was preſerved: And it was decreed, that in order to prevent theſe *Leviathans* from toſſing and ſporting with the *Commonwealth*, (which of it ſelf is too apt to *fluctuate*) they

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they ſhould be diverted from that Game by *a Tale of a Tub.* And my Genius being conceived to lye not unhappily that way, I had the Honor done me to be engaged in the Performance.

THIS is the ſole Deſign in publiſhing the following Treatiſe, which I hope will ſerve for an *Interim* of ſome Months to employ thoſe unquiet Spirits, till the perfecting of that great Work: into the Secret of which, it is reaſonable the courteous Reader ſhould have ſome little Light.

IT is intended that a large Academy be erected, capable of containing nine thouſand ſeven hundred forty and three Perſons; which by modeſt Computation is reckoned to be pretty near the current Number of *Wits* in this Iſland. Theſe are to be diſpoſed into the ſeveral Schools of this Academy, and there purſue thoſe Studies to which their Genius moſt inclines them. The Undertaker himſelf will publiſh his Propoſals with all convenient ſpeed, to which I ſhall refer the curious Reader for a more particular Account, mentioning at preſent only a few of the principal Schools. There is, firſt, a large *Pedera-*

ſtick

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ſtick School, with *French* and *Italian* Maſters. There is alſo, the *Spelling* School, *a very ſpacious Building:* The School of *Looking-Glaſſes:* The School of *Swearing:* the School of *Criticks:* The School of *Salivation:* The School of *Hobby-Horſes:* The School of *Poetry:* The School of *Tops:* The School of *Spleen:* The School of *Gaming:* with many others too tedious to recount. No Perſon to be admitted Member into any of theſe Schools, without an Atteſtation under two ſufficient Perſons Hands, certifying him to be a *Wit.*

BUT, to return. I am ſufficiently inſtructed in the principal Duty of a Preface, if my Genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my Imagination to make the *Tour* of my Invention, and thrice it has returned empty; the latter having been wholly drained by the following Treatiſe. Not ſo, my more ſucceſsful Brethren the *Moderns*, who will by no means let ſlip a Preface or Dedication, without ſome notable diſtinguiſhing Stroke, to ſurprize the Reader at the Entry, and kindle a wonderful Expectation of what is to enſue. Such was that of a moſt ingenious Poet, who ſollicited his Brain

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Brain for ſomething new, compared himſelf to the *Hangman*, and his Patron to the *Patient:* This was * *Inſigne, recens, indictum ore alio.* When I went thro' That neceſſary and noble † Courſe of Study, I had the happineſs to obſerve many ſuch egregious Touches, which I ſhall not injure the Authors by tranſplanting: Becauſe I have remarked, that nothing is ſo very tender as a *Modern* Piece of Wit, and which is apt to ſuffer ſo much in the Carriage. Some things are extreamly witty *to day*, or *faſting*, or *in this place*, or *at eight a Clock*, or *over a Bottle*, or *ſpoke by Mr.* What d' y' call 'm, or *in a Summer's Morning:* Any of which, by the ſmalleſt Tranſpoſal or Miſapplication, is utterly annihilate. Thus, *Wit* has its Walks and Purlieus, out of which it may not ſtray the breadth of a Hair, upon peril of being loſt. The *Moderns* have artfully fixed this *Mercury*, and reduced it to the Circumſtances of Time, Place and Perſon. Such a Jeſt there is, that will not paſs out of *Convent-Garden*; and ſuch a one, that is no where intelligible but at *Hide-Park* Corner. Now, tho' it ſometimes tenderly affects me to conſider, that all the towardly Paſſages I ſhall deliver in the fol-

* *Hor.*

† *Reading Prefaces, &c.*

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lowing Treatiſe, will grow quite out of date and reliſh with the firſt ſhifting of the preſent Scene; yet I muſt need ſubſcribe to the Juſtice of this Proceeding: becauſe, I cannot imagine why we ſhould be at Expence to furniſh Wit for ſucceeding Ages, when the former have made no ſort of Proviſion for ours; wherein I ſpeak the Sentiment of the very neweſt, and conſequently the moſt Orthodox Refiners, as well as my own. However, being extreamly ſollicitous, that every accompliſhed Perſon who has got into the Taſte of Wit, calculated for this preſent Month of *Auguſt* 1697, ſhould deſcend to the very *bottom* of all the *Sublime* throughout this Treatiſe; I hold it fit to lay down this general Maxim. Whatever Reader deſires to have a thorow Comprehenſion of an Author's Thoughts, cannot take a better Method, than by putting himſelf into the Circumſtances and Poſture of Life, that the Writer was in, upon every important Paſſage as it flowed from his Pen; For this will introduce a Parity and ſtrict Correſpondence of Idea's between the Reader and the Author. Now, to aſſiſt the diligent Reader in ſo delicate an Affair, as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected,

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lected, that the ſhrewdeſt Pieces of this Treatiſe, were conceived in Bed, in a Garret: At other times (for a Reaſon beſt known to my ſelf) I thought fit to ſharpen my Invention with Hunger; and in general, the whole Work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long Courſe of Phyſick, and a great want of Money. Now, I do affirm, it will be abſolutely impoſſible for the candid Peruſer to go along with me in a great many bright Paſſages, unleſs upon the ſeveral Difficulties emergent, he will pleaſe to capacitate and prepare himſelf by theſe Directions. And this I lay down as my principal *Poſtulatum.*

BECAUSE I have profeſs'd to be a moſt devoted Servant of all *Modern* Forms: I apprehend ſome curious *Wit* may object againſt me, for proceeding thus far in a Preface, without declaiming, according to the Cuſtom, againſt the Multitude of Writers, whereof the whole Multitude of Writers moſt reaſonably complains. I am juſt come from peruſing ſome hundreds of Prefaces, wherein the Authors do at the very beginning addreſs the gentle Reader concerning this enormous Grievance. Of theſe

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I have preſerved a few Examples, and ſhall ſet them down as near as my Memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus;

For a Man to ſet up for a Writer, when the Preſs ſwarms with, &c.

Another;

The Tax upon Paper does not leſſen the Number of Scriblers, who daily peſter, &c.

Another;

When every little Would-be-wit takes Pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the Liſts, &c.

Another;

To obſerve what Traſh the Preſs ſwarms with, &c.

Another;

SIR, It is meerly in Obedience to your Commands that I venture into the Publick; for who upon a leſs Conſideration would be of a Party with ſuch a Rabble of Scriblers, &c.

NOW

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NOW, I have two Words in my own Defence, againſt this Objection. Firſt: I am far from granting the Number of Writers, a Nuiſance to our Nation, having ſtrenuouſly maintained the contrary in ſeveral Parts of the following Diſcourſe. Secondly: I do not well underſtand the Juſtice of this Proceeding, becauſe I obſerve many of theſe polite Prefaces, to be not only from the ſame Hand, but from thoſe who are moſt voluminous in their ſeveral Productions. Upon which I ſhall tell the Reader a ſhort Tale.

A Mountebank in Leiceſter-Fields, *had drawn a huge Aſſembly about him. Among the reſt, a fat unweildy Fellow, half ſtifled in the Preſs, would be every ſit crying out, Lord! what a filthy Crowd is here; Pray, good People, give way a little, Bleſs me! what a Devil has rak'd this Rabble together: Z----ds, what ſqueezing is this! Honeſt Friend, remove your Elbow. At laſt a* Weaver *that ſtood next him could hold no longer: A Plague confound you* (ſaid he) *for an over-grown Sloven; and who (in the Devil's Name) I wonder, helps to make up the Crowd half ſo much as your ſelf? Don't*

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you conſider (with a Pox) that you take up more room with that Carkaſs than any five here? Is not the Place as free for us as for you? Bring your own Guts to a reaſonable Compaſs (and be d——n'd) and then I'll engage we ſhall have room enough for us all.

THERE are certain common Privileges of a Writer, the Benefit whereof, I hope there will be no Reaſon to doubt; particularly, that where I am not underſtood, it ſhall be concluded, that ſomething very uſeful and profound is coucht underneath: And again, that whatever Word or Sentence is Printed in a different Character, ſhall be judged to contain ſomething extraordinary either of *Wit* or *Sublime*.

AS for the Liberty I have thought fit to take of praiſing my ſelf, upon ſome Occaſions or none; I am ſure it will need no Excuſe, if a Multitude of great Examples be allowed ſufficient Authority: For it is here to be noted, that *Praiſe* was originally a Penſion paid by the World: but the *Moderns* finding the Trouble and Charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the *Fee-Simple*; ſince which time, the Right of Preſentation is wholly in our ſelves. For this Reaſon it is, that when an

an Author makes his own Elogy, he uſes a certain form to declare and inſiſt upon his Title, which is commonly in theſe or the like Words, *I ſpeak without Vanity*; which I think plainly ſhews it to be a Matter of Right and Juſtice. Now, I do here once for all declare, that in every Encounter of this Nature, thro' the following Treatiſe, the Form aforeſaid is imply'd; which I mention, to ſave the Trouble of repeating it on ſo many Occaſions.

'TIS a great Eaſe to my Conſcience that I have Writ ſo elaborate and uſeful a Diſcourſe without one grain of Satyr intermixt; which is the ſole Point wherein I have taken leave to diſſent from the famous Originals of our Age and Country. I have obſerv'd ſome Satyriſts to uſe the Publick much at the Rate that Pedants do a naughty Boy ready Hors'd for Diſcipline: Firſt expoſtulate the Caſe, then plead the Neceſſity of the Rod, from great Provocations, and conclude every Period with a Laſh. Now, if I know any thing of Mankind, theſe Gentlemen might very well ſpare their Reproof and Correction: For there is not through all Nature another ſo callous and inſenſible a Member as *the World's Poſteriors*, whether you ap-

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ply to it the *Toe* or the *Birch*. Beſides, moſt of our late Satyriſts ſeem to lye under a ſort of Miſtake, that becauſe Nettles have the Prerogative to Sting, therefore all *other Weeds* muſt do ſo too. I make not this Compariſon out of the leaſt Deſign to detract from theſe worthy Writers: For it is well known among *Mythologiſts*, that *Weeds* have the Preeminence over all other Vegetables; and therefore the firſt *Monarch* of this Iſland, whoſe Taſte and Judgment were ſo acute and refined, did very wiſely root out the *Roſes* from the Collar of *the Order*, and plant the *Thiſtles* in their ſtead, as the nobler Flower of the two. For which Reaſon it is conjectured by profounder Antiquaries, that the Satyrical Itch, ſo prevalent in this part of our Iſland, was firſt brought among us from beyond the *Tweed*. Here may it long flouriſh and abound; May it ſurvive and neglect the Scorn of the World, with as much Eaſe and Contempt as the World is inſenſible to the Laſhes of it. May their own Dullneſs, or that of their Party, be no Diſcouragement for the Authors to proceed; but let them remember, it is with *Wits* as with *Razors*, which are never ſo apt to *cut* thoſe they are

are employ'd on, as when they have *loſt their Edge*. Beſides, thoſe whoſe Teeth are too rotten to bite, are beſt of all others, qualified to revenge that Defect with their Breath.

I am not like other Men, to envy or undervalue the Talents I cannot reach; for which Reaſon I muſt needs bear a true Honour to this large eminent Sect of our *Britiſh* Writers. And I hope, this little Panegyrick will not be offenſive to their Ears, ſince it has the Advantage of being only deſigned for themſelves. Indeed, Nature her ſelf has taken Order, that Fame and Honour ſhould be purchaſed at a better Penyworth by Satyr, than by any other Productions of the Brain; the World being ſooneſt provoked to *Praiſe* by *Laſhes*, as Men are to *Love*. There is a Problem in an ancient Author, why Dedications, and other Bundles of Flattery run all upon ſtale muſty Topicks, without the ſmalleſt Tincture of any thing New; not only to the torment and nauſeating of the *Chriſtian* Reader, but (if not ſuddenly prevented) to the univerſal ſpreading of that peſtilent Diſeaſe, the Lethargy, in this Iſland: Whereas, there is very little

little Satyr which has not ſomething in it untouch'd before. The Defects of the former are uſually imputed to the want of Invention among thoſe who are Dealers in that kind: But, I think, with a great deal of Injuſtice; the Solution being eaſie and natural. For, the Materials of Panegyrick being very few in Number, have been long ſince exhauſted: For, as Health is but one Thing, and has been always the ſame, whereas Diſeaſes are by thouſands, beſides new and daily Additions: So, all the Virtues that have been ever in Mankind, are to be counted upon a few Fingers, but his Follies and Vices are innumerable, and Time adds hourly to the Heap. Now, the utmoſt a poor Poet can do, is to get by heart a Liſt of the Cardinal Virtues, and deal them with his utmoſt Liberality to his Hero or his Patron: He may ring the Changes as far as it will go, and vary his Phraſe till he has talk'd round; but the Reader quickly finds, it is all * *Pork*, with a little variety of Sawce: For there is no inventing Terms of Art beyond our Idea's; and when Idea's are exhauſted, Terms of Art muſt be ſo too.

* *Plutarch.*

BUT,

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BUT, tho' the Matter for Panegyrick were as fruitful as the Topicks of Satyr, yet would it not be hard to find out a ſufficient Reaſon, why the latter will be always better received than the firſt. For, this being beſtowed only upon one or a few Perſons at a time, is ſure to raiſe Envy, and conſequently ill Words from the reſt, who have no ſhare in the Bleſſing: But Satyr being levelled at all, is never reſented for an offence by any, ſince every individual Perſon makes bold to underſtand it of others, and very wiſely removes his particular Part of the Burthen upon the Shoulders of the World, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpoſe, I have ſometimes reflected upon the Difference between *Athens* and *England*, with reſpect to the Point before us. In the *Attick* * Commonwealth, it was the Privilege and Birth-right of every Citizen and Poet, to rail aloud and in publick, or to expoſe upon the Stage by Name, any Perſon they pleaſe, tho' of the greateſt Figure, whether a *Creon*, an *Hyperbolus*, an *Alcibiades*, or a *Demoſthenes*:

* *Vid. Xenoph.*

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nes: But on the other ſide, the leaſt reflecting Word let fall againſt the *People* in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the Authors, however conſiderable for their Quality or their Merits. Whereas, in *England* it is juſt the Reverſe of all this. Here, you may ſecurely diſplay your utmoſt *Rhetorick* againſt Mankind, in the Face of the World; tell them, "*That all are gone aſtray*; "*That there is none that doth good, no not* "*one*; *That we live in the very Dregs of* "*Time*; *That Knavery and Atheiſm are* "*Epidemick as the Pox*; *That Honeſty* "*is fled with Aſtræa*; with any other Common places *equally* new and eloquent, which are furniſhed by the **Splendida bilis*. And when you have done, the whole Audience, far from being offended, ſhall return you Thanks, as a Deliverer of precious and uſeful Truths. Nay farther; It is but to venture your Lungs, and you may preach in *Convent-Garden* againſt Foppery and Fornication, and *ſomething elſe:* Againſt Pride, and Diſſimulation, and Bribery, at *White-Hall*: You may expoſe Rapins and Injuſtice in the *Inns of Court* Chappel;

* Hor.

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pel: And in a *City* Pulpit be as fierce as you pleaſe, againſt Avarice, Hypocriſie and Extortion. 'Tis but a *Ball* bandied to and fro, and every Man carries a *Racket* about Him to ſtrike it from himſelf among the reſt of the Company. But on the other ſide, whoever ſhould miſtake the Nature of things ſo far, as to drop but a ſingle Hint in publick, How *ſuch a one* ſtarved half the Fleet, and half poiſon'd the reſt: How *ſuch a one*, from a true Principle of *Love* and *Honour*, pays no Debts but for *Wenches* and *Play*: How *ſuch a one* has got a Clap, and runs out of his Eſtate: How *Paris* bribed by *Juno* and *Venus*, loath to offend either Party, ſlept out the whole Cauſe on the Bench: Or, how *ſuch an Orator* makes long Speeches in the Senate, with much Thought, little Senſe, and to no Purpoſe. Whoever, I ſay, ſhould venture to be thus particular, muſt expect to be impriſoned for *Scandalum Magnatum*; to have *Challenges* ſent him; to be ſued for *Defamation*; and to be *brought before the Bar of the Houſe*.

BUT,

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BUT, I forget that I am expatiating on a Subject, wherein I have no Concern, having neither a Talent nor an Inclination for Satyr; On the other ſide, I am ſo entirely ſatisfied with the whole preſent Proceedure of human Things, that I have been for ſome Years preparing Materials towards *A Panegyrick upon the World*; to which I intended to add a Second Part, entituled, *A Modeſt Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages.* Both theſe I had Thoughts to publiſh by way of Appendix to the following Treatiſe; but finding my Common-Place-Book ſtill much ſlower than I had reaſon to expect, I have choſen to defer them to another Occaſion. Beſides, I have been unhappily prevented in that Deſign, by a certain Domeſtick Misfortune, in the Particulars whereof, tho' it would be very ſeaſonable, and much in the *Modern* way, to inform the *gentle Reader*, and would alſo be of great Aſſiſtance towards extending this Preface into the Size now in Vogue, which by Rule ought to be *large* in Proportion as the ſubſequent Volume is *ſmall*; Yet I ſhall now

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now dismiss our impatient Reader from any farther Attendance at the *Porch*; and having duly prepared his Mind by a preliminary Discourse, shall gladly introduce him to the sublime Mysteries that ensue.

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A TALE OF A TUB, &c.

SECT. I.

The INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER hath an Ambition to be heard in a Crowd, muſt preſs, and ſqueeze, and thruſt, and climb with indefatigable Pains, till he has exalted himſelf to a certain Degree of Altitude above them. Now, in all Aſſemblies, tho' you wedge them ever ſo cloſe, we may obſerve this peculiar Property; that, over their Heads there is Room enough; but how to reach it, is the diffi-

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cult Point; It being as hard to get quit of *Number* as of *Hell*;

——*Evadere ad auras,*
Hoc opus, hic labor eſt.——

TO this End, the Philoſopher's Way in all Ages has been by erecting certain *Edifices in the Air*; But, whatever Practice and Reputation theſe kind of Structures have formerly poſſeſſed, or may ſtill continue in; not excepting even that of *Socrates*, when he was ſuſpended in a Basket to help Contemplation; I think, with due Submiſſion, they ſeem to labour under two Inconveniencies. *Firſt*, That the Foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of *Sight*, and ever out of *Hearing*. *Secondly*, That the Materials being very tranſitory, have ſuffered much from Inclemencies of Air, eſpecially in theſe North-Weſt Regions.

THEREFORE, towards the juſt Performance of this great Work, there remain but three Methods that I can think on; Whereof the Wiſdom of our Anceſtors being highly ſenſible, has, to encourage all aſpiring Adventurers, thought fit to e-

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rect three wooden Machines, for the Uſe of thoſe Orators who deſire to talk much without Interruption. Theſe are, the *Pulpit*, the *Ladder*, and the *Stage-Itinerant*. For, as to the *Bar*, tho' it be compounded of the ſame Matter, and deſigned for the ſame Uſe, it cannot however be well allowed the Honor of a fourth, by reaſon of its level or inferior Situation, expoſing it to perpetual Interruption from Collaterals. Neither can the *Bench* it ſelf, tho raiſed to a proper Eminency, put in a better Claim, whatever its Advocates inſiſt on. For if they pleaſe to look into the original Deſign of its Erection, and the Circumſtances or Adjuncts ſubſervient to that Deſign, they will ſoon acknowledge the preſent Practice exactly correſpondent to the Primitive Inſtitution, and both to anſwer the Etymology of the Name, which in the *Phœnician* Tongue is a Word of great Signification, importing, if literally interpreted, *The Place of Sleep*; but in common Acceptation, *A Seat well bolſter'd and cuſhion'd, for the Repoſe of old and gouty Limbs: Senes ut in otia tuta recedant.* Fortune being indebted to them this Part of Retaliation, that, as formerly, they have long *Talkt*, whilſt others

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Slept, ſo now they may *Sleep* as long whilſt others *Talk*.

BUT if no other Argument could occur to exclude the *Bench* and the *Bar* from the Liſt of Oratorial Machines, it were ſufficient, that the Admiſſion of them would overthrow a Number which I was reſolved to eſtabliſh whatever Argument it might coſt me; In imitation of that prudent Method obſerved by many other Philoſophers and great Clerks, whoſe chief Art in Diviſion has been, to grow fond of ſome proper myſtical Number, which their Imaginations have rendred Sacred, to a Degree, that they force common Reaſon to find room for it in every part of Nature; reducing, including, and adjuſting every *Genus* and *Species* within that Compaſs, by coupling ſome againſt their Wills, and baniſhing others at any Rate. Now, among all the reſt, the profound Number *THREE* is that which hath moſt employ'd my ſublimeſt Speculations, nor ever without wonderful Delight. There is now in the Preſs, (and will be publiſh'd next Term) a Panegyrical Eſſay of mine upon this Number, wherein I have by moſt convincing Proofs, not only reduced the *Senſes* and the *Elements*

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ments under its Banner, but brought over ſeveral deſerters from its two great Rivals *SEVEN* and *NINE*.

NOW, the firſt of theſe Oratorial Machines in Place as well as Dignity, is the *Pulpit*. Of *Pulpits* there are in this Iſland ſeveral ſorts; but I eſteem only That made of Timber from the *Sylva Caledonia*, which agrees very well with our Climate. If it be upon its Decay, 'tis the better, both for Conveyance of Sound, and for other Reaſons to be mentioned by and by. The Degree of Perfection in Shape and Size, I take to conſiſt, in being extremely narrow, with little Ornament, and beſt of all without a Cover; (for by antient Rule, it ought to be the only uncover'd *Veſſel* in every Aſſembly where it is rightfully uſed) by which means, from its near Reſemblance to a Pillory, it will ever have a mighty Influence on human Ears.

OF *Ladders* I need ſay nothing: 'Tis obſerved by Foreigners themſelves, to the Honor of our Country, that we excel all Nations in our Practice and Underſtanding of this Machine. The aſcending Orators do not only oblige their Audience

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in the agreeable Delivery, but the whole World in their *early* Publication of these Speeches; which I look upon as the choicest Treasury of our *British* Eloquence, and whereof I am informed, that worthy Citizen and Bookseller, Mr. *John Dunton*, hath made a faithful and a painful Collection, which he shortly designs to publish in Twelve Volumes in Folio, illustrated with Copper-Plates. A Work highly useful and curious, and altogether worthy of such a Hand.

THE last Engine of Orators, is the *Stage-itinerant*, erected with much Sagacity, *sub Jove pluvio, in triviis & quadriviis.* It is the great Seminary of the two former, and its Orators are sometimes preferred to the One, and sometimes to the Other, in proportion to their Deservings, there being a strict and perpetual Intercourse between all three.

FROM this accurate Deduction it is manifest that for obtaining Attention in Publick, there is of necessity required *a superior Position of Place.* But, altho' this Point be generally granted, yet the Cause is little agreed in; and it seems to me, that,

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that very few Philoſophers have fallen into a true, natural Solution of this *Phænomenon*. The deepeſt Account, and the moſt fairly digeſted of any I have yet met with, is this, That Air being a heavy Body, and therefore (according to the Syſtem of * *Epicurus*) continually deſcending, muſt needs be more ſo, when loaden and preſs'd down by Words; which are alſo Bodies of much Weight and Gravity, as it is manifeſt from thoſe deep *Impreſſions* they make and leave upon us; and therefore muſt be delivered from a due Altitude, or elſe they will neither carry a good Aim, nor fall down with a ſufficient Force.

* *Lucret.* Lib. 2.

Corpoream quoque enim vocem conſtare fatendum eſt,
Et ſonitum, quoniam poſſunt impellere Senſus. Lucr. *Lib.* 4.

AND I am the readier to favour this Conjecture, from a common Obſervation; that in the ſeveral Aſſemblies of theſe Orators, Nature it ſelf hath inſtructed the Hearers, to ſtand with their Mouths open, and erected parallel to the Horizon, ſo as they may be interſected by a perpendicular

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cular Line from the Zenith to the Center of the Earth. In which Poſition, if the Audience be well compact, every one carries home a Share, and little or nothing is loſt.

I confeſs, there is ſomething yet more refined in the Contrivance and Structure of our Modern Theatres. For, Firſt; the Pit is ſunk below the Stage with due regard to the Inſtitution above deduced; that whatever *weighty* Matter ſhall be delivered thence (whether it be *Lead* or *Gold*) may fall plum into the Jaws of certain *Criticks* (as I think they are called) which ſtand ready open to devour them. Then, the Boxes are built round, and raiſed to a Level with the Scene, in deference to the Ladies, becauſe, That large Portion of Wit laid out in raiſing Pruriences and Protuberances, is obſerved to run much upon a Line, and ever in a Circle. The whining Paſſions, and little ſtarved Conceits, are gently wafted up by their own extreme Levity, to the middle Region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid Underſtandings of the Inhabitants. Bombaſt and Buffoonry, by Nature lofty and light, ſoar higheſt of all, and would be loſt in the Roof, if the prudent

dent Architect had not with much Foreſight contrived for them a fourth Place, called *the Twelve-Penny Gallery*, and there planted a ſuitable Colony, who greedily intercept them in their Paſſage.

NOW this Phyſico-logical Scheme of Oratorial Receptacles or Machines, contains a great Myſtery, being a Type, a Sign, an Emblem, a Shadow, a Symbol, bearing Analogy to the ſpacious Commonwealth of Writers, and to thoſe Methods by which they muſt exalt themſelves to a certain Eminency above the inferior World. By the *Pulpit* are adumbrated the Writings of our *Modern Saints* in *Great Britain*, as they have ſpiritualized and refined them from the Droſs and Groſſneſs of *Senſe* and *Human Reaſon*. The Matter, as we have ſaid, is of rotten Wood, and that upon two Conſiderations; Becauſe it is the Quality of rotten Wood to *Light* in the Dark: And ſecondly, Becauſe its Cavities are full of Worms: Which is a Type with a Pair of Handles, having a Reſpect to the two principal Qualifications of the Orator, and the two different Fates attending upon his Works.

THE

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THE *Ladder* is an adequate Symbol of *Faction* and of *Poetry*, to both of which ſo noble a Number of Authors are indebted for their Fame. Of *Faction*, becauſe * * * * * * *

Hiatus in MS.

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* * * * Of *Poetry*, becauſe its Orators do *perorare* with a Song; and becauſe climbing up by ſlow Degrees, Fate is ſure to turn them off before they can reach within many Steps of the Top: And becauſe it is a Preferment attained by transferring of Propriety, and a confounding of *Meum* and *Tuum*.

UNDER the *Stage-itinerant* are couched thoſe Productions deſigned for the Pleaſure and Delight of Mortal Man; ſuch as, *Six-peny-worth of Wit*, Weſtminſter *Drolleries*, *Delightful Tales*, *Compleat Jeſters*, and the like; by which the Writers of and for *GRUB-STREET*, have in theſe later Ages ſo nobly triumph'd over *Time*; clipt his Wings, pared his Nails, filed his Teeth, turned back his Hour-Glaſs, blunted his Scythe, and drawn the Hob-Nails out

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out of his Shoes. It is under this Claſſis, I have preſumed to liſt my preſent Treatiſe, being juſt come from having the Honor conferred upon me, to be adopted a Member of that illuſtrious Fraternity.

NOW, I am not unaware, how the Productions of the *Grub-Street* Brotherhood, have of late Years fallen under many Prejudices; nor how it has been the perpetual Employment of two *Junior* ſtart-up Societies, to ridicule them and their Authors, as unworthy their eſtabliſhed Poſt in the Commonwealth of Wit and Learning. Their own Conſciences will eaſily inform them, whom I mean; Nor has the World been ſo negligent a Looker on, as not to obſerve the continual Efforts made by the Societies of *Greſham* and of *Will*'s, to edify a Name and Reputation upon the Ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more feeling Grief to Us upon the Regards of Tenderneſs as well as of Juſtice, when we reflect on their Proceedings, not only as unjuſt, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For, how can it be forgot by the World or themſelves, (to ſay nothing of our own Records, which are full

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full and clear in the Point) that they both are Seminaries, not only of our *Planting*, but our *Watering* too? I am informed, Our two *Rivals* have lately made an Offer to enter into the Lists with united Forces, and Challenge us to a Comparison of Books, both as to *Weight* and *Number*. In Return to which, (with Licence from our *President*) I humbly offer two Answers: First, We say, the Proposal is like that which *Archimedes* made upon a * *smaller* Affair, including an Impossibility in the Practice; For, where can they find Scales of *Capacity* enough for the first, or an Arithmetician of *Capacity* enough for the Second. Secondly, We are ready to accept the Challenge, but with this Condition, that a third indifferent Person be assigned, to whose impartial Judgment it shall be left to decide, which Society each Book, Treatise or Pamphlet do most properly belong to. This Point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at present; For, We are ready to produce a Catalogue of some Thousands, which in all common Justice ought to be entitled to Our Fraternity, but by the revolted and new-fangled Writers, most perfidiously ascribed to the

* Viz. *About moving the Earth.*

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the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our Prudence, that the Determination ſhould be remitted to the Authors themſelves; when our Adverſaries by Briguing and Caballing, have cauſed ſo univerſal a Defection from us, that the greateſt Part of our Society hath already deſerted to them, and our neareſt Friends begin to ſtand aloof, as if they were half aſhamed to own Us.

THIS is the utmoſt I am authorized to ſay upon ſo ungrateful and melancholy a Subject; becauſe We are extreme unwilling to inflame a Controverſy, whoſe Continuance may be ſo fatal to the Intereſts of Us All, deſiring much rather that Things be amicably compoſed; and We ſhall ſo far advance on our Side, as to be ready to receive the two *Prodigals* with open Arms, whenever they ſhall think fit to return from their *Huſks* and their *Harlots*; which I think from the * preſent Courſe of their Studies they moſt properly may be ſaid to be engaged in; and like an indulgent Parent, continue to them our Affection and our Bleſſing.

* *Virtuoſo Experiments, and Modern Comedies.*

BUT

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BUT the greateſt Maim given to that general Reception, which the Writings of our Society have formerly received, next to the tranſitory State of all ſublunary Things, hath been a ſuperficial Vein among many Readers of the preſent Age, who will by no means be perſwaded to inſpect beyond the Surface and the Rind of Things; whereas, *Wiſdom* is a *Fox*, who after long hunting, will at laſt coſt you the Pains to dig out: 'Tis a *Cheeſe*, which by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the courſer Coat; and whereof to a judicious Palate, the *Maggots* are the beſt. 'Tis a *Sack-Poſſet*, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the ſweeter. *Wiſdom* is a *Hen*, whoſe *Cackling* we muſt value and conſider, becauſe it is attended with an *Egg*; But then, laſtly, 'tis a *Nut*, which unleſs you chuſe with Judgment, may coſt you a Tooth, and pay you with nothing but a *Worm*. In conſequence of theſe momentous Truths, the *Grubæan* Sages have always choſen to convey their Precepts and their Arts, ſhut up within the Vehicles of Types and Fables, which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning,

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dorning, than was altogether neceſſary, it has fared with theſe Vehicles after the uſual Fate of Coaches over-finely painted and gilt; that the tranſitory Gazers have ſo dazzled their Eyes, and fill'd their Imaginations with the outward Luſtre, as neither to regard or conſider, the Perſon or the Parts of the Owner within. A Misfortune we undergo with ſomewhat leſs Reluctancy, becauſe it has been common to us with *Pythagoras*, *Æſop*, *Socrates*, and other of our Predeceſſors.

HOWEVER, that neither the World nor our ſelves may any longer ſuffer by ſuch Miſunderſtandings, I have been prevailed on, after much Importunity from my Friends, to travel in a compleat and laborious Diſſertation upon the prime Productions of our Society, which beſides their beautiful Externals for the Gratification of ſuperficial Readers, have darkly and deeply couched under them, the moſt finiſhed and refined Syſtems of all Sciences and Arts; as I do not doubt to lay open by Untwiſting or Unwinding, and either to draw up by Exantlation, or diſplay by Inciſion.

THIS

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THIS great Work was entred upon ſome Years ago, by one of our moſt eminent Members: He began with the Hiſtory of *Reynard* the *Fox*, but neither lived to publiſh his Eſſay, nor to proceed farther in ſo uſeful an Attempt: which is very much to be lamented, becauſe the Diſcovery he made, and communicated with his Friends, is now univerſally received; nor, do I think, any of the Learned will diſpute, that famous Treatiſe to be a compleat Body of Civil Knowledge, and the *Revelation*, or rather, the *Apocalyps* of all State *Arcana*. But the Progreſs I have made is much greater, having already finiſhed my Annotations upon ſeveral Dozens; From ſome of which, I ſhall impart a few Hints to the candid Reader, as far as will be neceſſary to the Concluſion at which I aim.

THE firſt Piece I have handled is that of *Tom Thumb*, whoſe Author was a *Pythagorean* Philoſopher. This dark Treatiſe contains the whole Scheme of the *Metempſychoſis*, deducing the Progreſs of the Soul thro' all her Stages.

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THE next is Dr. *Fauſtus*, penn'd by *Artephius*, an Author *bonæ notæ*, and an *Adeptus*; He publiſhed it in the * nine hundred eighty fourth Year of his Age; this Writer proceeds wholly by *Reincrudation*, or in the *via humida*: And the Marriage between *Fauſtus* and *Helen*, does moſt conſpicuouſly dilucidate the fermenting of the *Male* and *Female Dragon*.

* He lived a thouſand.

WHITTINGTON *and his Cat*, is the Work of that Myſterious *Rabbi*, *Jehuda Hannaſi*, containing a Defence of the *Gemara* of the *Jeruſalem Miſna*, and its juſt preference to that of *Babylon*, contrary to the vulgar Opinion.

THE *Hind and Panther*. This is the Maſter-piece of a famous Writer † now living, intended for a compleat Abſtract of ſixteen thouſand Schoolmen from *Scotus* to *Bellarmin*.

† Viz. in the Year 1698.

Tommy Potts. Another Piece ſuppoſed by the ſame Hand, by way of Supplement to the former.

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THE *Wiſe Men of* Goatham, *cum Appendice.* This is a Treatiſe of immenſe Erudition, being the great Original and Fountain of thoſe Arguments, bandied about both in *France* and *England*, for a juſt Defence of the *Moderns* Learning and Wit, againſt the Preſumption, the Pride, and the Ignorance of the *Antients*. This unknown Author hath ſo exhauſted the Subject, that a penetrating Reader will eaſily diſcover, whatever hath been written ſince upon that Diſpute, to be little more than Repetition. An Abſtract of this Treatiſe hath been lately publiſhed by a *worthy Member* of our Society.

THESE Notices may ſerve to give the Learned Reader an Idea as well as a Taſte of what the whole Work is likely to produce: wherein I have now altogether circumſcribed my Thoughts and my Studies; and if I can bring it to a Perfection before I die, ſhall reckon I have well employ'd the poor Remains of an unfortunate Life. This indeed is more than I can juſtly expect from a Quill worn to the Pith in the Service of the State, in *Pro's* and *Con's* upon *Popiſh Plots*, and *Meal-Tubs*,

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Tubs, and *Exclusion Bills*, and *Passive Obedience*, and *Addresses of Lives and Fortunes*; and *Prerogative*, and *Property*, and *Liberty of Conscience*, and *Letters to a Friend*: From an Understanding and a Conscience, thread-bare and ragged with perpetual turning; From a Head broken in a hundred places, by the Malignants of the opposite Factions, and from a Body spent with Poxes ill cured, by trusting to Bawds and Surgeons, who, (as it afterwards appeared) were profes'd Enemies to Me and the Government, and revenged their Party's Quarrel upon my Nose and Shins. Fourscore and eleven Pamphlets have I written under three Reigns, and for the Service of six and thirty Factions. But finding the State has no farther Occasion for Me and my Ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into Speculations more becoming a Philosopher, having to my unspeakable Comfort, passed a long Life, with a *Conscience void of Offence towards God and towards Men.*

But to return. I am assured from the Reader's Candor, that the brief Specimen I have given, will easily clear all the rest of our Society's Productions from an Aspersion

sion grown, as it is manifeſt, out of Envy and Ignorance: That they are of little farther Uſe or Value to Mankind, beyond the common Entertainments of their Wit and their Style: For theſe I am ſure have never yet been diſputed by our keeneſt Adverſaries: In both which, as well as the more profound and myſtical Part, I have throughout this Treatiſe cloſely followed the moſt applauded Originals. And to render all compleat, I have with much Thought and Application of Mind, ſo ordered, that the chief Title prefixed to it, (I mean, That under which I deſign it ſhall paſs in the common Converſations of Court and Town) is modelled exactly after the Manner peculiar to *Our* Society.

I confeſs to have been ſomewhat liberal in the Buſineſs of *Titles, having obſerved the Humor of multiplying them, to bear great Vogue among certain Writers, whom I exceedingly Reverence. And indeed, it ſeems not unreaſonable, that Books, the Children of the Brain, ſhould have the Honor to be Chriſtned with variety

** The Title Page in the Original was ſo torn, that it was not poſſible to recover ſeveral Titles which the Author here ſpeaks of.*

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riety of Names, as well as other Infants of Quality. Our famous *Dryden* has ventured to proceed a Point farther, endeavouring to introduce alſo a Multiplicity of * *God-fathers*; which is an Improvement of much more Advantage, upon a very obvious Account. 'Tis a Pity this admirable Invention has not been better cultivated, ſo as to grow by this time into general Imitation, when ſuch an Authority ſerves it for a Precedent. Nor have my Endeavours been wanting to ſecond ſo uſeful an Example: But it ſeems, there is an unhappy Expence uſually annexed to the Calling of a God-Father, which was clearly out of my Head, as it is very reaſonable to believe. Where the Pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but having employ'd a World of Thoughts and Pains, to ſplit my Treatiſe into forty Sections, and having entreated forty Lords of my Acquaintance, that they would do me the Honor to ſtand, they all made it Matter of Conſcience, and ſent me their Excuſes.

* *See* Virgil *tranſlated*, &c.

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SECTION II.

ONCE upon a Time, there was a Man who had three Sons by one Wife, and all at a Birth, neither could the Mid-Wife tell certainly which was the Eldeſt. Their Father died while they were young, and upon his Death-Bed, calling the Lads to him, ſpoke thus.

SONS; *becauſe I have purchaſed no Eſtate, nor was born to any, I have long conſidered of ſome good Legacies to bequeath You; And at laſt, with much Care as well as Expence, have provided each of you* (here they are) *a new Coat. Now, you are to underſtand, that theſe Coats have two Virtues contained in them: One is, that with good wearing, they will laſt you freſh and ſound as long as you live: The other is, that they will grow in the ſame Proportion with your Bodies, lengthning and widening of themſelves, ſo as to be always fit. Here, let me ſee them on you before I die. So, very well, Pray Children, wear them clean, and bruſh them often. You will find in my Will* (here it is) *full Inſtructions in every Particular concerning*

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concerning the Wearing and Management of your Coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the Penalties I have appointed for every Transgression or Neglect, upon which your future Fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my Will, that you should live together in one House like Brethren and Friends, for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise.

HERE the Story says, this good Father died, and the three Sons went all together to seek their Fortunes.

I shall not trouble you with recounting, what Adventures they met for the first seven Years, any farther than by taking notice, that they carefully observed their Father's Will, and kept their Coats in very good Order; That they travelled thro' several Countries, encountred a reasonable Quantity of Gyants, and slew certain Dragons.

BEING now arrived at the proper Age for producing themselves, they came up to Town, and fell in Love with the Ladies, but especially three, who about that time were in chief Reputatation: The Dutchess

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d' Argent, *Madame de Grands Titres*, and the Countess *d' Orgueil*. On their first Appearance, our three Adventurers met with a very bad Reception; and soon with great Sagacity guessing out the Reason, they quickly began to improve in the good Qualities of the Town: They Writ, and Rallyed, and Rhymed, and Sung, and Said, and said Nothing: They Drank, and Fought, and Whor'd, and Slept, and Swore, and took Snuff: They went to new Plays on the first Night, haunted the *Chocolate*-Houses, beat the Watch, lay on Bulks, and got Claps: They bilkt Hackney-Coachmen, ran in Debt with Shop-keepers, and lay with their Wives: They kill'd Bayliffs, kick'd Fidlers down Stairs, eat at *Locket*'s, loytered at *Will*'s: They talk'd of the Drawing-Room and never came there, Dined with Lords they never saw; Whisper'd a Dutchess and, spoke never a Word: expos'd the Scrawls of their Laundress for Billetdoux of Quality: came ever just from Court and were never seen in it; attended the Levee *sub dio*; Got a list of Peers by heart in one Company, and with great Familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they constantly attended those Committees

mittees of Senators who are ſilent in the *Houſe*, and loud in the *Coffee-Houſe*, where they nightly adjourn to chew the Cud of Politicks, and are encompaſs'd with a Ring of Diſciples, who lye in wait to catch up their Droppings. The three Brothers had acquired forty other Qualifications of the like Stamp, too tedious to recount, and by conſequence, were juſtly reckoned the moſt accompliſh'd Perſons in the Town: But all would not ſuffice, and the Ladies aforeſaid continued ſtill inflexible: To clear up which Difficulty, I muſt with the Reader's good Leave and Patience, have recourſe to ſome Points of Weight, which the Authors of that Age have not ſufficiently illuſtrated.

FOR, about this Time it happened, a Sect aroſe, whoſe Tenents obtained and ſpread very far, eſpecially in the *Grand Monde*, and among every Body of good Faſhion. They worſhipped a ſort of *Idol*, who, as their Doctrine delivered, did daily create Men, by a kind of Manufactory Operation. This *Idol* they placed in the higheſt Parts of the Houſe, on an Altar erected about three Foot: He was ſhewn in the Poſture of a *Perſian* Emperor, ſitting

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ting on a *Superficies*, with his Legs interwoven under him. This God had a *Goose* for his Enſign; whence it is, that ſome Learned Men pretend to deduce his Original from *Jupiter Capitolinus*. At his left Hand, beneath the Altar, *Hell* ſeemed to open, and catch at the Animals the *Idol* was creating; to prevent which, certain of his Prieſts hourly flung in Pieces of the uninformed Maſs, or Subſtance, and ſometimes whole Limbs already enlivened, which that horrid Gulph inſatiably ſwallowed, terrible to behold. The *Gooſe* was alſo held a Subaltern Divinity, or *Deus minorum Gentium*, before whoſe Shrine was ſacrificed that Creature, whoſe hourly Food is Human Gore, and who is in ſo great Renown abroad, for being the Delight and Favourite of the *Ægyptian Cercopithecus*. Millions of theſe Animals were cruelly ſlaughtered every Day, to appeaſe the Hunger of that conſuming Deity. The chief *Idol* was alſo worſhipped as the Inventor of the *Yard* and the *Needle*, whether as the God of Seamen, or on Account of certain other myſtical Attributes, hath not been ſufficiently cleared.

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THE Worſhippers of this Deity had alſo a Syſtem of their Belief, which ſeemed to turn upon the following Fundamental. They held the Univerſe to be a large *Suit of Cloaths*, which *inveſts* every Thing: That the Earth is *inveſted* by the Air; The Air is *inveſted* by the Stars; and the Stars are *inveſted* by the *Primum Mobile*. Look on this Globe of Earth, you will find it to be a very compleat and faſhionable *Dreſs*. What is that which ſome call *Land*, but a fine Coat faced with Green? or the Sea, but a Waſtcoat of Water-Tabby? Proceed to the particular Works of the Creation, you will find how curious *Journey-man* Nature hath been, to trim up the *vegetable* Beaux: Obſerve how ſparkiſh a Perewig adorns the Head of a *Beech*, and what a fine Doublet of white Satin is worn by the *Birch*. To conclude from all, what is Man himſelf but a *Micro-Coat*, or rather a compleat Suit of Cloaths with all its Trimmings. As to his Body, there can be no Diſpute: but examine even the Acquirements of his Mind, you will find them all contribute in their Order, towards furniſhing out an exact Dreſs: To inſtance no more; Is not Religion a *Cloak*, Honeſty a *Pair of Shoes*, worn

worn out in the Dirt, Self-love a *Surtout*, Vanity a *Shirt*, and Conſcience a *Pair of Breeches*, which, tho' a Cover for Lewdneſs as well as Naſtineſs, is eaſily ſlipt down for the Service of both.

THESE *Poſtulata* being admitted, it will follow in due Courſe of Reaſoning, that thoſe Beings which the World calls improperly *Suits of Cloaths*, are in Reality the moſt refined Species of Animals, or to proceed higher, that they are Rational Creatures, or Men. For, is it not manifeſt, that They live, and move, and talk, and perform all other Offices of Human Life? Are not Beauty, and Wit, and Mien, and Breeding, their inſeparable Proprieties? In ſhort, we ſee nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not They who walk the Streets, fill up *Parliament* ——, *Coffee*—, *Play*—, *Bawdy-houſes* 'Tis true indeed, that theſe Animals, which are vulgarly called *Suits of Cloaths*, or *Dreſſes*, do according to certain Compoſitions receive different Appellations. If one of them be trimm'd up with a Gold Chain, and a red Gown, and a white Rod, and a great Horſe, it is called a *Lord-Mayor*; If certain Ermins and Furs be placed in a certain

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tain Poſition, we ſtile them a *Judge*, and ſo, an apt Conjunction of Lawn and black Sattin, we entitle a *Biſhop*.

OTHERS of theſe Profeſſors, though agreeing in the main Syſtem, were yet more refined upon certain Branches of it; and held, that Man was an Animal compounded of two *Dreſſes*, the *Natural* and the *Celeſtial Suit*, which were the Body and the Soul. That the Soul was the outward, and the Body the inward Cloathing; that the latter was *ex traduce*; but the former, of daily Creation and Circumfuſion. This laſt they proved by *Scripture*, becauſe, *in Him we Live, and Move, and have our Being*: As likewiſe by Philoſophy, becauſe they are *All in All, and All in every Part*. Beſides, ſaid they, ſeparate theſe two, and you will find the Body to be only a ſenſleſs unſavory Carcaſs. By all which it is manifeſt, that the outward Dreſs muſt needs be the Soul.

TO this Syſtem of Religion were tagged ſeveral ſubaltern Doctrines, which were entertained with great Vogue; as particularly, the Faculties of the Mind were deduced by the Learned among them

in

in this manner: *Embroidery*, was *Sheer Wit*; *Gold Fringe* was *agreeable Converſation*, *Gold Lace* was *Repartee*, a huge long *Periwig* was *Humor*, and a *Coat full of Powder* was very good *Raillery*: All which required abundance of *Fineſſe* and *Delicateſſe* to manage with Advantage, as well as a ſtrict Obſervance after Times and Faſhions.

I have with much Pains and Reading, collected out of antient Authors, this ſhort Summary of a Body of Philoſophy and Divinity, which ſeems to have been compoſed by a Vein and Race of Thinking, very different from any other Syſtems, either *Antient* or *Modern*. And it was not meerly to entertain or ſatisfy the Reader's Curioſity, but rather to give him Light into ſeveral Circumſtances of the following Story: that knowing the State of Diſpoſitions and Opinions in an Age ſo remote, he may better comprehend thoſe great Events which were the Iſſue of them. I adviſe therefore the courteous Reader, to peruſe with a world of Application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this Matter. And ſo leaving theſe broken Ends, I carefully gather

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ther up the chief Thread of my Story, and proceed.

THESE Opinions therefore were ſo univerſal, as well as the Practices of them, among the refined Part of Court and Town, that our three Brother-Adventurers, as their Circumſtances then ſtood, were ſtrangely at a loſs. For, on the one ſide, the three Ladies they addreſs'd themſelves to, (whom we have named already) were ever at the very Top of the Faſhion, and abhorred all that were below it, but the breadth of a Hair. On the other ſide, their Father's Will was very preciſe, and it was the main Precept in it, with the greateſt Penalties annexed, not to add to, or diminiſh from their Coats, one Thread, without a poſitive Command in the Will. Now, the Coats their Father had left them, were, 'tis true, of very good Cloth, and beſides, ſo neatly ſown, you would ſwear they were all of a Piece, but at the ſame time, very plain, and with little or no Ornament: And it happened, that before they were a Month in Town, great *Shoulder-knots* came up; Strait, all the World was *Shoulder-knots*; no approaching the Ladies *Ruelles* without the *Quota* of

of *Shoulder-knots? That Fellow*, cries one, *has no Soul; where is his Shoulder-knot?* Our three Brethren ſoon diſcovered their Want by ſad Experience, meeting in their Walks, with forty Mortifications and Indignities. If they went to the *Play-houſe*, the Door-keeper ſhewed them into the Twelve-peny Gallery. If they called a Boat, ſays a Water-man, *I am firſt Sculler:* If they ſtept to the *Roſe* to take a Bottle, the Drawer would cry, *Friend, we ſell no Ale.* If they went to viſit a Lady, a Foot-man met them at the Door with, *Pray ſend up your Meſſage.* In this unhappy Caſe, they went immediately to conſult their Father's Will, read it over and over, but not a Word of the *Shoulder-knot.* What ſhould they do? What Temper ſhould they find? Obedience was abſolutely neceſſary, and yet *Shoulder-knots* appeared extreamly requiſite. After much Thought, one of the Brothers who happened to be more *Book-learned* than the other two, ſaid, he had found an Expedient. *'Tis true*, ſaid he, *there is nothing here in this Will*, totidem verbis, *making mention of* Shoulder-knots, *but I dare conjecture, we may find them* incluſivè, *or* totidem ſyllabis. This Diſtinction was immediately approved by all; and

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and ſo they fell again to examine the Will. But their evil Star had ſo directed the Matter, that the firſt Syllable was not to be found in the whole Writing. Upon which Diſappointment, he who found the former Evaſion, took heart, and ſaid, *Brothers, there is yet Hopes; for tho' we cannot find them* totidem verbis, *nor* totidem ſyllabis, *I dare engage we ſhall make them out* tertio modo, *or* totidem literis. This Diſcovery was alſo highly commended, upon which they fell once more to the Scrutiny, and ſoon pick'd out *S*, *H*, *O*, *U*, *L*, *D*, *E*, *R*; when the ſame Planet, Enemy to their Repoſe, had wonderfully contrived, that a *K* was not to be found. Here was a weighty Difficulty! But the diſtinguiſhing Brother (for whom we ſhall hereafter find a Name) now his Hand was in, proved by a very good Argument, that *K* was a modern illegitimate Letter, unknown to the Learned Ages, nor any where to be found in antient Manuſcripts. 'Tis true, ſaid he, the Word *Calendæ* hath in * *Q. V. C.* been ſometimes writ with a *K*, but erroneouſly, for in the beſt Copies it is ever ſpelt with a *C*: And by conſequence it was a groſs Miſtake in

* *Quibuſdam Veteribus Codicibus.*

our Language to ſpell *Knot* with a *K*, but that from henceforward, he would take care it ſhould be writ with a *C*. Upon this, all farther Difficulty vaniſhed; *Shoulder-Knots* were made clearly out, to be *Jure Paterno*, and our three Gentlemen ſwaggered with as large and as flanting ones as the beſt.

BUT, as human Happineſs is of a very ſhort Duration, ſo in thoſe Days were human Faſhions, upon which it entirely depends. *Shoulder-Knots* had their Time, and we muſt now imagine them in their Decline; for a certain Lord came juſt from *Paris*, with fifty Yards of *Gold Lace* upon his Coat, exactly trimm'd after the Court Faſhion of that *Month*. In two Days all Mankind appeared cloſed up in Bars of *Gold Lace*: Whoever durſt peep abroad without his Complement of *Gold Lace*, was as ſcandalous as a——, and as ill received among the Women. What ſhould our three Knights do in this momentous Affair; They had ſufficiently ſtrained a Point already, in the Affair of *Shoulder-Knots*: Upon Recourſe to the Will, nothing appeared there but *altum ſilentium*. That of the *Shoulder-Knots* was a looſe, flying,

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ing, circumſtantial Point; but this of *Gold Lace*, ſeemed too conſiderable an Alteration without better Warrant; it did *aliquo modo eſſentiæ adhærere*, and therefore required a poſitive Precept. But about this time it fell out, that the learned Brother aforeſaid, had read *Ariſtotelis Dialectica*, and eſpecially that wonderful Piece *de Interpretatione*, which has the Faculty of teaching its Readers to find out a Meaning in every Thing but it ſelf; like Commentators on the *Revelations*, who proceed Prophets without underſtanding a Syllable of the Text. *Brothers*, ſaid he, *You are in be informed, that, of Wills*, duo ſunt genera, *Nuncupatory and Scriptory: that to the Scriptory Will here before us, there is no Precept or Mention about Gold Lace*, conceditur: *But*, ſi idem affirmetur de nuncupatorio, negatur, *For, Brothers, if you remember, we heard a Fellow ſay when we were Boys, that he heard my Father's Man ſay, that he heard my Father ſay, that he would adviſe his Sons to get* Gold Lace *on their Coats, as ſoon as ever they could procure Money to buy it. By G--- that is very true*, cries the other; *I remember it perfectly well*, ſaid the third. And ſo without more ado they got the largeſt *Gold*

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Lace in the Pariſh, and walk'd about as fine as Lords.

A while after, there came up *all in Faſhion*, a pretty ſort of *flame-coloured Sattin* for Linings, and the *Mercer* brought a Pattern of it immediately to our three Gentlemen, *An pleaſe your Worſhips* (ſaid he) *My Lord* C--, *and Sir* J. W. *had Linings out of this very Piece laſt Night; it takes wonderfully, and I ſhall not have a Remnant left, enough to make my Wife a Pin-cuſhion by to morrow Morning at ten a Clock.* Upon this, they fell again to romage the Will, becauſe the preſent Caſe alſo required a poſitive Precept, the Lining being held by Orthodox Writers to be of the Eſſence of the Coat. After long ſearch, they could fix upon nothing to the Matter in hand, except a ſhort Advice of their Fathers in the Will, to take Care of *Fire*, and put out their *Candles* before they went to Sleep. This, tho' a good deal for the Purpoſe, and helping very far towards Self-Conviction, yet not ſeeming wholly of Force to eſtabliſh a Command; and being reſolved to avoid farther Scruple, as well as future Occaſion for Scandal, ſays He that was the Scholar; *I remember to have*

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have read in Wills, of a Codicil annexed, which is indeed a Part of the Will, and what it contains hath equal Authority with the reſt. Now, I have been conſidering of this ſame Will here before us, and I cannot reckon it to be compleat for want of ſuch a Codicil. I will therefore faſten one in its proper Place very dexterouſly; I have had it by me ſome Time, it was written by a Dog-keeper of my Grand-father's, and talks a great deal (as good Luck would have it) of this very flame-colour'd Sattin. The Project was immediately approved by the other two; an old Parchment Scrowl was tagged on according to Art, in the Form of a *Codicil annext*, and the *Sattin* bought and worn.

NEXT Winter, a *Player*, hired for the Purpoſe by the Corporation of *Fringe-makers*, acted his Part in a new Comedy, all covered with *Silver Fringe*, and according to the laudable Cuſtom gave Riſe to that Faſhion. Upon which, the Brothers conſulting their Father's Will, to their great Aſtoniſhment found theſe Words; Item, *I charge and command my ſaid three Sons, to wear no ſort of* Silver Fringe *upon or about their ſaid Coats*, &c. with a Penalty

nalty in caſe of Diſobedience, too long here to inſert. However, after ſome Pauſe, the Brother ſo often mentioned for his Erudition, who was well skill'd in Criticiſms, had found in a certain Author, which he ſaid ſhould be nameleſs, that the ſame Word which in the Will is called *Fringe*, does alſo ſignifie a *Broom-ſtick*; and doubtleſs ought to have the ſame Interpretation in this Paragraph. This, another of the Brothers diſliked, becauſe of that Epithet, *Silver*, which could not, he humbly conceived, in Propriety of Speech be reaſonably applied to a *Broom-ſtick*: but it was replied upon him, that this Epithet was underſtood in a *Mythological*, and *Allegorical* Senſe. However, he objected again, why their Father ſhould forbid them to wear a *Broom-ſtick* on their Coats, a Caution that ſeemed unnatural and impertinent; upon which he was taken up ſhort, as one that ſpoke irreverently of a *Myſtery*, which doubtleſs was very uſeful and ſignificant, but ought not to be overcurioufly pryed into, or nicely reaſoned upon. And in ſhort, their Father's Authority being now conſiderably ſunk, this Expedient was allowed to ſerve as a lawful

ful Diſpenſation, for wearing their full Proportion of *Silver Fringe*.

A while after, was revived an old Faſhion, long antiquated, of *Embroidery* with *Indian Figures* of Men, Women and Children. Here they had no Occaſion to examine the Will. They remembred but too well, how their Father had always abhorred this Faſhion; that he made ſeveral Paragraphs on purpoſe, importing his utter Deteſtation of it, and beſtowing his everlaſting Curſe to his Sons whenever they ſhould wear it. For all this, in a few Days, they appeared higher in the Faſhion than any Body elſe in the Town. But they ſolved the Matter by ſaying, that theſe Figures were not at all the *ſame* with thoſe that were formerly worn, and were meant in the Will. Beſides, they did not wear them in that Senſe, as forbidden by their Father, but as they were a commendable Cuſtom, and of great Uſe to the Publick. That theſe rigorous Clauſes in the Will did therefore require ſome *Allowance*, and a favourable Interpretation, and ought to be underſtood *cum grano Salis*.

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BUT, Fashions perpetually altering in that Age, the Scholastick Brother grew weary of searching farther Evasions, and solving everlasting Contradictions. Resolved therefore at all Hazards, to comply with the Modes of the World, they concerted Matters together, and agreed unanimously, to lock up their Father's Will in a *Strong-Box*, brought out of *Greece* or *Italy*, (I have forgot which) and trouble themselves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its Authority whenever they thought fit. In consequence whereof, a while after, it grew a general Mode to wear an infinite Number of *Points*, most of them *tagg'd with Silver*: Upon which, the Scholar pronounced *ex Cathedra*, that *Points* were absolutely *Jure Paterno*, as they might very well remember. 'Tis true indeed, the Fashion prescribed somewhat more than were directly named in the Will; However, that they, as Heirs general of their Father, had Power to make and add certain Clauses for publick Emolument, though not deducible, *totidem verbis* from the Letter of the Will, or else, *Multa absurda sequerentur*. This was understood for *Canonical*, and therefore on the

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the following *Sunday* they came to Church all covered with *Points*.

THE Learned Brother ſo often mentioned, was reckon'd the beſt Scholar in all that or the next Street to it; inſomuch, as having run ſomething behind-hand with the World, he obtained the Favour from a *certain Lord*, to receive him into his Houſe, and to teach his Children. A while after, the *Lord* Died, and he by long Practice of his Father's Will, found the way of contriving a *Deed of Conveyance* of that Houſe to Himſelf and his Heirs: Upon which he took Poſſeſſion, turned the young Squires out, and received his Brothers in their ſtead.

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SECT. III.

A Digreſſion concerning Criticks.

THO' I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all Occaſions, moſt nicely to follow the Rules and Methods of Writing, laid down by the Example of our illuſtrious *Moderns*; yet has the unhappy ſhortneſs of my Memory led me into an Error, from which I muſt immediately extricate my ſelf, before I can decently purſue my principal Subject. I confeſs with Shame, it was an unpardonable Omiſſion to proceed ſo far as I have already done, before I had performed the due Diſcourſes, Expoſtulatory, Supplicatory, or Deprecatory with my *good Lords* the *Criticks*. Towards ſome Atonement for this grievous Neglect, I do here make humbly bold to preſent them with a ſhort Account of themſelves and their *Art*, by looking into the Original and Pedigree of the Word, as it is generally underſtood among us, and very briefly conſidering the antient and preſent State thereof.

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BY the Word, *Critick*, at this Day ſo frequent in all Converſations, there have ſometimes been diſtinguiſhed three very different Species of Mortal Men, according as I have read in *Antient Books and Pamphlets*. For firſt, by this Term were underſtood ſuch Perſons as invented or drew up Rules for themſelves and the World, by obſerving which, a careful Reader might be able to pronounce upon the Productions of the *Learned*, form his Taſte to a true Reliſh of the *Sublime* and the *Admirable*, and divide every Beauty of Matter or of Style from the Corruption that Apes it: In their common peruſal of Books, ſingling out the Errors and Defects, the Nauſeous, the Fulſome, the Dull, and the Impertinent, with the Caution of a Man that walks thro' *Edenborough* Streets in a Morning, who is indeed as careful as he can, to watch diligently, and ſpy out the Filth in his Way, not that he is curious to obſerve the Colour and Complexion of the Ordure, or take its Dimenſions, much leſs to be padling in it, or taſting it: but only with a Deſign to come out as cleanly as he may. Theſe Men ſeem, tho' very erroneouſly, to have underſtood the Appellation of *Critick*

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Critick in a literal Senſe; That one principal part of his Office was to Praiſe and Acquit; and, that a *Critick*, who ſets up to Read, only for an Occaſion of Cenſure and Reproof, is a Creature as barbarous as a *Judge*, who ſhould take up a Reſolution to hang all Men that came before him upon a Tryal.

AGAIN; by the Word *Critick*, have been meant, the Reſtorers of Antient Learning from the Worms, and Graves, and Duſt of Manuſcripts.

NOW, the Races of theſe two have been for ſome Ages utterly extinct; and beſides, to diſcourſe any farther of them, would not be at all to my purpoſe.

THE Third, and Nobleſt Sort, is that of the *TRUE CRITICK*, whoſe Original is the moſt Antient of all. Every *True Critick* is a Hero born, deſcending in a direct Line from a Celeſtial Stem, by *Momus* and *Hybris*, who begat *Zoilus*, who begat *Tigellius*, who begat *Etœtera* the Elder, who begat *B-tly*, and *Rym-r*, and *W-ton*, and *Perrault*, and *Dennis*, who begat *Etcætera* the Younger.

AND

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AND theſe are the *Criticks* from whom the Commonwealth of Learning has in all Ages received ſuch immenſe benefits, that the Gratitude of their Admirers placed their Origine in Heaven, among thoſe of *Hercules*, *Theſeus*, *Perſeus*, and other great Deſervers of Mankind. But Heroick Virtue it ſelf hath not been exempt from the Obloquy of Evil Tongues. For it hath been objected, that thoſe Antient Heroes, famous for their Combating ſo many Giants, and Dragons, and Robbers, were in their own Perſons a greater Nuiſance to Mankind, than any of thoſe Monſters they ſubdued; and therefore, to render their Obligations more Compleat, when all *other* Vermin were deſtroy'd, ſhould in Conſcience have concluded with the ſame Juſtice upon themſelves: as *Hercules* moſt generouſly did, and hath upon that Score, procured to himſelf more Temples and Votaries than the beſt of his Fellows. For theſe Reaſons, I ſuppoſe it is, why ſome have conceived, it would be very expedient for the Publick Good of Learning, that every *True Critick*, as ſoon as he had finiſhed his Task aſſigned, ſhould immediately deliver himſelf up to Ratsbane,

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bane, or Hemp, or from ſome convenient *Altitude*, and that no Man's Pretenſions to ſo illuſtrious a Character, ſhould by any means be received, before That Operation were performed.

NOW, from this Heavenly Deſcent of *Criticiſm*, and the cloſe Analogy it bears to *Heroick Virtue*, 'tis eaſie to Aſſign the proper Employment of a *True Antient, Genuine Critick*; which is, to travel thro' this vaſt World of Writings: to purſue and hunt thoſe Monſtrous Faults bred within them: to drag out the lurking Errors like *Cacus* from his Den; to multiply them like *Hydra*'s Heads; and rake them together like *Augea*'s Dung. Or elſe drive away a ſort of *Dangerous Fowl*, who have a perverſe Inclination to plunder the beſt Branches of the *Tree of Knowledge*, like thoſe *Stymphalian* Birds that eat up the Fruit.

THESE Reaſonings will furniſh us with an adequate Definition of a true *Critick*; that, He is *a Diſcoverer and Collector of Writers Faults*. Which may be farther put beyond Diſpute by the following Demonſtration: That whoever will examine the

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the Writings in all kinds, wherewith this antient Sect has honour'd the World, ſhall immediately find, from the whole Thread and Tenour of them, that the Idea's of the Authors have been altogether converſant, and taken up with the Faults and Blemiſhes, and Overſights, and Miſtakes of other Writers; and let the Subject treated on be whatever it will, their Imaginations are ſo entirely poſſeſs'd and replete with the Defects of other Pens, that the very Quinteſſence of what is bad, does of neceſſity diſtill into their own: by which means the Whole appears to be nothing elſe but an *Abſtract* of the *Criticiſms* themſelves have made.

HAVING thus briefly conſider'd the Original and Office of a *Critick*, as the Word is underſtood in its moſt noble and univerſal Acceptation, I proceed to refute the Objections of thoſe who argue from the Silence and Pretermiſſion of Authors; by which they pretend to prove, that the very Art of *Criticiſm*, as now exerciſed, and by me explained, is wholly *Modern*; and conſequently, that the *Criticks* of *Great Britain* and *France*, have no Title to an Original ſo Antient and Illuſtrious as I have deduced,

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deduced. Now, If I can clearly make out on the contrary, that the moſt Antient Writers have particularly deſcribed, both the Perſon and the Office of a *True Critick*, agreeable to the Definition laid down by me; their Grand Objection, from the Silence of Authors, will fall to the Ground.

I confeſs to have for a long time born a part in this general Error; from which I ſhould never have acquitted my ſelf, but thro' the Aſſiſtance of our Noble *Moderns*. whoſe moſt edifying Volumes I turn indefatigably over Night and Day, for the Improvement of my Mind, and the good of my Country: Theſe have with unwearied Pains made many uſeful Searches into the weak ſides of the *Antients*, and given us a comprehenſive Liſt of them.* Beſides, they have proved beyond contradiction, that the very fineſt Things delivered of old, have been long ſince invented, and brought to Light by much later Pens, and that the nobleſt Diſcoveries thoſe *Antients* ever made of Art or of Nature, have all been produced by the tranſcending Genius of the preſent Age

* *See* Wotton *of Antient and Modern Learning.*

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Age. Which clearly ſhews, how little Merit thoſe *Ancients* can juſtly pretend to; and takes off that blind Admiration paid them by Men in a Corner, who have the Unhappineſs of converſing too little with *preſent Things*. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole Compaſs of Human Nature, I eaſily concluded, that theſe *Antients*, highly ſenſible of their many Imperfections, muſt needs have endeavoured from ſome Paſſages in their Works, to obviate, ſoften, or divert the Cenſorious Reader, by *Satyr*, or *Panegyrick* upon the *True Criticks*, in Imitation of their *Maſters* the *Moderns*. Now, in the *Common-Places* of * both theſe, I was plentifully inſtructed, by a long Courſe of uſeful Study in *Prefaces* and *Prologues*; and therefore immediately reſolved to try what I could diſcover of either, by a diligent Peruſal of the moſt Antient Writers, and eſpecially thoſe who treated of the earlieſt Times. Here I found to my great Surprize, that although they all entred, upon Occaſion, into particular Deſcriptions of the *True Critick*, according as they were governed by their Fears or their Hopes: yet whatever they touch'd of that kind, was

* *Satyr, and Panegyrick upon Criticks.*

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with abundance of Caution, adventuring no farther than *Mythology* and *Hieroglyphick*. This, I ſuppoſe, gave ground to ſuperficial Readers, for urging the Silence of Authors, againſt the Antiquity of the *True Critick*; tho' the *Types* are ſo appoſite, and the Applications ſo neceſſary and natural, that it is not eaſy to conceive, how any Reader of a *Modern Eye* and *Taſte* could over-look them. I ſhall venture from a great Number to produce a few, which I am very confident, will put this Queſtion beyond Diſpute.

IT well deſerves conſidering, that theſe *Antient Writers* in treating Enigmatically upon this Subject, have generally fixed upon the very *ſame Hieroglyph*, varying only the Story according to their Affections or their Wit. For firſt; *Pauſanias* is of Opinion, that the Perfection of Writing correct was entirely owing to the Inſtitution of *Criticks*; and, that he can poſſibly mean no other than the *True Critick*, is, I think, manifeſt enough from the following Deſcription. He ſays, *They were a Race of Men, who delighted to nibble at the Superfluities, and Excreſcencies of Books; which the Learned at length obſerving, took Warning*

Warning of their own Accord, to lop the *Luxuriant*, the *Rotten*, the *Dead*, the *Sapleſs*, and the *Overgrown Branches from their Works.* But now, all this he cunningly ſhades under the following Allegory; *That the* * Nauplians *in* Argia, *learned the Art of pruning their Vines, by obſerving, that when an* ASS *had browſed upon one of them, it thrived the better, and bore fairer Fruit.*

* *Lib.* 4.

But † *Herodotus* holding the very ſame *Hieroglyph*, ſpeaks much plainer, and almoſt *in terminis.* He hath been ſo bold as to tax the *True Criticks*, of Ignorance and Malice; telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that *in the Weſtern Part of* Libya, *there were* ASSES *with* HORNS: Upon which Relation * *Cteſias* yet refines, mentioning the very ſame Animal about *India*; adding, *That whereas all other* ASSES *wanted a* Gall, *theſe horned ones were ſo redundant in that Part, that their Fleſh was not to be eaten, becauſe of its extream* Bitterneſs.

† *Lib.* 4.

* Vide *excerpta ex eo apud* Photium.

NOW, the Reaſon why thoſe Antient Writers treated this Subject only by Types

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and Figures, was, becauſe they durſt not make open Attacks againſt a Party ſo Potent and ſo Terrible, as the *Criticks* of thoſe Ages were: whoſe very Voice was ſo Dreadful, that a Legion of Authors would tremble, and drop their Pens at the Sound; For ſo * *Herodotus* tells us expreſly in another Place, how *a vaſt Army of* Scythians *was put to flight in a Panick Terror, by the Braying of an* ASS. From hence it is conjectured by certain profound *Philologers*, that the great Awe and Reverence paid to a *True Critick*, by the Writers of *Britain*, have been derived to Us, from thoſe our *Scythian* Anceſtors. In ſhort, this Dread was ſo univerſal, that in proceſs of Time, thoſe Authors who had a mind to publiſh their Sentiments more freely, in deſcribing the *True Criticks* of their ſeveral Ages, were forced to leave off the uſe of the former *Hieroglyph*, as too nearly approaching the *Prototype*, and invented other Terms inſtead thereof, that were more cautious and myſtical; ſo † *Diodorus* ſpeaking to the ſame purpoſe, ventures no farther than to ſay, That *in the Mountains of* Helicon *there grows a certain* Weed, *which bears a Flower of ſo damned a Scent, as to poiſon*

* *Lib.* 4.

† *Lib.*

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poiſon thoſe who offer to ſmell it. *Lucretius* gives exactly the ſame Relation,

Eſt etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,
Floris odore hominem retro conſueta necare. Lib. 6.

BUT *Cteſias*, whom we lately quoted, hath been a great deal bolder; He had been uſed with much ſeverity by the *True Criticks* of his own Age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him, at leaſt one deep Mark of his Vengeance againſt the whole Tribe. His Meaning is ſo near the Surface, that I wonder how it poſſibly came to be overlook'd by thoſe who deny the Antiquity of the *True Criticks*. For pretending to make a Deſcription of many ſtrange Animals about *India*, he hath ſet down theſe remarkable Words. *Among the reſt*, ſays he, *there is a* Serpent *that wants* Teeth, *and conſequently cannot bite, but if its* Vomit *(to which it is much addicted) happens to fall upon any Thing, a certain Rottenneſs or Corruption enſues: Theſe* Serpents *are generally found among the Mountains where* Jewels *grow, and they frequently emit a* poiſonous Juice,

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whereof, whoever drinks, that Perſon's Brains *flies out of his Noſtrils.*

THERE was alſo among the *Antients* a ſort of *Critick*, not diſtinguiſht in *ſpecie* from the Former, but in Growth or Degree, who ſeem to have been only the *Tyro's* or *junior* Scholars; yet becauſe of their differing Employments, they are frequently mentioned as a Sect by themſelves. The uſual exerciſe of theſe younger Students, was to attend conſtantly at Theatres, and learn to ſpy out the *worſt Parts* of the Play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take Note, and render a rational Account, to their Tutors. Fleſht at theſe ſmaller Sports, like young Wolves, they grew up in Time, to be nimble and ſtrong enough for hunting down large Game. For it hath been obſerved both among Antients and Moderns, that a *True Critick* hath one Quality in common with a *Whore* and an *Alderman*, never to change his Title or his Nature; that a *Grey Critick* has been certainly a *Green* one, the Perfections and Acquirements of his Age being only the improved Talents of his Youth; like *Hemp*, which ſome Naturaliſts inform us, is bad for *Suffocations*, tho' taken

taken but in the Seed. I eſteem the Invention, or at leaſt the Refinement of *Prologues*, to have been owing to theſe younger Proficients, of whom *Terence* makes frequent and honourable mention, under the Name of *Malevoli*.

NOW, 'tis certain, the Inſtitution of the *True Criticks*, was of abſolute Neceſſity to the Common-wealth of Learning. For all Human Actions ſeem to be divided like *Themiſtocles* and his Company; One Man can *Fiddle*, and another can make *a ſmall Town a great City*; and he that cannot do either one or the other, deſerves to be kick'd out of the Creation. The avoiding of which Penalty, has doubtleſs given the firſt Birth to the Nation of *Criticks*, and withal, an Occaſion for their ſecret Detractors to report; that a *True Critick* is a ſort of Mechanick, ſet up with a Stock and Tools for his Trade, at as little Expence as a *Taylor*; and that there is much Analogy between the Utenſils and Abilities of both: That the *Taylor's Hell* is the Type of a Critick's *Common-place-Book*, and his Wit and Learning held forth by the *Gooſe*: That it requires at leaſt as many of theſe, to the making up

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of one Scholar, as of the others to the Compoſition of a Man: That the Valour of both is equal, and their *Weapons* near of a Size. Much may be ſaid in anſwer to theſe invidious Reflections; and I can poſitively affirm the firſt to be a Falſhood; For, on the contrary, nothing is more certain, than that it requires greater Layings out, to be free of the *Critick's* Company, than of any other you can name. For, as to be a *true Beggar*, it will coſt the richeſt Candidate every Groat he is worth; ſo, before one can commence a *True Critick*, it will coſt a Man all the good Qualities of his Mind; which, perhaps, for a leſs Purchaſe, would be thought but an indifferent Bargain.

HAVING thus amply proved the Antiquity of *Criticiſm*, and deſcribed the Primitive State of it; I ſhall now examine the preſent Condition of this Empire, and ſhew how well it agrees with its antient ſelf. * A certain Author whoſe Works have many Ages ſince been entirely loſt, does in his fifth Book and eighth Chapter, ſay of *Criticks*, that *their Writings are the Mirrors of Learning*.

* *A Quotation after the manner of a great Author. Vide* Bentley's *Diſſertation, &c.*

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Learning. This I underſtand in a literal Senſe, and ſuppoſe our Author muſt mean, that whoever deſigns to be a perfect Writer, muſt inſpect into the Books of *Criticks*, and correct his Invention there as in a Mirror. Now, whoever conſiders, that the *Mirrors* of the Antients were made of *Braſs*, and *ſine Mercurio*, may preſently apply the two Principal Qualifications of a *True Modern Critick*, and conſequently, muſt needs conclude, that theſe have always been, and muſt be for ever the ſame. For, *Braſs* is an Emblem of Duration, and when it is skilfully burniſhed, will caſt *Reflections* from its own *Superficies*, without any Aſſiſtance of *Mercury* from behind. All the other Talents of a *Critick* will not require a particular Mention, being included, or eaſily deduceable to theſe. However, I ſhall conclude with three Maxims, which may ſerve both as Characteriſticks to diſtinguiſh a *True Modern Critick* from a Pretender, and will be alſo of admirable Uſe to thoſe worthy Spirits, who engage in ſo uſeful and honourable an Art.

THE

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THE firſt is, That *Criticiſm*, contrary to all other Faculties of the Intellect, is ever held the trueſt and beſt, when it is the very *firſt* Reſult of the *Critick's* Mind: As Fowlers reckon the firſt aim for the ſureſt, and ſeldom fail of miſſing the Mark, if they ſtay not for a Second.

SECONDLY; The *True Criticks* are known by their Talent of ſwarming about the nobleſt Writers, to which they are carried meerely by Inſtinct, as a Rat to the beſt Cheeſe, or a Waſp to the faireſt Fruit. So, when the *King* is a Horſe-back, he is ſure to be the *dirtieſt* Perſon of the Company, and they that make their Court beſt, are ſuch as *beſpatter* him moſt.

LASTLY; A *True Critick*, in the Peruſal of a Book, is like a *Dog* at a Feaſt, whoſe Thoughts and Stomach are wholly ſet upon what the Gueſts *fling away*, and conſequently, is apt to *Snarl* moſt, when there are the feweſt *Bones*.

THUS

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THUS much, I think, is ſufficient to ſerve by way of Addreſs to my Patrons, the *True Modern Criticks*, and may very well atone for my paſt Silence, as well as That which I am like to obſerve for the future. I hope I have deſerved ſo well of their whole *Body*, as to meet with generous and tender Uſage at their *Hands*. Supported by which Expectation, I go on boldly to purſue thoſe Adventures already ſo happily begun.

SECT.

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SECT. IV.

A TALE of a TUB.

I HAVE now with much Pains and Study, conducted the Reader to a Period, where he muſt expect to hear of great Revolutions. For no ſooner had Our *Learned Brother*, ſo often mentioned, got a warm Houſe of his own over his Head, than he began to look big, and to take mightily upon him; inſomuch, that unleſs the Gentle Reader out of his great Candour, will pleaſe a little to exalt his Idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the *Hero* of the Play, when he happens to meet Him; his part, his Dreſs, and his Mien being ſo much altered.

HE told his Brothers, he would have them to know, that he was their Elder, and conſequently his Father's ſole Heir; Nay, a while after, he would not allow them to call Him, Brother, but Mr. *PETER*; And then he muſt be ſtyled, *Father* Peter; and ſometimes, *My Lord* Peter. To ſupport this Grandeur, which he ſoon began to conſider, could not be maintained without

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out a Better *Fonde* than what he was born to; After much Thought, he caſt about at laſt, to turn *Projector* and *Virtuoſo*; wherein he ſo well ſucceded, that many famous Diſcoveries, Projects and Machines, which bear great Vogue and Practice at preſent in the World, are owing entirely to *Lord Peter's* Invention. I will deduce the beſt Account I have been able to collect of the Chief amongſt them, without conſidering much the Order they came out in; becauſe, I think, Authors are not well agreed as to that Point.

I hope, when this Treatiſe of mine ſhall be tranſlated into Foreign Languages, (as I may without Vanity affirm, That the Labour of collecting, the Faithfulneſs in recounting, and the great Uſefulneſs of the Matter to the Publick, will amply deſerve that Juſtice) that the worthy Members of the ſeveral *Academies* abroad, eſpecially thoſe of *France* and *Italy*, will favourably accept theſe humble Offers, for the Advancement of Univerſal Knowledge. I do alſo advertiſe the moſt Reverend Fathers the *Eaſtern* Miſſionaries, that I have purely for their Sakes, made uſe of ſuch Words and Phraſes, as will beſt admit

mit an eaſie Turn into any of the *Oriental* Languages, eſpecially the *Chineſe*. And ſo I proceed with great Content of Mind, upon reflecting, how much Emolument this whole Globe of Earth is like to reap by my Labours.

THE firſt Undertaking of Lord *Peter*, was to purchaſe a large Continent, lately ſaid to have been diſcovered in *Terra Auſtralis incognita*. This Tract of Land he bought at a very great Penny-worth from the Diſcoverers themſelves, (tho' ſome pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there) and then retailed it into ſeveral Cantons to certain Dealers, who carried over Colonies, but were all Shipwreckt in the Voyage. Upon which, *Lord Peter* ſold the ſaid Continent to other Cuſtomers *again*, and *again*, and *again*, and *again*, with the ſame Succeſs.

THE ſecond Project I ſhall mention, was his Sovereign Remedy for the *Worms*, eſpecially thoſe in the *Spleen*. The Patient was to eat nothing after Supper for three Nights: as ſoon as he went to Bed, he was carefully to lye on one Side, and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other: He

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He must also duly confine his two Eyes to the same Object; and by no means break Wind at both Ends together, without manifest Occasion. These Prescriptions diligently observed, the *Worms* would void insensibly by Perspiration, ascending thro' the *Brain*,

A third Invention, was the Erecting of a *Whispering-Office*, for the Publick Good and Ease of all such as are Hypochondriacal, or troubled with the Cholick; as likewise of all Eves-droppers, Physicians, Midwives, small Politicians, Friends fallen out, Repeating Poets, Lovers Happy or in Despair, Bawds, Privy-Counsellours, Pages, Parasites and Buffoons; In short, of all such as are in Danger of bursting with too much *Wind*. An *Asse*'s Head was placed so conveniently, that the Party affected might easily with his Mouth accost either of the Animal's Ears; which he was to apply close for a certain Space, and by a fugitive Faculty, peculiar to the Ears of that Animal, receive immediate Benefit, either by Eructation, or Expiration, or Evomition.

ANO-

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ANOTHER very beneficial Project of *Lord Peter*'s was, an *Office of Enſurance*, for Tobacco-Pipes, Martyrs of the Modern Zeal; Volumes of Poetry, Shadows, —— —— —— —— —— and Rivers: That theſe, nor any of theſe ſhall receive Damage by *Fire*. From whence our *Friendly Societies* may plainly find themſelves, to be only Tranſcribers from this Original; tho' the one and the other have been of *great* Benefit to the Undertakers, as well as of *equal* to the Publick.

Lord Peter was alſo held the Original Author of *Puppets* and *Raree-Shows*; the great Uſefulneſs whereof being ſo generally known, I ſhall not enlarge farther upon this Particular.

BUT, another Diſcovery for which he was much renowned, was his famous univerſal *Pickle*. For having remark'd how your Common *Pickle* in uſe among Huſwives, was of no farther Benefit than to preſerve dead Fleſh, and certain kinds of Vegetables; *Peter*, with great Coſt as well as Art, had contrived a *Pickle* proper for

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for Houſes, Gardens, Towns, Men, Women, Children, and Cattle; wherein he could preſerve them as Sound as Inſects in Amber. Now, this *Pickle* to the Taſte, the Smell, and the Sight, appeared exactly the ſame, with what is in common Service for Beef, and Butter, and Herrings, (and has been often that way applied with great Succeſs) but for its many Sovereign Virtues was quite a different Thing. For *Peter* would put in a certain Quantity of his *Powder Pimperlim pimp*, after which it never failed of Succeſs. The Operation was performed by *Spargefaction* in a proper Time of the Moon. The Patient who was to be *pickled*, if it were a Houſe, would infallibly be preſerved from all Spiders, Rats, and Weazels; If the Party affected were a Dog, he ſhould be exempt from Mange, and Madneſs, and Hunger. It alſo infallibly took away all Scabs and Lice, and ſcall'd Heads from Children, never hindring the Patient from any Duty, either at Bed or Board.

BUT of all *Peter*'s Rarities, he moſt valued a certain Set of *Bulls*, whoſe Race was by great Fortune preſerved in a lineal Deſcent from thoſe that guarded the *Golden-*

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Fleece. Tho' ſome who pretended to obſerve them curiouſly, doubted the Breed had not been kept entirely chaſt; becauſe they had degenerated from their Anceſtors in ſome Qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, but a Forein Mixture. The *Bulls* of *Colchos* are recorded to have *brazen Feet*; But whether it happened by ill Paſture and Running, by an Allay from Intervention of other Parents, from ſtolen Intrigues; Whether a Weakneſs in their Progenitors had impaired the ſeminal Virtue; Or by a Decline neceſſary thro' a long Courſe of Time, the Originals of Nature being depraved in theſe latter ſinful Ages of the World; Whatever was the Cauſe, 'tis certain that *Lord Peter's Bulls* were extremely vitiated by the Ruſt of Time in the Metal of their Feet, which was now ſunk into common *Lead.* However, the terrible *roaring* peculiar to their Lineage, was preſerved; as likewiſe that Faculty of breathing out *Fire* from their Noſtrils; which notwithſtanding, many of their Detractors took to be a Feat of Art, and to be nothing ſo terrible as it appeared; proceeding only from their uſual Courſe of Dyet, which was of *Squibs* and *Crackers.* However, they had

two

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two peculiar Marks which extreamly diſtinguiſhed them from the *Bulls* of *Jaſon*, and which I have not met together in the Deſcription of any other Monſter, beſide that in *Horace*;

Varias inducere plumas,

and

Atrum deſinit in piſcem.

For, theſe had *Fiſhes Tails*, yet upon Occaſion, could *out-fly* any Bird in the Air. *Peter* put theſe *Bulls* upon ſeveral Employs. Sometimes he would ſet them a *roaring* to fright *Naughty Boys*, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would ſend them out upon Errands of great Importance; where it is wonderful to recount, and perhaps the cautious Reader may think much to believe it; An *Appetitus ſenſibilis*, deriving it ſelf thro' the whole Family, from their Noble Anceſtors, Guardians of the *Golden-Fleece*; they continued ſo extremely fond of *Gold*, that if *Peter* ſent them abroad, though it were only upon a Complement; they would *Roar*, and *Spit*, and *Belch*, and *Piſs*, and *Fart*, and *Snivle* out *Fire*, and keep a per-

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petual Coyl, till you flung them a Bit of *Gold*; but then *Pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as Lambs. In short, whether by secret Connivance, or Encouragement from their Master, or out of their own liquorish Affection to Gold, or both; it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering Beggars; and where they could not prevail to get an Alms, would make Women miscarry, and Children fall into Fits; who, to this very Day, usually call Sprites and Hobgoblins by the Name of *Bulk-Beggars*. They grew at last so very troublesome to the Neighbourhood, that some Gentlemen of the *North-West*, got a Parcel of right *English Bull-Dogs*, and baited them so terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I must needs mention one more of *Lord Peter*'s Projects, which was very extraordinary, and discovered him to be Master of a high Reach, and profound Invention. Whenever it happened that any Rogue of *Newgate* was condemned to be hang'd, *Peter* would offer him a Pardon for a certain Sum of Money, which when the poor Caitiff had made all Shifts to scrape up and send; *His Lord-*

ship

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ſhip would return a Piece of Paper in this Form.

TO all Mayors, Sheriffs, Jaylors, Conſtables, Bayliffs, Hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed that A. B. remains in the Hands of you, or any of you, under the Sentence of Death. We will and command you upon Sight hereof, to let the ſaid Priſoner depart to his own Habitation, whether he ſtands condemned for Murder, Sodomy, Rape, Sacrilege, Inceſt, Treaſon, Blaſphemy, &c. for which this ſhall be your ſufficient Warrant: And if you fail hereof, G — d — mn You and Yours to all Eternity. And ſo we bid you heartily Farewel.

Your moſt Humble

Man's Man,

EMPEROR PETER.

THE Wretches truſting to this, loſt their Lives and Money too.

I desire of those whom the *Learned* among Posterity will appoint for Commentators upon this elaborate Treatise; that they will proceed with great Caution upon certain dark Points, wherein all who are not *Verè adepti*, may be in Danger to form rash and hasty Conclusions, especially in some mysterious Paragraphs, where certain *Arcana* are joyned for Brevity sake, which in the Operation must be divided. And, I am certain, that future Sons of Art, will return large Thanks to my Memory, for so grateful, so useful an *Innuendo*.

It will be no difficult Part to persuade the Reader, that so many worthy Discoveries met with great Success in the World; tho' I may justly assure him, that I have related much the smallest Number; My Design having been only to single out such, as will be of most Benefit for Publick Imitation, or which best served to give some Idea of the Reach and Wit of the Inventor. And therefore it need not be wondred, if by this Time, *Lord Peter* was become exceeding Rich. But alas, he had kept his Brain so long, and so violently

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lently upon the Rack, that at laſt it *ſhook* it ſelf, and began to *turn round* for a little Eaſe. In ſhort, what with Pride, Projects, and Knavery, poor *Peter* was grown diſtracted, and conceived the ſtrangeſt Imaginations in the World. In the Height of his Fits (as it is uſual with thoſe who run mad out of Pride) He would call Himſelf *God Almighty*, and ſometimes *Monarch of the Univerſe*. I have ſeen him, (ſays my Author) take three old *high-crown'd Hats*, and clap them all on his Head, three Story high, with a huge Bunch of *Keys* at his Girdle, and an *Angling Rod* in his Hand. In which Guiſe, whoever went to take him by the Hand in the way of Salutation, *Peter* with much Grace, like a well educated Spaniel, would preſent them with his *Foot*, and if they refuſed his Civility, then he would raiſe it as high as their Chops, and give them a damn'd Kick on the Mouth, which hath ever ſince been call'd a *Salute*. Whoever walkt by, without paying him their Complements, having a wonderful ſtrong Breath, he would blow their Hats off into the Dirt. Mean time, his Affairs at home went upſide down; and his two Brothers had a wretched Time; Where his firſt *Boutade*

was, to kick both their *Wives* one Morning out of Doors, and his own too; and in their ſtead, gave Orders to pick up the firſt three Strolers could be met with in the Streets. A while after, he nail'd up the Cellar Door, and would not allow his Brothers a Drop of *Drink* to their Victuals. Dining one Day at an Alderman's in the City, *Peter* obſerved him expatiating after the manner of his Brethren, in the Praiſes of his Surloyn of Beef. *Beef*, ſaid the Sage Magiſtrate, *is the King of Meat; Beef comprehends in it the Quinteſſence of Partridge, and Quail, and Veniſon, and Pheaſant, and Plum-pudding, and Cuſtard.* When *Peter* came home, he would needs take the Fancy of cooking up this Doctrine into uſe, and apply the Precept in default of a Surloyn, to his brown Loaf: *Bread*, ſays he, *Dear Brothers, is the Staff of Life; in which Bread is contained* incluſive *the Quinteſſence of Beef, Mutton, Veal, Veniſon, Partridge, Plum-pudding, and Cuſtard: And to render all compleat, there is intermingled a due Quantity of Water, whoſe Crudities are alſo corrected by Teaſt or Barm, thro' which means it becomes a wholſome fermented Liquor, diffuſed thro' the* Maſs *of the Bread.* Upon the Strength of theſe Concluſions,

clusions, next Day at Dinner was the brown Loaf served up in all the Formality of a City Feast. *Come Brothers*, said *Peter*, *fall to, and spare not; here is excellent good Mutton; or hold, now my Hand is in, I'll help you.* At which word, in much Ceremony, with Fork and Knife, he carves out two good Slices of a Loaf, and presents each on a Plate to his Brothers. The Elder of the two, not suddenly entring into *Lord Peter's* Conceit, began with very civil Language to examine the Mystery. *My Lord*, said he, *I doubt, with great Submission, there may be some Mistake. What*, says *Peter*, *you are pleasant; Come then, let us hear this Jest, your Head is so big with. None in the World, my Lord; but unless I am very much deceived, your Lordship was pleased a while ago, to let fall a Word about Mutton, and I would be glad to see it with all my Heart. How*, said *Peter*, appearing in great Surprize, *I do not comprehend this at all* — Upon which, the younger interposing, to set the Business right; *My Lord*, said he, *My Brother, I suppose, is hungry, and longs for the Mutton, your Lordship hath promised us to Dinner. Pray*, said Peter, *take me along with you, either you are both Mad, or disposed to be merrier that I approve*

approve of; If You there, do not like your Piece, I will carve you another, tho' I ſhould take that to be the choice Bit of the whole Shoulder. What then, my Lord, replied the firſt, *it ſeems this is a ſhoulder of Mutton all this while. Pray, Sir,* ſays *Peter, eat your Victles and leave off your Impertinence, if you pleaſe, for I am not diſpoſed to reliſh it at preſent:* But the other could not forbear, being over-provoked at the affected Seriouſneſs of *Peter*'s Countenance. *By G—, My Lord,* ſaid he, *I can only ſay, that to my Eyes, and Fingers, and Teeth, and Noſe, it ſeems to be nothing but a Cruſt of Bread.* Upon which, the ſecond put in his Word; *I never ſaw a Piece of Mutton in my Life, ſo nearly reſembling a Slice from a Twelve-peny Loaf. Look ye, Gentlemen,* cries *Peter* in a Rage, *to convince you, what a couple of blind, poſitive, ignorant, wilful Puppies you are, I will uſe but this plain Argument; By G—, it is true, good, natural Mutton as any in* Leaden-Hall *Market; and G—confound you both eternally, if you offer to believe otherwiſe.* Such a thundring Proof as this, left no further Room for Objection: The two Unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their Miſtake as haſtily as they could. *Why, truly,* ſaid the

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the first, upon more mature Conſideration — *Ay*, ſays the other, interrupting him, *now I have thought better on the Thing, your Lordſhip ſeems to have a great deal of Reaſon. Very well*, ſaid *Peter*, *Here Boy, fill me a Bear-Glaſs of Claret. Here's to you both with all my Heart.* The two Brethren much delighted to ſee him ſo readily appeas'd, returned their moſt humble Thanks, and ſaid, they would be glad to pledge His Lordſhip. *That you ſhall*, ſaid Peter, *I am not a Perſon to refuſe you any Thing that is reaſonable; Wine moderately taken, is a Cordial; Here is a Glaſs apiece for you; 'Tis true natural Juice from the Grape; none of your damn'd* Vintner's *Brewings.* Having ſpoke thus, he preſented to each of them another large dry Cruſt, bidding them drink it off, and not be baſhful, for it would do them no Hurt. The two Brothers, after having performed the uſual Office in ſuch delicate Conjunctures, of ſtaring a ſufficient Period at *Lord Peter*, and each other; and finding how Matters were like to go, reſolved not to enter on a new Diſpute, but let him carry the Point as he pleaſed; for he was now got into one of his mad Fits, and to Argue or Expoſtulate further, would only ſerve

to

to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have chosen to relate this worthy Matter in all its Circumstances, because it gave a principal Occasion to that great and famous *Rupture*, which happened about the same time among these Brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But, of That, I shall treat at large in another Section.

HOWEVER, it is certain, that *Lord Peter*, even in his lucid Intervals, was very lewdly given in his common Conversation, extream wilful and positive, and would at any time rather argue to the Death, than allow himself to be once in an Error. Besides, he had an abominable Faculty of telling huge palpable *Lies* upon all Occasions; and swearing, not only to the Truth, but cursing the whole Company to Hell, if they pretended to make the least Scruple of believing Him. One time, he swore, he had a *Cow* at home, which gave as much Milk at a Meal, as would fill three thousand Churches; and what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn Sower. Another time, he was telling of an old *Sign-Post* that

that belonged to his *Father*, with Nails and Timber enough on it, to build sixteen large Men of War. Talking one Day of *Chinese* Waggons, which were made so light as to sail over Mountains: *Z—nds*, said *Peter*, *where's the Wonder of that? By G—, I saw a large House of Lime and Stone travel over Sea and Land (granting that it stopt sometimes to bait) above two thousand* German *Leagues.* And that which was the good of it, he would swear desperately all the while, that he never told a Lye in his Life; And at every Word; *By G—, Gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the Truth; And the D—— broil them eternally that will not believe me.*

IN short, *Peter* grew so scandalous, that all the Neighbourhood began in plain Words to say, he was no better than a Knave. And his two Brothers long weary of his ill Usage, resolved at last to leave him; but first, they humbly desired a Copy of their Father's *Will*, which had now lain by neglected, time out of Mind. Instead of granting this Request, he called them *damn'd Sons of Whores, Rogues, Traytors*, and the rest of the vile Names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad

abroad one Day upon his Projects, the two Youngſters watcht their Opportunity, made a Shift to come at the *Will*, and took a *Copia vera*, by which they preſently ſaw how groſly they had been abuſed; Their Father having left them equal Heirs, and ſtrictly commanded, that whatever they got, ſhould lye in common among them all. Purſuant to which, their next Enterpriſe was to break open the Cellar-Door, and get a little good *Drink* to ſpirit and comfort their Hearts. In copying the *Will*, they had met another Precept againſt Whoring, Divorce, and ſeparate Maintenance; Upon which, their next Work was to diſcard their Concubines, and ſend for their Wives. Whilſt all this was in agitation, there enters a Sollicitor from *Newgate*, deſiring *Lord Peter* would pleaſe to procure a *Pardon* for a *Thief* that was to be *hanged* to morrow. But the two Brothers told him, he was a Coxcomb to ſeek Pardons from a Fellow, who deſerv'd to be hang'd much better than his Client; and diſcovered all the Method of that Impoſture, in the ſame Form I delivered it a while ago, adviſing the Sollicitor to put his Friend upon obtaining *a Pardon from the King*, In the

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the midſt of all this Clutter and Revolution, in comes *Peter* with a File of Dragoons at his Heels, and gathering from all Hands what was in the Wind, He and his Gang, after ſeveral Millions of Scurrilities and Curſes, not very important here to repeat, by main Force, very fairly kicks them both out of Doors, and would never let them come under his Roof from that Day to this.

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SECT. V.

A Digreſſion in the Modern Kind.

WE whom the World is pleaſed to honor with the Title of *Modern Authors*, ſhould never have been able to compaſs our great Deſign of an everlaſting Remembrance, and never-dying Fame, if our Endeavours had not been ſo highly ſerviceable to the general Good of Mankind. This, *O Univerſe*, is the Adventurous Attempt of me thy Secretary;

——— *Quemvis perferre laborem*
Suadet, & inducit noctes vigilare ſerenas.

TO this End, I have ſome Time ſince, with a World of Pains and Art, diſſected the Carcaſs of *Humane Nature*, and read many uſeful Lectures upon the ſeveral Parts, both *Containing* and *Contained*; till at laſt it *ſmelt* ſo ſtrong, I could preſerve it no longer. Upon which, I have been at a great Expence to fit up all the Bones with exact Contexture, and in due Symmetry;

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Symmetry; ſo that I am ready to ſhew a very compleat Anatomy thereof to all curious *Gentlemen and others.* But not to Digreſs farther in the midſt of a Digreſſion, as I have known ſome Authors incloſe Digreſſions in one another, like a Neſt of Boxes; I do affirm, that having carefully cut up *Human Nature*, I have found a very ſtrange, new, and important Diſcovery; That the Publick Good of Mankind is performed by two Ways, *Inſtruction*, and *Diverſion*. And I have farther proved in my ſaid ſeveral Readings, (which, perhaps, the World may one day ſee, if I can prevail on any Friend to ſteal a Copy, or on certain Gentlemen of my Admirers, to be very Importunate) that, as Mankind is now diſpoſed, he receives much greater Advantage by being *Diverted* than *Inſtructed*; His Epidemical Diſeaſes being *Faſtidioſity*, *Amorphy*, and *Oſcitation*; whereas in the preſent univerſal Empire of Wit and Learning, there ſeems but little Matter left for *Inſtruction*. However, in Compliance with a Leſſon of great Age and Authority, I have attempted carrying the Point in all its Heights; and accordingly throughout this Divine Treatiſe, have skilfully kneaded

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up both together with a *Layer* of *Utile*, and a *Layer* of *Dulce*.

WHEN I conſider how exceedingly ou Illuſtrious *Moderns* have eclipſed the weak glimmering Lights of the *Antients*, and turned them out of the Road of all faſhionable Commerce, to a degree, that our choice Town Wits of moſt refined Accompliſhments, are in grave Diſpute, whether there have been ever any *Antients* or no: In which Point we are like to receive wonderful Satisfaction from the moſt uſeful Labours and Lucubrations of that Worthy *Modern*, Dr. *B---tly*. I ſay, when I conſider all this, I cannot but bewail, that no famous *Modern* hath ever yet attempted an univerſal Syſtem in a ſmall portable Volume, of all Things that are to be Known, or Believed, or Imagined, or Practiſed in Life. I am, however, forced to acknowledge, that ſuch an Enterpriſe was thought on ſome Time ago by a great Philoſopher of *O-Brazile*. The Method he propoſed, was by a certain curious *Receipt*, a *Noſtrum*, which after his untimely Death, I found among his Papers; and do here out of my great Affection to the *Modern Learned*, preſent them with it, not doubting,

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ing, it may one Day encourage ſome worthy Undertaker.

You take fair correct Copies, well bound in Calf's Skin, and Lettered at the Back, of all Modern Bodies of Arts and Sciences whatſoever, and in what Language you pleaſe. Theſe you diſtil in balneo Mariæ, *infuſing* Quinteſſence of Poppy Q. S. *together with three Pints of* Lethe, *to be had from the Apothecaries. You cleanſe away carefully the* Sordes *and* Caput mortuum, *letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preſerve onely the firſt Running, which is again to be diſtilled ſeventeen times, till what remains will amount to about two Drams. This you keep in a Glaſs Viol* Hermetically *ſealed, for one and twenty Days. Then you begin your Catholick Treatiſe, taking every Morning faſting, (firſt ſhaking the Viol) three Drops of this* Elixir, *ſnuffing it ſtrongly up your Noſe. It will ditate it ſelf about the Brain (where there is any) in fourteen Minutes, and you immediately perceive in your Head an infinite Number of* Abſtracts, Summaries, Compendiums, Extracts, Collections, Medulla's, Excerpta quædam's, Florilega's *and the like, all diſpoſed into great Order, and reduceable upon Paper.*

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I muſt needs own, it was by the Aſſiſtance of this *Arcanum*, that I, tho' otherwiſe *impar*, have adventured upon ſo daring an Attempt; never atchieved or undertaken before, but by a certain Author called *Homer*, in whom, tho' otherwiſe a Perſon not without ſome Abilities, and *for an Antient*, of a tolerable Genius; I have diſcovered many groſs Errors, which are not to be forgiven his very Aſhes, if by chance any of them are left. For whereas, we are aſſured, he deſign'd his Work for a * compleat Body of all Knowledge Human, Divine, Political, and Mechanick; it is manifeſt, he hath wholly neglected ſome, and been very imperfect in the reſt. For, firſt of all, as eminent a *Cabaliſt* as his Diſciples would repreſent Him, his Account of the *Opus magnum* is extreamly poor and deficient; he ſeems to have read but very ſuperficially, either *Sendivogus*, *Behmen*, or *Anthropoſophia Theomagica*. He is alſo quite miſtaken about the *Sphæra Pyroplaſtica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and (if the Reader will admit ſo ſevere a Cenſure) *Vix crederem Autorem hunc*,

* *Homerus omnes res humanas Poematis complexus eſt.* Xenoph. in Conviv.

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hunc, unquam audiviſſe ignis vocem. His Failings are not leſs prominent in ſeveral Parts of the *Mechanicks*. For, having read his Writings with the utmoſt Application uſual among *Modern Wits*, I could never yet diſcover the leaſt Direction about the Structure of that uſeful Inſtrument, a *Save-all*. For want of which, if the *Moderns* had not lent their Aſſiſtance, we might yet have wandred *in the Dark*. But I have ſtill behind, a Fault far more notorious to tax this Author with; I mean, his groſs Ignorance in the *Common Laws of this Realm*, and in the Doctrine as well as Diſcipline of the Church of *England*. A Defect indeed, for which both he and all the Antients ſtand moſt juſtly cenſured by my worthy and ingenious Friend Mr. *W--tt--n*, Batchellor of Divinity, in his incomparable Treatiſe of *Antient and Modern Learning*; A Book never to be ſufficiently valued, whether we conſider the happy Turns and Flowings of the Author's Wit, the great Uſefulneſs of his ſublime Diſcoveries upon the Subject of *Flies* and *Spittle*, or the laborious Eloquence of his Stile. And I cannot forbear doing that Author the Juſtice of my publick Acknowledgments, for the great *Helps* and *Liftings* I

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had out of his incomparable Piece, while I was penning this Treatiſe.

BUT, beſides theſe Omiſſions in *Homer* already mentioned, the curious Reader will alſo obſerve ſeveral Defects in that Author's Writings, for which he is not altogether ſo accountable. For whereas every Branch of Knowledge has received ſuch wonderful Acquirements ſince his Age, eſpecially within theſe laſt three Years, or thereabouts; it is almoſt impoſſible, he could be ſo very perfect in Modern Diſcoveries, as his Advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge Him to be the Inventor of the *Compaſs*, of *Gun-powder*, and the *Circulation of the Blood*: But, I challenge any of his Admirers to ſhew me in all his Writings, a compleat Account of the *Spleen*; Does he not alſo leave us wholly to ſeek in the Art of *Political Wagering*? What can be more defective and unſatisfactory than his long Diſſertation upon *Tea*? and as to his Method of *Salivation without Mercury*, ſo much celebrated of late, it is to my own Knowledge and Experience, a Thing very little to be relied on.

IT

IT was to ſupply ſuch momentous Defects, that I have been prevailed on after long Solicitation, to take Pen in Hand; and I dare venture to Promiſe, the Judicious Reader ſhall find nothing neglected here, that can be of Uſe upon any Emergency of Life. I am confident to have included and exhauſted all that Human Imagination can *Riſe* or *Fall* to. Particularly, I recommend to the Peruſal of the Learned, certain Diſcoveries that are wholly untoucht by others; whereof I ſhall only mention among a great many more; *My New Help of Smatterers*, or the *Art of being Deep learned, and Shallow read. A curious Invention about Mouſe-Traps. An Univerſal Rule of Reaſon, or Every Man his own Carver*; Together with a moſt uſeful Engine for *catching of Owls.* All which the judicious Reader will find largely treated on, in the ſeveral Parts of this Diſcourſe.

I hold my ſelf obliged to give as much Light as is poſſible, into the Beauties and Excellencies of what I am writing, becauſe it is become the Faſhion and Humor moſt applauded among the firſt Au-

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thors of this Polite and Learned Age, when they would correct the ill Nature of Critical, or inform the Ignorance of Courteous Readers. Beſides, there have been ſeveral famous Pieces lately publiſhed both in Verſe and Proſe; wherein, if the VVriters had not been pleaſed, out of their great Humanity and Affection to the Publick, to give us a nice Detail of the *Sublime*, and the *Admirable* they contain; it is a thouſand to one, whether we ſhould ever have diſcovered one Grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny, that whatever I have ſaid upon this Occaſion, had been more proper in a Preface, and more agreeable to the Mode, which uſually directs it there. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and honorable Privilege of being the *Laſt Writer*; I claim an abſolute Authority in Right, as the *freſheſt Modern*, which gives me a Deſpotick Power over all Authors before me. In the Strength of which Title, I do utterly diſapprove and declare againſt that pernicious Cuſtom, of making the Preface a Bill of Fare to the Book. For I have always lookt upon it as a high Point of Indiſcretion in *Monſter-mongers* and other *Retailers of ſtrange Sights*; to hang out

out a fair large Picture over the door, drawn after the Life, with a moſt eloquent deſcription underneath: This hath ſaved me many a Threepence, for my Curioſity was fully ſatisfied, and I never offered to go in, tho' often invited by the urging and attending Orator, with his laſt *moving* and *ſtanding* Piece of Rhetorick; *Sir, Upon my Word, we are juſt going to begin.* Such is exactly the Fate, at this Time, of *Prefaces*, *Epiſtles*, *Advertiſements*, *Introductions*, *Prolegomena's*, *Apparatus's*, *To-the-Readers's*. This Expedient was admirable at firſt; Our Great *Dryden* has long carried it as far at it would go, and with incredible Succeſs. He has often ſaid to me in Confidence, that the world would have never ſuſpected him to be ſo great a Poet, if he had not aſſured them ſo frequently in his Prefaces, that it was impoſſible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be ſo; However, I much fear, his Inſtructions have edify'd out of their Place, and taught Men to grow wiſer in certain Points, where he never intended they ſhould: For it is lamentable to behold, with what a lazy Scorn, many of the yawning Readers in our Age, do now-a-days twirl over forty or fifty Pages

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Pages of *Preface* and *Dedication*, (which is the uſual *Modern* Stint) as if it were ſo much *Latin*. Tho' it muſt be alſo allowed on the other Hand, that a very conſiderable Number is known to proceed *Criticks* and *Wits*, by reading nothing elſe. Into which two Factions, I think, all preſent Readers may juſtly be divided. Now, for my ſelf, I profeſs to be of the former Sort; and therefore having the *Modern* Inclination to expatiate upon the Beauty of my own Productions, and diſplay the bright Parts of my Diſcourſe; I thought beſt to do it in the Body of the Work, where, as it now lies, it makes a very conſiderable Addition to the Bulk of the Volume, *a Circumſtance by no means to be neglected by a skilful Writer.*

HAVING thus paid my due Deference and Acknowledgment to an eſtabliſhed Cuſtom of our neweſt Authors, by *a long Digreſſion unſought for*, and *an univerſal Cenſure unprovoked*; By forcing into the Light, with much Pains and Dexterity, my own Excellencies and other Mens Defaults, with great Juſtice to my ſelf and Candor to them; I now happily reſume my Subject, to the infinite Satisfaction both of the Reader and the Author. SECT.

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SECT. VI.

A TALE of a TUB.

WE left *Lord Peter* in open Rupture with his two Brethren; both for ever discarded from his House, and resigned to the wide World, with little or nothing to trust to. Which are Circumstances that render them proper Subjects for the Charity of a Writer's Pen to work on; Scenes of Misery ever affording the fairest Harvest for great Adventures. And in this, the World may perceive the Difference between the Integrity of a generous Author, and that of a common Friend. The latter is observed to adhere close in Prosperity, but on the Decline of Fortune, to drop suddenly off. Whereas, the generous Author, just on the contrary, finds his Hero on the Dunghil, from thence by gradual Steps, raises Him to a Throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not so much as Thanks for his Pains: In imitation of which Example, I have placed *Lord Peter* in a Noble House, given Him a Title

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Title to wear, and Money to ſpend. There I ſhall leave Him for ſome Time; returning where common Charity directs me, to the Aſſiſtance of his two Brothers, at their loweſt Ebb. However, I ſhall by no means forget my Character of an Hiſtorian, to follow the Truth ſtep by ſtep, whatever happens, or wherever it may lead me.

THE two Exiles ſo nearly united in Fortune and Intereſt, took a Lodging together; Where, at their firſt Leiſure, they began to reflect on the numberleſs Misfortunes and Vexations of their Life paſt, and could not tell, of the ſudden, to what Failure in their Conduct they ought to impute them; When, after ſome Recollection, they called to Mind the Copy of their Father's *Will*, which they had ſo happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm Reſolution taken between them, to alter whatever was already amiſs, and reduce all their future Meaſures to the ſtricteſt Obedience preſcribed therein. The main Body of the *Will* (as the Reader cannot eaſily have forgot) conſiſted in certain admirable Rules about the wearing of their Coats; in

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in the Perusal whereof, the two Brothers at every Period duly comparing the Doctrine with the Practice, there was never seen a wider Difference between two Things; horrible down-right Transgressions of every Point. Upon which, they both resolved without farther Delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the Whole, exactly after their Father's Model.

BUT, here it is good to stop the hasty Reader, ever impatient to see the End of an Adventure, before We Writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record, that these two Brothers began to be distinguished at this Time, by certain Names. One of them desired to be called *MARTIN*, and the other took the Appellation of *JACK*. These two had lived in much Friendship and Agreement under the Tyranny of their Brother *Peter*, as it is the Talent of Fellow-Sufferers to do; Men in Misfortune, being like Men in the Dark, to whom all Colours are the same: But when they came forward into the World, and began to display themselves to each other, and to the Light, their Complexions appear'd extremely different; which the present Posture of their Affairs gave

gave them ſudden Opportunity to diſcover.

BUT, here the ſevere Reader may juſtly tax me as a Writer of ſhort Memory a Deficiency to which a true *Modern* cannot but of Neceſſity be a little ſubject. Becauſe, *Memory* being an Employment of the Mind upon things paſt, is a Faculty, for which the Learned, in our Illuſtrious Age, have no manner of Occaſion, who deal entirely with *Invention*, and ſtrike all Things out of themſelves, or at leaſt, by Colliſion, from each other; Upon which Account, we think it highly reaſonable to produce our great Forgetfulneſs, as an Argument unanſwerable for our great Wit. I ought in Method, to have informed the Reader about fifty Pages ago, of a Fancy *Lord Peter* took, and intuſed into his Brothers, to wear on their Coats whatever Trimmings came up in Faſhion; never pulling off any, as they went out of the Mode, but keeping on all together; which amounted in time to a Medley, the moſt Antick you can poſſibly conceive; and this to a Degree, that upon the Time of their Falling out, there was hardly a Thread of the Original Coat to be

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be ſeen, but an infinite Quantity of *Lace*, and *Ribbands*, and *Fringe*, and *Embroidery*, and *Points*; (I mean, only thoſe *tagg'd with Silver*, for the reſt fell off.) Now, this material Circumſtance, having been forgot in due Place; as good Fortune hath ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two Brothers are juſt going to reform their Veſtures into the Primitive State, preſcribed by their Father's *Will*.

THEY both unanimouſly entred upon this great Work, looking ſometimes on their Coats, and ſometimes on the *Will*. *Martin* laid the firſt Hand; at one Twitch brought off a large Handful of *Points*, and with a ſecond Pull, ſtript away ten dozen Yards of *Fringe*. But when He had gone thus far, he demurred a while: He knew very well, there yet remained a great deal more to be done; however, the firſt Heat being over, his Violence began to cool, and he reſolved to proceed more moderately in the reſt of the Work; having already very narrowly ſcap'd a ſwinging Rent in pulling of the *Points*, which being *tagged with Silver* (as we have obſerved before) the judicious Workman

man had with much Sagacity, double-ſown, to preſerve them from *falling*. Reſolving therefore to rid his Coat of a huge Quantity of *Gold Lace*; he pickt up the Stitches with much Caution, and diligently gleaned out all the looſe Threads as he went, which proved to be a Work of Time. Then he fell about the embroidered *Indian* Figures of Men, Women and Children; againſt which, as you have heard in its due Place, their Father's Teſtament was extremely exact and ſevere: Theſe, with much Dexterity and Application, were after a while, quite eradicated, or utterly defaced. For the reſt, where he obſerved the Embroidery to be workt ſo cloſe, as not to be got away without damaging the Cloth, or where it ſerved to hide or ſtrengthned any Flaw in the Body of the Coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of Workmen upon it; he concluded, the wiſeſt Courſe was to let it remain, reſolving in no Caſe whatſoever, that the Subſtance of the Stuff ſhould ſuffer Injury; which he thought the beſt Method for ſerving the true Intent and Meaning of his Father's *Will*. And this is the neareſt Account I have been able to collect, of

Martin's

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Martin's Proceedings upon this great Revolution.

BUT his Brother *Jack*, whoſe Adventures will be ſo extraordinary, as to furniſh a great Part in the Remainder of this Diſcourſe; entred upon the Matter with other Thoughts, and a quite different Spirit. For, the Memory of *Lord Peter*'s Injuries, produced a Degree of Hatred and Spight, which had a much greater Share of inciting Him, that any Regards after his Father's Commands, ſince theſe appeared at beſt, only Secondary and Subſervient to the other. However, for this Meddly of Humor, he made a Shift to find a very plauſible Name, honoring it with the Title of *Zeal*; which is, perhaps, the moſt ſignificant Word that hath been ever yet produced in any Language; As, I think, I have fully proved in my excellent *Analytical* Diſcourſe upon that Subject; wherein I have deduced a *Hiſtori-theo-phyſi-logical* Account of *Zeal*, ſhewing how it firſt proceeded from a *Notion* into a *Word*, and from thence in a hot Summer, ripned into a *tangible Subſtance*. This Work containing three large Volumes in Folio, I deſign very ſhortly to

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publiſh by the *Modern* way of *Subſcription*, not doubting but the Nobility and Gentry of the Land will give me all poſſible Encouragement, having already had ſuch a Taſte of what I am able to perform.

I record therefore, that Brother *Jack*, brim-full of this miraculous Compound, reflecting with Indignation upon *PETER*'s Tyranny, and farther provoked by the Deſpondency of *Martin*; prefaced his Reſolutions to this purpoſe. *What*; ſaid he; *A Rogue that lock'd up his Drink, turned away our Wives, cheated us of our Fortunes; paumed his damned Cruſts upon us for Mutton; and at laſt kickt us out of Doors; muſt we be in His Faſhions with a Pox? a Raſcal, beſides, that all the Street cries out againſt.* Having thus kindled and enflamed himſelf as high as poſſible, and by Conſequence, in a delicate Temper for beginning a Reformation, he ſet about the Work immediately, and in three Minutes, made more Diſpatch than *Martin* had done in as many Hours. For, (Courteous Reader) you are given to underſtand, that *Zeal* is never ſo highly obliged, as when you ſet it a *Tearing*: and

Jack,

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Jack, who doated on that Quality in himſelf, allowed it at this Time its full Swinge. Thus it happened, that ſtripping down a Parcel of *Gold Lace*, a little too haſtily, he rent the *main Body* of his *Coat* from Top to Bottom; and whereas his Talent was not of the happieſt in *taking up a Stitch*, he knew no better way, than to dern it again with *Packthread* and a *Scewer*. But the Matter was yet infinitely worſe (I record it with Tears) when he proceeded to the *Embroidery*: For, being Clumſy by Nature, and of Temper, Impatient; withal, beholding Millions of Stitches, that required the niceſt Hand, and ſedateſt Conſtitution, to extricate; in a great Rage, he tore off the whole Piece, Cloth and all, and flung it into the Kennel, and furiouſly thus continuing his Career; *Ah, Good Brother* Martin, ſaid he, *do as I do, for the Love of God; Strip, Tear, Pull, Rent, Flay off all, that we may appear as unlike that Rogue* Peter, *as it is poſſible: I would not for a hundred Pounds carry the leaſt Mark about me, that might give Occaſion to the Neighbours, of ſuſpecting I was related to ſuch a Raſcal.* But *Martin*, who at this Time happened to be extremely flegmatick and ſedate, *begged his Brother*

of all Love, not to damage his Coat by any Means; for he never would get ſuch another: Deſired him *to conſider, that it was not their Buſineſs to form their Actions by any Reflection upon* Peter, *but by obſerving the Rules preſcribed in their Father's* Will. That *he ſhould remember,* Peter *was ſtill their Brother, whatever Faults or Injuries he had committed; and therefore they ſhould by all means avoid ſuch a Thought, as that of taking Meaſures for Good and Evil, from no other Rule, than of Oppoſition to him.* That *it was true, the Teſtament of their good Father was very exact in what related to the wearing of their* Coats; *yet was it no leſs penal and ſtrict in preſcribing Agreement, and Friendſhip, and Affection between them. And therefore, if ſtraining a Point were at all diſpenſable, it would certainly be ſo, rather to the Advance of Unity, than Increaſe of Contradiction.*

Martin had ſtill proceeded as gravely as he began; and doubtleſs, would have delivered an admirable Lecture of Morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my Reader's *Repoſe, both of Body and Mind:* (the true ultimate End of *Ethicks;*) But *Jack* was already gone

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gone a Flight-ſhot beyond his Patience. And as in Scholaſtick Diſputes, nothing ſerves to rouze the Spleen of him that *Oppoſes*, ſo much as a kind of Pedantick affected Calmneſs in the *Reſpondent*; Diſputants being for the moſt part like unequal Scales, where the *Gravity* of one Side advances the *Lightneſs* of the Other, and cauſes it to fly up and kick the Beam; So it happened here, that the *Weight* of *Martin's* Argument exalted *Jack's Levity*, and made him fly out and ſpurn againſt his Brother's Moderation. In ſhort, *Martin's Patience* put *Jack* in a *Rage*; but that which moſt afflicted him was, to obſerve his Brother's Coat ſo well reduced into the State of Innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his Shirt; or thoſe Places which had ſcaped his cruel Clutches, were ſtill in *Peter's* Livery. So that he looked like a drunken *Beau*, half rifled by *Bullies*; Or like a freſh Tenant of *Newgate*, when he has refuſed the Payment of *Garniſh*; Or like a diſcovered *Shoplifter*, left to the Mercy of *Exchange-Women*; Or like a *Bawd* in her old Velvet Petticoat, reſigned into the ſecular Hands of the *Mobile*. Like any, or like all of theſe, a

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Meddley of *Rags*, and *Lace*, and *Rents*, and *Fringes*, unfortunate *Jack* did now appear: He would have been extreamly glad to ſee his Coat in the Condition of *Martin's*, but infinitely gladder to find that of *Martin's* in the ſame Predicament with his. However, ſince neither of theſe was likely to come to paſs, he thought fit to lend the whole Buſineſs another Turn, and to dreſs up Neceſſity into a Virtue. Therefore, after as many of the *Fox's* Arguments, as he could muſter up, for bringing *Martin* to *Reaſon*, as he called it; or, as he meant it, into his own ragged, bobtail'd Condition; and obſerving he ſaid all to little purpoſe; what, alas, was left for the forlorn *Jack* to do, but after a Million of Scurrilities againſt his Brother, to run mad with Spleen, and Spight, and Contradiction. To be ſhort, here began a mortal Breach between theſe two. *Jack* went immediately to *New Lodgings*, and in a few Days it was for certain reported, that he had run out of his Wits. In a ſhort time after, he appeared abroad, and confirmed the Report, by falling into the oddeſt Whimſies that ever a ſick Brain conceived.

AND

AND now the little Boys in the Streets began to ſalute him with ſeveral Names. Sometimes they would call Him, *Jack the Bald*; ſometimes, *Jack with a Lanthorn*; ſometimes, *Dutch Jack*; ſometimes, *French Hugh*; ſometimes, *Tom the Beggar*; and ſometimes, *Knocking Jack of the North.* And it was under one or ſome, or all of theſe Appellations (which I leave the Learned Reader to determine) that he hath given Riſe to the moſt Illuſtrious and Epidemick Sect of *Æoliſts*, who with honourable Commemoration, do ſtill acknowledge the Renowned *JACK* for their Author and Founder. Of whoſe Originals, as well as Principles, I am now advancing to gratify the World with a very particular Account.

—— *Mellæo contingens cuncta Lepore.*

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SECT. VII.

A Digreſſion in Praiſe of Digreſſions.

I HAVE ſometimes heard of an *Iliad* in a *Nut-ſhell*; but it hath been my Fortune to have much oftner *ſeen* a *Nut-ſhell* in a *Iliad*. There is no doubt, that Human Life has received moſt wonderful Advantages from both; but to which of the two the World is chiefly indebted, I ſhall leave among the Curious, as a Problem worthy of their utmoſt Enquiry. For the Invention of the latter, I think the Commonwealth of Learning is chiefly obliged to the great *Modern* Improvement of *Digreſſions*: The late Refinements in Knowledge, running parallel to thoſe of Dyet in our Nation, which among Men of a judicious Taſte, are dreſt up in various Compounds, conſiſting in *Soups* and *Ollio's*, *Fricaſſées* and *Ragouſts*.

'TIS true, there is a ſort of moroſe, detracting, ill-bred People, who pretend utterly to diſreliſh theſe polite Innovations: And as to the Similitude from Dyet,

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Dyet, they allow the Parallel, but are ſo bold to pronounce the Example it ſelf, a Corruption and Degeneracy of Taſte. They tell us, that the Faſhion of jumbling fifty Things together in a Diſh, was at firſt introduced in Compliance to a depraved and *debauched Appetite*, as well as to a *crazy Conſtitution*; And to ſee a Man hunting thro' an *Ollio*, after the *Head* and *Brains* of a *Gooſe*, a *Wigeon*, or a *Woodcock*, is a Sign, he wants a Stomach and Digeſtion for more ſubſtantial Victuals. Farther, they affirm, that *Digreſſions* in a Book, are like *Forein Troops* in a *State*, which argue the Nation to want a *Heart* and *Hands* of its own, and often, either *ſubdue* the *Natives*, or drive them into the moſt *unfruitful Corners*.

But, after all that can be objected by theſe ſupercilious Cenſors; 'tis manifeſt, the Society of Writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconſiderable Number, if Men were put upon making Books, with the fatal Confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the Purpoſe. 'Tis acknowledged, that were the Caſe the ſame among Us, as with the *Greeks* and *Romans*, when Learning was

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was in its *Cradle*, to be reared and fed, and cloathed by *Invention*; it would be an eaſy Task to fill up Volumes upon particular Occaſions, without farther exſpatiating from the Subject, than by moderate Excurſions, helping to advance or clear the main Deſign. But with *Knowledge*, it has fared as with a numerous Army, encamped in a fruitful Country; which for a few Days maintains it ſelf by the Product of the Soyl it is on; Till Proviſions being ſpent, they ſend to forrage many a Mile, among Friends or Enemies it matters not. Mean while, the neighbouring Fields trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no Suſtenance but Clouds of Duſt.

THE whole Courſe of Things being thus entirely changed between *Us* and the *Antients*; and the *Moderns* wiſely ſenſible of it, we of this Age have diſcovered a ſhorter, and more prudent Method, to become *Scholars* and *Wits*, without the Fatigue of *Reading* or of *Thinking*. The moſt accompliſht Way of uſing Books at preſent, is twofold: Either firſt, to ſerve them as ſome Men do

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do *Lords*, learn their *Titles* exactly, and then brag of their Acquaintance. Or Secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer Method, to get a thorough Inſight into the *Indexes* by which the whole Book is governed and turned, like *Fiſhes* by the *Tail*. For, to enter the Palace of Learning at the *great Gate*, requires an Expence of Time and Forms; therefore Men of much Haſte and little Ceremony, are content to get in by the *Back-Door*. For, the Arts are all in a *flying* March, and therefore more eaſily ſubdued by attacking them in the *Rear*. Thus Phyſicians diſcover the State of the whole Body, by conſulting only what comes from *Behind*. Thus Men catch Knowledge by throwing their *Wit* on the *Poſteriors* of a Book, as Boys do Sparrows with flinging *Salt* upon their *Tails*. Thus Human Life is beſt underſtood by the wiſe man's Rule of *Regarding the End*. Thus are the Sciences found like *Hercules's* Oxen, by *tracing them Backwards*. Thus are *old Sciences* unravelled like *old Stockings*, by beginning at the *Foot*.

BESIDES

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BESIDES all this, the Army of the Sciences hath been of late with a world of Martial Diſcipline, drawn into its *cloſe Order*, ſo that a View, or a Muſter may be taken of it with abundance of Expedition. For this great Bleſſing we are wholly indebted to *Syſtems* and *Abſtracts*, in which the *Modern* Fathers of Learning, like prudent Uſurers, ſpent their Sweat for the Eaſe of Us their Children. For *Labor* is the Seed of *Idleneſs*, and it is the peculiar Happineſs of our Noble Age to gather the *Fruit*.

NOW the Method of growing Wiſe, Learned, and *Sublime*, having become ſo regular an Affair, and ſo eſtabliſhed in all its Forms; the Numbers of Writers muſt needs have encreaſed accordingly, and to a Pitch that has made it of abſolute Neceſſity for them to interfere continually with each other. Beſides, it is reckoned, that there is not at this preſent, a ſufficient Quantity of new Matter left in Nature, to furniſh and adorn any one particular Subject to the Extent of a Volume. This I am told by a very skillful *Computer*, who hath given a full

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a full Demonstration of it from Rules of *Arithmetick.*

THIS, perhaps, may be objected against, by those, who maintain the Infinity of Matter, and therefore, will not allow that any *Species* of it can be exhausted. For Answer to which, let us examine the noblest Branch of *Modern* Wit or Invention, planted and cultivated by the present Age, and, which of all others, hath born the most, and the fairest Fruit. For tho' some Remains of it were left us by the *Antients*, yet have not any of those, as I remember, been translated or compiled into Systems for *Modern* Use. Therefore We may affirm, to our own Honor, that it has in some sort, been both invented, and brought to a Perfection by the same Hands. What I mean, is that highly celebrated Talent among the *Modern* Wits, of deducing Similitudes, Allusions, and Applications, very Surprizing, Agreeable, and Apposite, from the *Genitals* of either Sex, together with *their proper Uses*. And truly, having observed how little Invention bears any Vogue, besides what is derived into these *Channels*, I have sometimes had a Thought, That the happy Genius

Genius of our Age and Country, was prophetically held forth by that antient * typical Deſcription of the *Indian* Pygmies; *whoſe Stature did not exceed above two Foot; Sed quorum pudenda craſſa, & ad talos uſque pertingentia.* Now, I have been very curious to inſpect the late Productions, wherein the Beauties of this kind have moſt prominently appeared. And altho' this *Vein* hath bled ſo freely, and all Endeavours have been uſed in the Power of Human Breath, to dilate, extend, and and keep it open: Like the Scythians, † *who had a Cuſtom, and an Inſtrument, to blow up the Privities of their Mares, that they might yield the more Milk*; Yet I am under an Apprehenſion, it is near growing dry, and paſt all Recovery; And that either ſome new *Fonde* of Wit ſhould, if poſſible, be provided, or elſe that we muſt e'en be content with Repetition here, as well as upon all other Occaſions.

* *Cteſiæ fragm. apud Photium.*

† *Herodot.* L. 4.

THIS will ſtand as an unconteſtable Argument, that our *Modern* Wits are not to reckon upon the Infinity of Matter, for a conſtant Supply. What remains therefore

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therefore, but that our laſt Recourſe muſt be had to large *Indexes*, and little *Compendiums*; *Quotations* muſt be plentifully gathered, and bookt in Alphabet; To this End, tho' Authors need be little conſulted, yet *Criticks*, and *Commentators*, and *Lexicons* carefully muſt. But above all, thoſe judicious Collectors of *bright Parts*, and *Flowers*, and *Obſervanda's*, are to be nicely dwelt on; by ſome called the *Sieves* and *Boulters* of Learning; tho' it is left undetermined, whether they dealt in *Pearls* or *Meal*; and conſequently, whether we are more to value that which *paſſed thro'*, or what *ſtaid behind*.

By theſe Methods, in a few Weeks, there ſtarts up many a Writer, capable of managing the profoundeſt, and moſt univerſal Subjects. For, what though his *Head* be empty, provided his *Common place-Book* be full; And if you will bate him but the Circumſtances of *Method*, and *Style*, and *Grammar*, and *Invention*; allow him but the common Priviledges of tranſcribing from others, and digreſſing from himſelf, as often as he ſhall ſee Occaſion; He will deſire no more Ingredients towards fitting up a Treatiſe, that ſhall make

make a very comely Figure on a Bookſeller's Shelf, there to be preſerved neat and clean, for a long Eternity, adorn'd with the Heraldry of its Title, fairly inſcribed on a Label; never to be thumb'd or greas'd by Students, nor bound to everlaſting Chains of Darkneſs in a Library: But when the Fulneſs of time is come, ſhall happily undergo the Tryal of Purgatory, in order *to aſcend the Sky.*

WITHOUT theſe Allowances, how is it poſſible, we *Modern* Wits ſhould ever have an Opportunity to introduce our Collections liſted under ſo many thouſand Heads of a different Nature? for want of which, the Learned World would be deprived of infinite Delight, as well as Inſtruction, and we our ſelves buried beyond Redreſs in an inglorious and undiſtinguiſht Oblivion.

FROM ſuch Elements as theſe, I am alive to behold the Day, wherein the Corporation of Authors can out-vie all its Brethren in the *Field.* A Happineſs derived to us with a great many others, from our *Scythian* Anceſtors; among whom, the Number of *Pens* was ſo infinite,

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finite, that the * *Grecian* Eloquence had no other way of expressing it, than by saying, *That in the Regions, far to the* North, *it was hardly possible for a Man to travel, the very Air was so replete with* Feathers.

* *Herodot.* L. 4.

THE Necessity of this Digression, will easily excuse the Length; and I have chosen for it as proper a Place as I could readily find. If the judicious Reader can assign a fitter, I do here empower him to remove it into any other Corner he pleases. And so I return with great Alacrity to pursue a more important Concern.

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SECT. VIII.

A TALE of a TUB.

THE Learned *Æoliſts*, maintain the Original Cauſe of all Things to be *Wind*, from which Principle this whole Univerſe was at firſt produced, and into which it muſt at laſt be reſolved; that the ſame breath which had kindled, and blew *up* the Flame of Nature, ſhould one Day blow it *out*.

Quod procul à nobis flectat Fortuna gubernans.

THIS is what the *Adepti* underſtand by their *Anima Mundi*; that is to ſay, the *Spirit*, or *Breath*, or *Wind* of the World: Or Examine the whole Syſtem by the Particulars of Nature, and you will find it not to be diſputed. For, whether you pleaſe to call the *Forma informans* of Man, by the Name of *Spiritus*, *Animus*, *Afflatus*, or *Anima*; what are all theſe, but ſeveral Appellations for *Wind*? which is the ruling *Element* in every Compound, and into

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into which they all reſolve upon their Corruption. Farther, what is Life it ſelf, but as it is commonly called, the *Breath* of our Noſtrils? Whence it is very juſtly obſerved by Naturaliſts, that *Wind* ſtill continues of great Emolument in *certain Myſteries* not to be named, giving Occaſion for thoſe happy Epithets of *Turgidus*, and *Inflatus*, apply'd either to the *Emittent*, or *Recipient* Organs.

BY what I have gathered out of antient Records, I find, the *Compaſs* of their Doctrine took in two and thirty Points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their moſt important Precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following Maxim was of much Weight; That ſince *Wind* had the Maſter Share, as well as Operation in every Compound, by Conſequence, thoſe Beings muſt be of chief Excellence, wherein that *Primordium* appears moſt prominently to abound; and therefore, *Man* is in higheſt Perfection of all created Things, as having by the great Bounty of Philoſophers, been endued with three diſtinct *Anima's* or *Winds*, to which the Sage *Æoliſts*, with

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much Liberality, have added a fourth, of equal Neceſſity, as well as Ornament with the other three; by this *quartum Principium*, taking in the four Corners of the World. Which gave Occaſion to that Renowned *Cabbaliſt*, *Bumbaſtus*, of placing the Body of Man, in due poſition to the four *Cardinal* Points.

IN Conſequence of this, their next Principle was, that, *Man* brings with him into the World a peculiar Portion, or Grain of *Wind*, which may be called a *Quinta eſſentia*, extracted from the other four. This *Quinteſſence* is of Catholick Uſe upon all Emergencies of Life, is improveable into all Arts and Sciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged by certain Methods in Education. This, when *blown* up to its Perfection, ought not to be covetouſly hoarded up, ſtifled, or hid under a Buſhel, but freely Communicated to Mankind. Upon theſe Reaſons, and others of equal Weight, the Wiſe *Æoliſts*, affirm the Gift of BELCHING, to be the nobleſt Act of a Rational Creature. To cultivate which Art, and render it more ſerviceable to Mankind, they made Uſe of ſeveral Methods. At certain Seaſons

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ſons of the Year, you might behold the Prieſts amongſt them in vaſt Numbers, with their *Mouths gaping wide againſt a Storm.* At other times were to be ſeen ſeveral Hundreds link'd together in a circular Chain, with every Man a Pair of Bellows applied to his Neighbour's Breech, by which they blew up each other to the Shape and Size of a *Tun*; and for that Reaſon, with great Propriety of Speech, did uſually call their Bodies, their *Veſſells.* When, by theſe and the like Performances, they were grown ſufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and diſembogue for the Publick Good, a plentiful Share of their Acquirements into their Diſciples Chaps. For we muſt here obſerve, that all Learning was eſteemed among them to be compounded from the ſame Principle. Becauſe, Firſt, it is generally affirmed, or confeſs'd that Learning *puffeth Men up:* And Secondly, they proved it by the following Syllogiſm; *Words are but Wind*; *and Learning is nothing but Words*; Ergo, *Learning is nothing but Wind.* For this Reaſon, the Philoſophers among them, did in their Schools, deliver to their Pupils, all their Doctrines and Opinions by *Eructation*, wherein they had

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acquired a wonderful Eloquence, and of incredible Variety. But the great Characteriſtick, by which their chief Sages were beſt diſtinguiſhed, was a certain Poſition of Countenance, which gave undoubted Intelligence to what Degree or Proportion, the Spirit agitated the inward Maſs. For, after certain Gripings, the *Wind* and Vapours iſſuing forth; having firſt by their Turbulence and Convulſions within, cauſed an Earthquake in Man's little World; diſtorted the Mouth, bloated the Cheeks, and gave the Eyes a terrible kind of *Relievo*. At which Junctures, all their *Belches* were received for Sacred, the Sourer the better, and ſwallowed with infinite Conſolation by their meager Devotees. And to render theſe yet more compleat, becauſe the Breath of Man's Life is in his Noſtrils, therefore, the choiceſt, moſt edifying, and moſt enlivening *Belches*, were very wiſely conveyed thro'that Vehicle, to give them a Tincture as they paſſed.

THEIR Gods were the four *Winds*, whom they worſhipped, as the Spirits that pervade and enliven the Univerſe, and as thoſe from whom alone all *Inſpiration* can properly

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properly be ſaid to proceed. However, the Chief of theſe, to whom they performed the Adoration of *Latria*, was the *Almighty North*. An Antient Diety, whom the Inhabitants of *Megalopolis* in *Greece*, had likewiſe in higheſt Reverence. * *Pauſan.* L. 8. * *Omnium Deorum Boream maxime celebrant.* This God, tho' endued with Ubiquity, was yet ſuppoſed by the profounder *Æoliſts*, to poſſeſs one peculiar Habitation, or (to ſpeak in Form) a *Cœlum Empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately preſent. This was ſituated in a certain Region, well known to the Antient *Greeks*, by them called, Σκοτία, or the *Land of Darkneſs*. And altho' many Controverſies have ariſen upon that Matter; yet ſo much is undiſputed, that from a Region of the *like Denomination*, the moſt refined *Æoliſts* have borrowed their Original, from whence, in every Age, the zealous among their Prieſthood, have brought over their choiceſt *Inſpiration*, fetching it with their own Hands, from the Fountain Head, in certain *Bladders*, and diſploding it among the Sectaries in all Nations, who did, and do, and ever will, daily Gaſp and Pant after it.

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NOW, their Myſteries and Rites were performed in this Manner. 'Tis well known among the Learned, that the Virtuoſo's of former Ages, had a Contrivance for carrying and preſerving *Winds* in Casks or Barrels, which was of great Aſſiſtance upon long Sea Voyages; and the Loſs of ſo uſeful an Art at preſent, is very much to be lamented, tho' I know not how, with great Negligence omitted by *Pancirollus*. It was an Invention aſcribed to *Æolus* himſelf, from whom this Sect is denominated, and who in Honour of their Founder's Memory, have to this Day preſerved great Numbers of thoſe *Barrels*, whereof they fix one in each of their Temples, firſt beating out the Top; into this *Barrel*, upon Solemn Days, the Prieſt enters; where, having before duly prepared himſelf by the methods already deſcribed, a ſecret Funnel is alſo convey'd from his Poſteriors, to the Bottom of the Barrel, which admits new Supplies of Inſpiration from a *Northern* Chink or Crany. Whereupon, You behold him ſwell immediately to the Shape and Size of his *Veſſel*. In this Poſture he diſembogues whole Tempeſts upon his Auditory, as the

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the Spirit from beneath gives him Utterance; which iſſuing *ex adytis*, and *penetralibus*, is not performed without much Pain and Gripings. And the *Wind* in breaking forth, deals with his Face, as it does with that of the Sea; firſt *blackning*, then *wrinkling*, and at laſt, *burſting it into a Foam.* It is in this Guiſe, the Sacred *Æoliſt* delivers his oracular *Belches* to his panting Diſciples; Of whom, ſome are greedily gaping after the ſanctified Breath; others are all the while hymning out the Praiſes of the *Winds*; and gently wafted to and fro by their own Humming, do thus repreſent the ſoft Breezes of their Deities appeaſed.

IT is from this Cuſtom of the Prieſts, that ſome Authors maintain theſe *Æoliſts*, to have been very antient in the World. Becauſe, the Delivery of their Myſteries, which I have juſt now mention'd, appears exactly the ſame with that of other Antient Oracles, whoſe Inſpirations were owing to certain ſubterraneous *Effluviums* of *Wind*, delivered with the ſame Pain to the Prieſt, and much about the *ſame* Influence on the People. It is true indeed, that theſe were frequently managed and directed

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directed by *Female* Officers, whoſe Organs were underſtood to be better diſpoſed for the Admiſſion of thoſe Oracular *Guſts*, as entring and paſſing up thro'a Receptacle of greater Capacity, and cauſing alſo a Pruriency by the Way, ſuch as with due Management, hath been refined from Carnal, into a Spiritual Extaſie. And to ſtrengthen this profound Conjecture, it is farther inſiſted, that this Cuſtom of *Female* Prieſts is kept up ſtill in certain refined Colleges of our *Modern Æoliſts*, who are agreed to receive their Inſpiration, derived thro' the Receptacle aforeſaid, like their Anceſtors, the *Sibyls*.

AND, whereas the mind of Man, when he gives the Spur and Bridle to his Thoughts, doth never ſtop, but naturally ſallies out into both extreams of High and Low, of Good and Evil; His firſt Flight of Fancy, commonly tranſports Him to Idea's of what is moſt Perfect, finiſhed, and exalted; till having ſoared out of his own Reach and Sight, not well perceiving how near the Frontiers of Height and Depth, border upon each other; With the ſame Courſe and Wing, he falls down plum into the loweſt Bottom of Things; like one who travels the *Eaſt* into the *Weſt*;

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or like a ſtrait Line drawn by its own Length into a Circle. Whether a Tincture of Malice in our Natures, makes us fond of furniſhing every bright Idea with its Reverſe; Or, whether Reaſon reflecting upon the Sum of Things, can, like the Sun, ſerve only to enlighten one half of the Globe, leaving the other half, by Neceſſity, under Shade and Darkneſs, Or, whether Fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is Higheſt and Beſt, becomes over-ſhort, and Spent, and weary, and ſuddenly falls like a dead Bird of Paradiſe, to the Ground. Or, whether after all theſe *Metaphyſical* Conjectures, I have not entirely miſſed the true Reaſon; The Propoſition, however, which hath ſtood me in ſo much Circumſtance, is altogether true; That, as the moſt unciviliz'd Parts of Mankind, have ſome way or other, climbed up into the Conception of a *God*, or Supream Power, ſo they have ſeldom forgot to provide their Fears with certain ghaſtly Notions, which inſtead of better, have ſerved them pretty tolerably for a *Devil*. And this Proceeding ſeems to be natural enough; For it is with Men, whoſe Imaginations are lifted up very high, after the ſame Rate, as with thoſe, whoſe

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whoſe Bodies are ſo; that, as they are delighted with the Advantage of a nearer Contemplation upwards, ſo they are equally terrified with the diſmal Proſpect of the Precipice below. Thus, in the Choice of a *Devil*, it hath been the uſual Method of Mankind, to ſingle out ſome Being, either in Act, or in Viſion, which was in moſt Antipathy to the God they had framed. Thus alſo the Sect of *Æoliſts*, poſſeſſed themſelves with a Dread, and Horror, and Hatred of two Malignant Natures, betwixt whom, and the Deities they adored, perpetual Enmity was eſtabliſhed. The firſt of theſe, was the *Camelion* ſworn Foe to *Inſpiration*, who in Scorn, devoured large Influences of their God; without refunding the ſmalleſt Blaſt by *Eructation*. The other was a huge terrible Monſter, called *Moulinavent*, who with four ſtrong Arms, waged eternal Battel with all their Divinities, dextrouſly turning to avoid their Blows, and repay them with Intereſt.

THUS furniſht, and ſet out with *Gods*, as well as *Devils*, was the renowned Sect of *Æoliſts*; which makes at this Day ſo illuſtrious a Figure in the World, and whereof

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whereof, that Polite Nation of *Laplanders*, are beyond all Doubt, a moſt Authentick Branch; Of whom, I therefore cannot, without Injuſtice, here omit to make honourable Mention, ſince they appear to be ſo cloſely allied in Point of Intereſt, as well as Inclinations, with their Brother *Æoliſts* among Us, as not only to buy their *Winds* by wholeſale from the *ſame* Merchants, but alſo to retail them after the *ſame* Rate and Method, and to Cuſtomers much alike.

NOW, whether the Syſtem here delivered, was wholly compiled by *Jack*, or, as ſome Writers believe, rather copied from the Original at *Delphos*, with certain Additions and Emendations ſuited to Times and Circumſtances, I ſhall not abſolutely determine. This I may affirm, that *Jack* gave it at leaſt a new Turn, and formed it into the ſame Dreſs and model, as it lies deduced by me.

I have long ſought after this Opportunity, of doing Juſtice to a Society of Men, for whom I have a peculiar Honour,

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nour, and whoſe Opinions, as well as Practices, have been extremely miſrepreſented, and traduced by the Malice or Ignorance of their Adverſaries. For, I think it one of the greateſt, and beſt of humane Actions, to remove Prejudices, and place Things in their trueſt and faireſt Light; which I therefore boldly undertake without any Regards of my own, beſide the Conſcience, the Honour, and the Thanks.

SECT.

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SECT. IX.

A Digreſſion concerning the Original, the Uſe and Improvement of Madneſs *in a Commonwealth.*

NOR ſhall it any ways detract from the juſt Reputation of this famous Sect, that its Riſe and Inſtitution are owing to ſuch an Author as I have deſcribed *Jack* to be; A Perſon whoſe Intellectuals were overturned and his Brain ſhaken out of its Natural Poſition; which we commonly ſuppoſe to be a Diſtemper, and call by the Name of *Madneſs* ar *Phrenzy*. For, if we take a Survey of the greateſt Actions that have been performed in the World, under the Influence of Single Men; which are, *The Eſtabliſhment of New Empires by Conqueſt*: *The Advance and Progreſs of New Schemes in Philoſophy*; *and the contriving, as well as the propagating of New Religions*: We ſhall find the Authors of them all, to have been Perſons, whoſe natural Reaſon hath admitted great Revolutions from their Dyet, their Education, the Prevalency

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valency of ſome certain Temper, together with the particular Influence of Air and Climate. Beſides, there is ſomething Individual in human Minds, that eaſily kindles at the accidental Approach and Colliſion of certain Circumſtances, which tho' of paltry and mean Appearance, do often flame out into the greateſt Emergencies of Life. For great Turns are not always given by ſtrong Hands, but by lucky Adaption, and at proper Seaſons; and it is of no import, where the Fire was kindled, if the Vapor has once got up into the Brain. For, the *upper Region* of Man, is furniſhed like the *middle Region* of the Air; The Materials are formed from Cauſes of the wideſt Difference, yet produce at laſt the ſame Subſtance and Effect. Miſts ariſe from the Earth, Steams from Dunghils, Exhalations from the Sea, and Smoak from Fire; yet all Clouds are the ſame in Compoſition, as well as Conſequences: and the Fumes iſſuing from a Jakes, will furniſh as comely and uſeful a Vapor, as Incenſe from an Altar. Thus far, I ſuppoſe, will eaſily be granted me: and then it will follow; that as the Face of Nature never produces Rain, but when it is overcaſt and diſturbed; ſo Human Under-

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Underſtanding, ſeated in the Brain, muſt be troubled and overſpread by Vapours, aſcending from the lower Faculties, to water the Invention, and render it fruitful. Now, altho' theſe Vapours (as it hath been already ſaid) are of as various Original, as thoſe of the Skies, yet the Crop they produce, differs both in Kind and Degree, meerly according to the Soil. I will produce two Inſtances to prove and Explain what I am now advancing.

A certain Great Prince raiſed a mighty Army, filled his Coffers with infinite Treaſures, provided an invincible Fleet; and all this, without giving the leaſt Part of his Deſign to his greateſt Miniſters, or his neareſt Favourites. Immediately the whole World was alarmed; the neighbouring Crowns, in trembling Expectations, towards what Point the Storm would burſt; the ſmall Politicians, every where forming profound Conjectures. Some believed he had laid a Scheme for Univerſal Monarchy: Others, after much Inſight, determined the Matter to be a Project for pulling down the *Pope*, and ſetting up the *Reformed* Religion, which had once been his own. Some, again, of a deeper Sagacity, ſent him into

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Aſia to ſubdue the *Turk*, and recover *Paleſtine*. In the midſt of all theſe Projects and Preparations; a certain *State-Surgeon*, gathering the Nature of the Diſeaſe by theſe Symptoms, attempted the Cure, at one Blow performed the Operation, broke the Bag, and out flew the *Vapour*; nor did any thing want to render it a compleat Remedy, only, that the Prince unfortunately happened to Die in the Performance. Now, is the Reader exceeding curious to learn, from whence this *Vapour* took its Riſe, which had ſo long ſet the Nations at a Gaze? What ſecret Wheel, what hidden Spring could put into Motion ſo wonderful an Engine? It was afterwards diſcovered, that the Movement of this whole Machine had been directed by an abſent *Female*, whoſe Eyes had raiſed a Protuberancy, and before Emiſſion, ſhe was removed into an Enemy's Country. What ſhould an unhappy Prince do in ſuch tickliſh Circumſtances at theſe? He tried in vain the Poet's never-failing Receipt of *Corpora quæque*; For,

Idque petit corpus mens unde eſt ſaucia amore;
Unde feritur, eo tendit, geſtitq; coire. Lucr.

HAVING

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HAVING to no purpoſe uſed all peaceable Endeavours, the collected part of the *Semen*, raiſed and enflamed, became aduſt, converted to Choler, turned head upon the ſpinal Duct, and aſcended to the Brain. The very ſame Principle that influences a *Bully* to break the Windows of a Whore, who has jilted him, naturally ſtirs up a Great Prince to raiſe mighty Armies, and dream of nothing but Sieges, Battles, and Victories.

——— *Cunnus teterrima belli*
Cauſa ——— ——— ———

THE other Inſtance is, what I have read ſomewhere, in a very antient Author, of a mighty King, who for the ſpace of above thirty Years, amuſed himſelf to take and looſe Towns; beat Armies, and be beaten; drive Princes out of their Dominions; fright Children from their Bread and Butter; burn, lay waſte, plunder, dragoon, maſſacre, Subject and Stranger, Friend and Foe, Male and Female. 'Tis recorded, that the Philoſophers of each Country were in grave Diſpute, upon Cauſes Natural, Moral, and Poli-

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tical, to find out where they ſhould aſſign an original Solution of this *Phænomenon.* At laſt the *Vapour* or *Spirit*, which animated the Hero's Brain, being in perpetual Circulation, ſeized upon that Region of Human Body, ſo renown'd for furniſhing the *Zibeta Occidentalis*, and gathering there into a Tumor, left the reſt of the World for that Time in Peace. Of ſuch mighty Conſequence it is, where thoſe Exhalations fix; and of ſo little, from whence they proceed. The ſame Spirits which in their ſuperior Progreſs would conquer a Kingdom, deſcending upon the *Anus*, conclude in a *Fiſtula.*

LET us next examine the great Introducers of new Schemes in Philoſophy, and ſearch till we can find, from what Faculty of the Soul the Diſpoſition ariſes in mortal Man, of taking it into his Head, to advance new Syſtems with ſuch an eager Zeal, in things agreed on all hands impoſſible to be known: from what Seeds this Diſpoſition ſprings, and to what Quality of human Nature theſe Grand Innovators have been indebted for their Number of Diſciples. Becauſe, it is plain, that ſeveral of

of the chief among them, both *Antient* and *Modern*, were uſually miſtaken by their Adverſaries, and indeed, by all, except their own Followers, to have been Perſons Crazed, or out of their Wits, having generally proceeded in the common Courſe of their Words and Actions, by a Method very different from the vulgar Dictates of *unrefined* Reaſon: agreeing for the moſt Part in their ſeveral Models, with their preſent undoubted Succeſſors in the *Academy* of *Modern Bedlam* (whoſe Merits and Principles I ſhall farther examine in due Place.) Of this Kind were *Epicurus*, *Diogenes*, *Apollonius*, *Lucretius*, *Paracelſus*, *Des Cartes*, and others; who, if they were now in the World, tied faſt, and ſeparate from their Followers, would in this our undiſtinguiſhing Age, incur manifeſt Danger of *Phlebotomy*, and *Whips*, and *Chains*, and *dark Chambers*, and *Straw*. For, what Man in the natural State, or Courſe of Thinking, did ever conceive it in his Power, to reduce the Notions of all Mankind, exactly to the ſame Length, and Breadth, and Heighth of his own? Yet this is the firſt humble and civil Deſign of all innovators in the Empire of Reaſon. *Epicurus*,

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modeſtly hoped, that one Time or other, a certain Fortuitous Concourſe of all Mens Opinions, after perpetual Juſtlings, the Sharp with the Smooth, the Light and the Heavy, the Round and the Square, would by certain *Clinamina*, unite in the Notions of *Atoms* and *Void*, as theſe did in the Originals of all Things. *Carteſius* reckoned to ſee before he died, the Sentiments of all Philoſophers, like ſo many leſſer Stars in his *Romantick* Syſtem, rapt and drawn within his own *Vortex*. Now, I would gladly be informed, how it is poſſible to account for ſuch Imaginations as theſe in particular Men, without Recourſe to my *Phænomenon* of *Vapours*, aſcending from the lower Faculties to over-ſhadow the Brain, and their diſtilling into Conceptions, for which the Narrowneſs of our Mother-Tongue has not yet aſſigned any other Name, beſides that of *Madneſs* or *Phrenzy*. Let us therefore now conjecture how it comes to paſs, that none of theſe great Preſcribers, do ever fail providing themſelves and their Notions, with a Number of implicite Diſciples. And, I think, the Reaſon is eaſie to be aſſigned: For, there is a peculiar *String* in the Harmony of Human Underſtanding, which in

ſeveral

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ſeveral individuals is exactly of the ſame Tuning. This, if you can dexterouſly ſcrew up to its right Key, and then ſtrike gently upon it; Whenever you have the Good Fortune to light among thoſe of the ſame Pitch, they will by a ſecret neceſſary Sympathy, ſtrike exactly at the ſame time. And in this one Circumſtance, lies all the skill or Luck of the Matter; for if you chance to jar the String among thoſe who are either above or below your own Height, inſtead of ſubſcribing to your Doctrine, they will tie you faſt, call you Mad, and feed you with Bread and Water. It is therefore a Point of the niceſt Conduct to diſtinguiſh and adapt this noble Talent, with reſpect to the Differences of Perſons and of Times. *Cicero* underſtood this very well, when writing to a Friend in *England*, with a Caution, among other Matters, to beware of being cheated by our *Hackney-Coachmen* (who, it ſeems, in thoſe days, were as arrant Raſcals as they are now) has theſe remarkable Words. * *Eſt quod gaudeas te in iſta loca veniſſe, ubi aliquid ſapere viderere.* For, to ſpeak a bold Truth, it is a fatal Miſcarriage, ſo ill to order Affairs, as to paſs

* *Epiſt. ad Fam. Trebatio.*

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for a *Fool* in one Company, when in another you might be treated as a *Philoſopher*. Which I deſire *ſome certain Gentlemen of my Acquaintance*, to lay up in their Hearts, as a very ſeaſonable *Innuendo*.

THIS, indeed, was the Fatal Miſtake of that worthy Gentleman, my moſt ingenious Friend, Mr. *W-tt-n*: A Perſon, in appearance ordain'd for great Deſigns, as well as Performances; whether you will conſider his *Notions* or his *Looks*. Surely, no Man ever advanced into the Publick, with fitter Qualifications of Body and Mind, for the Propagation of a new Religion. Oh, had thoſe happy Talents miſapplied to vain Philoſophy, been turned into their proper Channels of *Dreams* and *Viſions*, where *Diſtortion* of Mind and Countenance, are of ſuch Sovereign Uſe; the baſe detracting World would not then have dared to report, that ſomething is amiſs, that his Brain hath undergone an unlucky Shake; which even his Brother *Moderniſts* themſelves, like Ungrates, do whiſper ſo loud, that it reaches up to the very Garret I am now writing in.

LASTLY,

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LASTLY, Whoſoever pleaſes to look into the Fountains of *Enthuſiaſm*, from whence, in all Ages, have eternally proceeded ſuch fatning Streams, will find the Spring Head to have been as *troubled* and *muddy* as the Current; Of ſuch great Emolument, is a Tincture of this *Vapour*, which the World calls *Madneſs*, that without its Help, the World would not only be deprived of thoſe two great Bleſſings, *Conqueſts* and *Syſtems*, but even all Mankind would happily be reduced to the ſame Belief in Things Inviſible. Now, the former *Poſtulatum* being held, that it is of no Import from what Originals this *Vapour* proceeds, but either in what *Angles* it ſtrikes and ſpreads over the Underſtanding, or upon what *Species* of Brain it aſcends; It will be a very delicate Point, to cut the Feather, and divide the ſeveral Reaſons to a Nice and Curious Reader, how this numerical Difference in the Brain, can produce Effects of ſo vaſt a Difference from the ſame *Vapour*, as to be the ſole Point of Individuation between *Alexander the Great*, *Jack of Leyden*, and Monſieur *Des Cartes*. The preſent Argument is the moſt abſtracted that ever I engaged

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engaged in, it ſtrains my Faculties to their higheſt Stretch; and I deſire the reader to attend with utmoſt Perpenſity; For, I now proceed to unravel this knotty Point.

THERE is in Mankind a certain * * *

ſubduing Multitudes to his own *Power*, his *Reaſons* or his *Viſions*; and the more he ſhapes his Underſtanding by the Pattern of Human Learning, the leſs he is inclined to form Parties after his particular Notions; becauſe that inſtructs him in his private Infirmities, as well as in the ſtubborn Ignorance of the People. But when a Man's Fancy gets *aſtride* on his Reaſon, when Imagination is at Cuffs with the Senſes, and common Underſtanding, as well as common Senſe, is Kickt out of Doors; the firſt Proſelyte he makes, is Himſelf, and when that is once compaſs'd, the Difficulty is not ſo great in bringing over others; A ſtrong Deluſion always operating from *without*, as vigorouſly as from *within*. For, Cant and Viſion are to the Ear and the Eye, the ſame that Tickling is to the Touch. Thoſe Entertainments and Pleaſures we moſt value in Life, are ſuch as *Dupe* and play the Wag with the Senſes. For, if we take an Examination of what is generally underſtood by *Happineſs*, as it has Reſpect, either to the Underſtanding or the Senſes, we ſhall find all its Properties and Adjuncts, will herd under this ſhort Definition: That, *it is a perpetual Poſſeſſion of being well Deceived.*

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Deceived. And firſt, with Relation to the Mind or Underſtanding; 'tis manifeſt, what mighty Advantages Fiction has over Truth; and the Reaſon is juſt at our Elbow; becauſe Imagination can build nobler Scenes, and produce more wonderful Revolutions than Fortune or Nature will be at Expence to furniſh, Nor is Mankind ſo much to blame in his Choice, thus determining him, if we conſider that the Debate meerly lies between *Things paſt*, and *Things conceived*; and ſo the Queſtion is only this; Whether Things that have Place in the *Imagination*, may not as properly be ſaid to *Exiſt*, as thoſe that are ſeated in the *Memory*; which may be juſtly held in the Affirmative, and very much to the Advantage of the former, ſince This is acknowledged to be the *Womb* of Things, and the other allowed to be no more than the *Grave*. Again, if we take this Definition of Happineſs, and examine it with Reference to the Senſes, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and inſipid do all Objects accoſt us that are not convey'd in the Vehicle of *Deluſion*? How ſhrunk is every Thing, as it appears in the Glaſs of Nature? ſo, that if it were not for the Aſſiſtance of Artificial

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cial *Mediums*, falſe Lights, refracted Angles, Varniſh, and Tinſel; there would be a mighty Level in the Felicity and Enjoyments of Mortal Men. If this were ſeriouſly conſidered by the World, as I have a certain Reaſon to ſuſpect it hardly will; Men would no longer reckon among their high Points of Wiſdom, the Art of expoſing weak Sides, and publiſhing Infirmities; an Employment in my Opinion, neither better nor worſe than that of *Unmasking*, which I think, has never been allowed fair Uſage, either in the *World* or the *Play-Houſe*.

IN the Proportion that Credulity is a more peaceful Poſſeſſion of the Mind, than Curioſity, ſo far preferable is that Wiſdom, which converſes about the Surface, to that pretended Philoſophy which enters into the Depth of Things, and then comes gravely back with Informations and Diſcoveries, that in the inſide they are good for nothing. The two Senſes, to which all Objects firſt addreſs themſelves, are the Sight and the Touch; Theſe never examine farther than the Colour, the Shape, the Size, and whatever other Qualities dwell, or are drawn by Art upon the Outward

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ward of Bodies; and then comes Reaſon officiouſly, with Tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonſtrate, that they are not of the ſame conſiſtence quite thro'. Now, I take all this to be the laſt Degree of perverting Nature; one of whoſe Eternal Laws it is, to put her beſt Furniture forward. And therefore, in order to ſave the Charges of all ſuch expenſive Anatomy for the Time to come; I do here think fit to inform the Reader, that in ſuch Concluſions as theſe, Reaſon is certainly in the Right; and that in moſt Corporeal Beings, which have fallen under my Cognizance, the *Outſide* hath been infinitely preferable to the *In*: Whereof I have been farther convinced from ſome late Experiments. Laſt Week I ſaw a Woman *flay'd*, and you will hardly believe, how much it altered her Perſon for the worſe. Yeſterday I ordered the Carcaſs of a *Beau* to be ſtript in my Preſence; when we were all amazed to find ſo many unſuſpected Faults under one Suit of Cloaths: Then I laid open his *Brain*, his *Heart* and his *Spleen*; But, I plainly perceived at every Operation, that the farther we proceeded, we found the Defects

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fects encreaſe upon us in Number and Bulk: from all which, I juſtly formed this Concluſion to my ſelf; That whatever Philoſopher or Projector can find out an Art to ſodder and patch up the Flaws and Imperfections of Nature, will deſerve much better of Mankind, and teach us a more uſeful Science, than that ſo much in preſent Eſteem, of widening and expoſing them (like him who held *Anatomy* to be the ultimate End of *Phyſick.*) And he, whoſe Fortunes and Diſpoſitions have placed him in a convenient Station to enjoy the Fruits of this noble Art; He that can with *Epicurus*, content his Ideas with the *Films* and *Images* that fly off upon his Senſes from the *Superficies* of Things; Such a Man truly Wiſe, creams off Nature, leaving the Sower and the Dregs, for Philoſophy and Reaſon to lap up. This is the ſublime and refined Point of Felicity, called, *the Poſſeſſion of being well deceived*; The Serene Peaceful State of being a Fool among Knaves.

BUT to return to *Madneſs*. It is certain, that according to the Syſtem I have above deduced; every *Species* thereof proceeds from a Redundancy of *Vapour*; there-

fore,

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fore, as ſome Kinds of *Phrenzy* give double Strength to the Sinews, ſo there are of other *Species*, which add Vigor, and Life, and Spirit to the Brain: Now, it uſually happens, that theſe active Spirits, getting Poſſeſſion of the Brain, reſemble thoſe that haunt other waſte and empty Dwellings, which for want of Buſineſs, either vaniſh, and carry away a piece of the Houſe, or elſe ſtay at home and fling it all out of the Windows. By which are myſtically diſplay'd the two principal Branches of *Madneſs*, and which ſome Philoſophers not conſidering ſo well as I, have miſtook to be different in their Cauſes, over-haſtily aſſigning the firſt to Deficiency, and the other to Redundance.

I think it therefore manifeſt, from what I have here advanced, that the main Point of Skill and Addreſs, is to furniſh Employment for this Redundancy of *Vapour*, and prudently to adjuſt the Seaſons of it; by which means it may certainly become of Cardinal and Catholick Emolument in a Commonwealth. Thus one Man chuſing a proper Juncture, leaps into a Gulph, from thence proceeds a Hero, and is called the Saver of his Country; Another

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Another atchieves the ſame Enterpriſe, but unluckily timing it, has left the Brand of *Madneſs*, fixt as a Reproach upon his Memory; Upon ſo nice a Diſtinction are we taught to repeat the Name of *Curtius* with Reverence and Love; that of *Empedocles*, with Hatred and Contempt. Thus, alſo it is uſually conceived, that the Elder *Brutus* only perſonated the *Fool* and *Madman*, for the Good of the Publick: but this was nothing elſe, than a Redundancy of the ſame *Vapor*, long miſapplied, called by the *Latins*, * *Ingenium per negotiis*: Or, (to tranſlate it as nearly as I can) a ſort of *Phrenzy*, never in its right Element, till you take it up in Buſineſs of the State.

* *Tacit.*

Upon all which, and many other Reaſons of equal Weight, though not equally curious; I do here gladly embrace an Opportunity I have long ſought for, of Recommending it as a very noble Undertaking, to Sir *E——d S——r*, Sir *C——r M——ve*, Sir *J——n B——ls*, *J——n H——* Eſq; and other Patriots concerned, that they would move for Leave to bring in a Bill, for appointing Commiſſioners to Inſpect into *Bedlam*, and

the Parts adjacent; who ſhall be empowered to *ſend for Perſons, Papers, and Records:* to examine into the Merits and Qualifications of every Student and Profeſſor; to obſerve with utmoſt Exactneſs their ſeveral Diſpoſitions and Behaviour; by which means, duly diſtinguiſhing and adapting their Talents, they might produce admirable Inſtruments for the ſeveral Offices in a State, * * * * * * * * *Civil* and *Military*; proceeding in ſuch Methods as I ſhall here humbly propoſe. And, I hope the Gentle Reader will give ſome Allowance to my great Solicitudes in this important Affair, upon Account of that high Eſteem I have ever born that honourable Society, whereof I had ſome Time the Happineſs to be an unworthy Member.

Is any Student tearing his Straw in piece-meal, Swearing and Blaſpheming, biting his Grate, foaming at the Mouth, and emptying his Piſpot in the Spectator's Faces? Let the Right Worſhipful, the *Commiſſioners of Inſpection*, give him a Regiment of Dragoons, and ſend him into *Flanders* among the *reſt.* Is another eternally talking, ſputtering, gaping, bawling, in a Sound without Period or Article? What

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What wonderful Talents are here miſlaid! Let him be furniſhed immediately with a green Bag and Papers, and * *three Pence* in his Pocket, and away with Him to *Weſtminſter Hall*. You will find a Third, gravely taking the Dimenſions of his Kennel; A Perſon of Foreſight and Inſight, tho' kept quite in the Dark; for why, like *Moſes*, *Ecce cornuta erat ejus facies*. He walks duly in one Pace, intreats your Penny with due Gravity and Ceremony; talks much of hard Times, and Taxes, and the *Whore of Babylon*; Bars up the woodden of his Cell conſtantly at eight a Clock: Dreams of *Fire*, and *Shop-lifters*, and *Court-Cuſtomers*, and *Privileg'd Places*. Now, what a Figure would all theſe Acquirements amount to, if the Owner were ſent into the *City* among his Brethren! Behold a Fourth, in much and deep Converſation with himſelf, biting his Thumbs at proper Junctures; His Countenance chequered with Buſineſs and Deſign; ſometimes walking very faſt, with his Eyes nailed to a Paper that he holds in his Hands: A great Saver of Time, ſomewhat thick of Hearing, very ſhort of Sight, but more of Memory. A Man ever in Haſte, a great

* *A Lawyer's Coach-hire.*

great Hatcher and Breeder of Buſineſs, and excellent at the Famous Art of *whiſpering Nothing*. A huge Idolater of Monoſyllables and Procraſtination; ſo ready to *Give* his Word to every Body, that he never *keeps* it. One that has forgot the common *Meaning* of Words, but an admirable Retainer of the *Sound*. Extreamly ſubject to the *Looſneſs*, for his *Occaſions* are perpetually *calling him away*. If you approach his Grate in his familiar Intervals; *Sir*, ſays he, *Give me a Penny, and I'll ſing you a Song*: *But give me the Penny firſt*. (Hence comes the common Saying, and commoner Practice of parting with Money for a *Song*.) What a compleat Syſtem of *Court-Skill* is here deſcribed in every Branch of it, and all utterly loſt with wrong Application? Accoſt the Hole of another Kennel, firſt ſtopping your Noſe, you will behold a ſurley, gloomy, naſty, ſlovenly Mortal, raking in his own Dung, and dabling in his Urine. The beſt Part of his Diet, is the Reverſion of his own Ordure, which exſpiring into Steams, whirls perpetually about, and at laſt reinfunds. His Complexion is of a dirty Yellow, with a thin ſcattered Beard, exactly agreeable to that of his Dyet upon its firſt Declination; like

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like other Inſects, who having their Birth and Education in an Excrement, from thence borrow their Color and their Smell. The Student of this Apartment is very ſparing of his Words, but ſomewhat over-liberal of his Breath; He holds his Hand out ready to receive your Penny, and immediately upon Receipt, withdraws to his former Occupations. Now, is it not amazing to think, the Society of *Warwick-Lane*, ſhould have no more Concern, for the Recovery of ſo uſeful a Member, who, if one may judge from theſe Appearances, would become the greateſt Ornament to that Illuſtrious Body? Another Student ſtruts up fiercely to your Teeth, puffing with his Lips, half ſqueezing out his Eyes, and very graciouſly holds you out his Hand to kiſs. The *Keeper* deſires you not to be afraid of this Profeſſor, for he will do you no Hurt: To him alone is allowed the Liberty of the Anti-Chamber, and the *Orator* of the Place gives you to underſtand, that this ſolemn Perſon is a *Taylor* run mad with Pride. This conſiderable Student is adorned with many other Qualities, upon which, at preſent, I ſhall not further enlarge. - - - - -

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Heark in your Ear - - - - - - - - -
I am ſtrangely miſtaken, if all his Addreſs, his Motions, and his Airs, would not then be very natural, and in their proper Element.

I ſhall not deſcend ſo minutely, as to inſiſt upon the vaſt Number of *Beaux*, *Fidlers*, *Poets*, and *Politicians*, that the World might recover by ſuch a Reformation; But what is more material, beſide the clear Gain redounding to the Commonwealth, by ſo large an Acquiſition of Perſons to employ, whoſe Talents and Acquirements, if I may be ſo bold to affirm it, are now buried, or at leaſt miſapplied: It would be a mighty Advantage accruing to the Publick from this Enquiry, that all theſe would very much excel, and arrive at great Perfection in their ſeveral Kinds; which, I think, is manifeſt from what I have already ſhewn; and ſhall inforce by this one plain Inſtance; That even, I my ſelf, the Author of theſe momentous Truths, am a Perſon, whoſe Imaginations are hard mouth'd, and exceedingly diſpoſed to run away with his *Reaſon*, which I have obſerved from long Experience, to be a very light Rider

Rider, and eaſily ſhook off; upon which Account, my Friends will never truſt me alone, without a ſolemn Promiſe, to vent my Speculations in this, or the like manner, for the univerſal Benefit of Human kind; which, perhaps, the gentle, courteous, and candid Reader, brimful of that *Modern* Charity and Tenderneſs, uſually annexed to his *Office*, will be very hardly perſuaded to believe.

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SECT. X.

A TALE of a TUB.

IT is an unanſwerable Argument of a very refined Age, the wonderful Civilities that have paſſed of late Years, between the Nation of *Authors*, and that of *Readers*. There can hardly pop out a *Play*, a *Pamphlet*, or a *Poem*, without a Preface full of Acknowledgements to the World, for the general Reception and Applauſe they have given it, which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received. In due Deference to ſo laudable a Cuſtom, I do here return my humble Thanks to *His Majeſty*, and both Houſes of *Parliament*; To the *Lords* of the King's moſt honourable Privy-Council, to the Reverend the *Judges*: To the *Clergy*, and *Gentry*, and *Yeomantry* of this Land: But in a more eſpecial manner, to my worthy Brethren and Friends at *Will's Coffee-Houſe*, and *Greſham-College*, and *Warwick-Lane*, and *Moor-Fields*, and *Scotland-Yard*, and *Weſtminſter-Hall*, and *Guild Hall*; In ſhort, to all Inhabitants and

and Retainers whatſoever, either in Court, or Church, or Camp, or City, or Country; for their generous and univerſal Acceptance of this Divine Treatiſe. I accept their Approbation, and good Opinion with extream Gratitude, and to the utmoſt of my poor Capacity, ſhall take hold of all Opportunities to return the Obligation.

I am alſo happy, that Fate has flung me into ſo bleſſed an Age for the mutual Felicity of *Bookſellers* and *Authors*, whom I may ſafely affirm to be at this Day the two only ſatisfied Parties in *England*. Ask an *Author* how his laſt Piece hath ſucceeded; *Why, truly he thanks his Stars, the World has been very favourable, and he has not the leaſt Reaſon to complain: And yet, By G—, He writ it in a Week at Bits and Starts, when he could ſteal an Hour from his urgent Affairs*; as, it is a hundred to one, you may ſee further in the Preface; To which he refers you, and for the reſt, to the Bookſeller. There you go as a Cuſtomer, and make the ſame Queſtion: *He bleſſes his God, the* Thing *takes wonderful, he his juſt printing a Second Edition, and has but three left in his Shop. You beat down the* Price: *Sir, we ſhall*

ſhall not differ; and in hopes of your Cuſtom another Time, lets you have it as reaſonable as you pleaſe; *And, pray ſend as many of your Acquaintance as you will, I ſhall upon your Account furniſh them all at the ſame Rate.*

Now, it is not well enough conſider'd, to what Accidents and Occaſions the World is indebted for the greateſt Part of thoſe noble Writings, which hourly ſtart up to entertain it. If it were not for a *rainy Day, a drunken Vigil, a Fit of the Spleen, a Courſe of Phyſick, a ſleepy Sunday, an ill Run at Dice, a long Taylor's Bill, a Beggar's Purſe, a factious Head, a hot Sun, coſtive Dyet, Want of Books, and a juſt Contempt of Learning.* But for theſe Events, I ſay, and ſame Others too long to recite, (eſpecially *a prudent Neglect of taking Brimſtone inwardly,*) I doubt, the Number of *Authors*, and of *Writings* would dwindle away to a Degree moſt woful to behold. To confirm this Opinion, hear the Words of the famous *Troglodyte* Philoſopher: *'Tis certain* (ſaid he) *ſome Grains of Folly are of courſe annexed, as Part in the Compoſition of Human Nature, only the Choice is left us, whether we pleaſe to wear them* Inlaid *or* Emboſſed;

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Embossed; *And we need not go very far to seek how That is usually determined, when we remember, it is with Human Faculties as with Liquors, the lightest will be ever at the Top.*

THERE is in this famous Island of *Britain* a certain paultry *Scribbler*, very voluminous, whose Character the Reader cannot wholly be a Stranger to. He deals in a pernicious Kind of Writings, called *Second Parts*, and usually passes under the Name of *The Author of the First.* I easily foresee, that as soon as I lay down my Pen, this nimble *Operator* will have stole it, and treat me as inhumanly as he hath already done Dr. *Bl——re*, *L——ge*, and many others who shall here be nameless. I therefore fly for Justice and Relief, into the Hands of that great *Rectifier of Saddles*, and *Lover of Mankind*, Dr. *B---tly*, begging he will take this enormous Grievance into his most *Modern* Consideration: And if it should so happen, that the *Furniture of an Ass*, in the Shape of a *Second Part*, must for my Sins, be clapt by a Mistake, upon my Back, that he will immediately please, in the Presence of the World, to lighten me of the Burthen

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then, and take it home to *his own House*, till the *true Beast* thinks fit to call for it.

IN the mean time I do here give this publick Notice, that my Resolutions are, to circumscribe within this Discourse the whole Stock of Matter I have been so many Years providing. Since my *Vein* is once opened, I am content to exhaust it all at a Running, for the peculiar Advantage of my dear Country, and for the universal Benefit of Mankind. Therefore, hospitably considering the Number of my Guests, they shall have my whole Entertainment at a Meal; And I scorn to set up the *Leavings* in the Cupboard. What the *Guests* cannot eat may be given to the *Poor*, and the *Dogs* under the Table may gnaw the *Bones*; This I understand for a more generous Proceeding, than to turn the Company's Stomachs, by inviting them again to morrow to a scurvy Meal of *Scraps*.

IF the Reader fairly considers the Strength of what I have advanced in the foregoing Section, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful Revolution in his Notions

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Notions and Opinions; And he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to reliſh the concluding Part of this miraculous Treatiſe. Readers may be divided into three Claſſes, the *Superficial*, the *Ignorant*, and the *Learned*: And I have with much Felicity fitted my Pen to the Genious and Advantage of each. The *Superficial* Reader will be ſtrangely provoked to *Laughter*; which clears the Breaſt and the Lungs, is Soverain againſt the *Spleen*, and the moſt innocent of all *Diureticks*. The *Ignorant* Reader (between whom and the former, the Diſtinction is extreamly nice) will find himſelf diſpoſed to *Stare*; which is an admirable Remedy for ill Eyes, ſerves to raiſe and enliven the Spirits, and wonderfully helps *Perſpiration*. But the Reader truly *Learned*, chiefly for whoſe Benefit, I wake, when others ſleep, and ſleep when others wake, will here find ſufficient Matter to employ his Speculations for the reſt of his Life. It were much to be wiſht, and I do here humbly propoſe for an Experiment, that every Prince in *Chriſtendom* will take ſeven of the *deepeſt Scholars* in his Dominions, and ſhut them up cloſe for *ſeven* Years, in *ſeven* Chambers, with

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with a Command to write *seven* ample Commentaries on this comprehenſive Diſcourſe. I ſhall venture to affirm, that whatever Difference may be found in their ſeveral Conjectures, they will be all without the leaſt Diſtortion, manifeſtly deduceable from the Text. Mean time, it is my earneſt Requeſt, that ſo uſeful an Undertaking may be entered upon (if their Majeſties pleaſe) with all convenient ſpeed; becauſe, I have a ſtrong Inclination, before I leave the World, to taſte a Bleſſing, which we *myſterious* Writers can ſeldom reach, till we have got into our Graves. Whether it is, that *Fame* being a Fruit grafted on the Body, can hardly grow, and much leſs ripen, till the *Stock* is in the Earth: Or, whether ſhe be a Bird of Prey, and is lured among the reſt, to purſue after the Scent of a *Carcaſs*: Or, whether ſhe conceives, her Trumpet ſounds beſt and fartheſt, when ſhe ſtands on a *Tomb*, by the Advantage of a riſing Ground, and the Echo of a hollow Vault.

'TIS true, indeed, the Republick of *dark* Authors, after they once found out this excellent Expedient of *Dying*, have been

been peculiarly happy in the Variety, as well as Extent of their Reputation. For, *Night* being the universal Mother of Things, wise Philosophers hold all Writings to be *fruitful* in the Proportion they are *dark*; And therefore, the * *true illuminated* (that is to say, the *Darkest* of all) have met with such numberless Commentators, whose *Scholiastick* Midwifry hath deliver'd them of Meanings, that the Authors themselves, perhaps, never conceived, and yet may very justly be allowed the Lawful Parents of them: The Words of such Writers being like Seed, which, however scattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful Ground, will multiply far beyond either the Hopes or Imagination of the Sower.

* *A Name of the* Rosycrucians.

AND therefore in order to promote so useful a Work, I will here take Leave to glance a few *Innuendo's*, that may be of great Assistance to those sublime Spirits, who shall be appointed to labor in a universal Comment upon this wonderful Discourse. And First, I have couched a very profound Mystery in the Number of O's multiply'd by *Seven*, and divided by *Nine* Also.

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Alſo, if a devout Brother of the *Roſy-Croſs* will pray fervently for ſixty three Mornings, with a lively Faith, and then tranſpoſe certain Letters and Syllables according to Preſcription, in the ſecond and fifth Section; they will certainly reveal into a full Receit of the *Opus Magnum*. Laſtly, Whoever will be at the Pains to calculate the whole Number of each Letter in this Treatiſe, and ſum up the Difference exactly between the ſeveral Numbers, aſſigning the true natural Cauſe for every ſuch Difference; the Diſcoveries in the Product, will plentifully reward his Labor. But then he muſt beware of *Bythus* and *Sigè*, and be ſure not to forget the Qualities of *Acamoth*; *A cujus lacrymis humecta prodit Subſtantia, à riſu lucida, à triſtitiâ ſolida, & à timore mobilis*, wherein * *Eugenius Philalethes* hath committed an unpardonable Miſtake.

* *Vid. Animam magicam abſconditam.*

SECT.

SECT. XI.

A TALE of a TUB.

AFTER ſo wide a Compaſs as I have wandred, I do now gladly overtake, and cloſe in with my Subject, and ſhall henceforth hold on with it an even Pace to the End of my Journy, except ſome beautiful Proſpect appears within ſight of my Way; whereof, tho' at preſent I have neither Warning nor Expectation, yet upon ſuch an Accident, come when it will, I ſhall beg my Readers Favour and Company, allowing me to conduct him thro' it along with my ſelf. For in *Writing*, it is as in *Travelling*: If a Man is in haſte to be at home, (which I acknowledge to be none of my Caſe, having never ſo little Buſineſs, as when I am there) if his *Horſe* be tired with long Riding, and ill Ways, or be naturally a Jade, I adviſe him clearly to make the ſtraiteſt and the commoneſt Road, be it ever ſo dirty; But, then ſurely, we muſt own ſuch a Man to be a ſcurvy Companion at beſt; He *ſpatters* himſelf and his Fel-

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low-Travellers at every Step: All their Thoughts, and Wiſhes, and Converſation turn entirely upon the Subject of their Journey's End; and at every Splaſh, and Plunge, and Stumble, they heartily wiſh one another at the Devil.

On the other ſide, when a Traveller and his *Horſe* are in Heart and Plight, when his Purſe is full, and the Day before him; he takes the Road only where it is clean or convenient; entertains his Company there as agreeably as he can; but upon the firſt Occaſion, carries them along with him to every delightful Scene in View, whether of Art, of Nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuſe out of Stupidity or Wearineſs; let them jog on by themſelves, and be d--- n'd; He'll overtake them at the next Town; at which arriving, he Rides furiouſly thro', the Men, Women, and Children run out to gaze, a hundred *noiſy Curs* run *barking* after him, of which, if he honors the boldeſt with a *Laſh of his Whip*, it is rather out of Sport than Revenge: But ſhould ſome *ſourer Mungrel* dare too near an Approach, he receives a *Salute* on the Chaps by an accidental Stroak from the Courſer's Heels, (nor

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(nor is any Ground loſt by the Blow) which ſends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to ſum up the ſingular Adventures of my renowned *Jack*; the State of whoſe Diſpoſitions and Fortunes, the careful Reader does, no doubt, moſt exactly remember, as I laſt parted with them in the Concluſion of a former Section. Therefore, his next Care muſt be from two of the foregoing, to extract a Scheme of Notions, that may beſt fit his Underſtanding for a true Reliſh of what is to enſue.

JACK had not only calculated the firſt Revolution of his Brain ſo prudently, as to give Riſe to that Epidemick Sect of *Æoliſts*, but ſucceeding alſo into a new and ſtrange Variety of Conceptions, the Fruitfulneſs of his Imagination led him into certain Notions, which, altho' in Appearance very unaccountable, were not without their Myſteries and their Meanings, nor wanted Followers to countenance and improve them. I ſhall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting ſuch material Paſſages of this

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Nature, as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted Tradition, or indefatigable Reading; and ſhall deſcribe them as graphically as it is poſſible, and as far as Notions of that Height and Latitude can be brought within the Compaſs of a Pen. Nor do I at all queſtion, but they will furniſh Plenty of noble Matter for ſuch, whoſe converting Imaginations diſpoſe them to reduce all Things into *Types*; who can make *Shadows*, no thanks to the Sun; and then mold them into Subſtances, no thanks to Philoſophy; whoſe peculiar Talent lies in fixing Tropes and Allegories to the *Letter*, and refining what is Literal into Figure and Myſtery.

JACK had provided a fair Copy of his Father's *Will*, engroſſed in Form upon a large Skin of Parchment; and reſolving to act the Part of a moſt dutiful Son, he became the fondeſt Creature of it imaginable. For, altho', as I have often told the Reader, it conſiſted wholly in certain plain, eaſy Directions about the management and wearing of their Coats, with Legacies and Penalties, in caſe of Obedience or Neglect; yet he began to entertain a Fancy, that the Matter was *deeper* and

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and *darker*, and therefore muſt needs have a great deal more of Myſtery at the Bottom. *Gentlemen*, ſaid he, *I will prove this very Skin of Parchment to be Meat, Drink, and Cloth, to be the Philoſopher's Stone, and the Univerſal Medicine.* In conſequence of which Raptures, he reſolved to make uſe of it in the moſt neceſſary, as well as the moſt paltry Occaſions of Life. He had a Way of working it into any Shape he pleaſed; ſo that it ſerved him for a Night-cap when he went to Bed, and for an Umbrello in rainy Weather. He would lap a Piece of it about a ſore Toe, or when he had Fits, burn two Inches under his Noſe; or if any Thing lay heavy on his Stomach, ſcrape off, and ſwallow as much of the Powder as would lie on a ſilver Penny, they were all infallible Remedies. With Analogy to theſe Refinements, his common Talk and Converſation, ran wholly in the Phraſe of his Will, and he circumſcribed the utmoſt of his Eloquence within that Compaſs, not daring to let ſlip a Syllable without Authority from thence. Once at a ſtrange Houſe, he was ſuddenly taken ſhort, upon an urgent Juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate;

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and being not able to call to mind, with that Suddenneſs, the Occaſion required, an Authentick Phraſe for demanding the Way to the Backſide; he choſe rather as the more prudent Courſe, to incur the Penalty in ſuch Caſes uſually annexed. Neither was it poſſible for the united Rhetorick of Mankind to prevail with him to make himſelf clean again: Becauſe having conſulted the Will upon this Emergency, he met with a Paſſage near the Bottom (whether foiſted in by the Tranſcriber, is not known) which ſeemed to forbid it.

He made it a Part of his Religion, never to ſay Grace to his Meat, nor could all the World perſuade him, as the common Phraſe is, to eat his Victuals *like a Chriſtian.*

He bore a ſtrange kind of Appetite to *Snap-Dragon*, and to the livid Snuffs of a burning Candle, which he would catch and ſwallow with an Agility, wonderful to conceive; and by this Procedure, maintained a perpetual Flame in his Belly, which iſſuing in a glowing Steam from both his Eyes, as well as his Noſtrils, and

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and his Mouth; made his Head appear in a dark Night, like the Scull of an Aſs, wherein a roguiſh Boy hath conveyed a Farthing Candle, *to the Terror of His Majeſty's Liege Subjects.* Therefore, he made uſe of no other Expedient to light himſelf home, but was wont to ſay, That *a Wiſe Man was his own Lanthorn.*

He would ſhut his Eyes as he walked along the Streets, and if he happened to bounce his Head againſt a Poſt, or fall into the Kennel (as he ſeldom miſſed either to do one or both) he would tell the gibing Prentices, who looked on, that *he ſubmitted with entire Reſignation, as to a Trip, or a Blow of Fate, with whom he found, by long Experience, how vain it was either to wreſtle or to cuff; and whoever durſt undertake to do either, would be ſure to come off with a ſwinging Fall, or a bloody Noſe. It was ordained,* ſaid he, *ſome few Days before the Creation, that my Noſe and this very Poſt ſhould have a Rencounter; and therefore, Providence thought fit to ſend us both into the World in the ſame Age, and to make us Country-men and Fellow-Citizens. Now, had my Eyes been open, it is very likely, the Buſineſs might have been a great deal*

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worſe; For, how many a confounded Slip is daily got by Man, with all his Foreſight about him? Beſides, the Eyes of the Underſtanding ſee beſt, when thoſe of the Senſes are out of the way; and therefore, blind Men are obſerved to tread their Steps with much more Caution, and Conduct, and Judgment, than thoſe who rely with too much Confidence, upon the Virtue of the viſual Nerve, which every little Accident ſhakes out of Order, and a Drop, or a Film, can wholly diſconcert; like a Lanthorn among a Pack of roaring Bullies, when they ſcower the Streets; expoſing its Owner, and it ſelf, to outward Kicks and Buffets, which both might have eſcaped, if the Vanity of Appearing would have ſuffered them to walk in the Dark. But, further; if we examine the Conduct *of theſe boaſted Lights, it will prove yet a great deal worſe than their* Fortune: *'Tis true, I have broke my Noſe againſt this Poſt, becauſe Providence either forgot, or did not think it convenient to twitch me by the Elbow, and give me notice to avoid it. But, let not this encourage either the preſent Age or Poſterity, to truſt their* Noſes *into the keeping of their* Eyes, *which may prove the faireſt Way of loſing them for good and all. For, O ye Eyes, Ye blind Guides; miſerable Guardians*

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dians are Ye of our frail Noſes; Ye, I ſay, who faſten upon the firſt Precipice in view, and then tow our wretched willing Bodies after You, to the very Brink of Deſtruction: But, alas, that Brink is rotten, our Feet ſlip, and we tumble down prone into a Gulph, without one hoſpitable Shrub in the Way to break the Fall; a Fall, to which not any Noſe of mortal Make is equal, except that of the Giant * Laurcalco, *who was Lord of the* Silver Bridge. *Moſt properly, therefore, O Eyes, and with great Juſtice, may You be compared to thoſe fooliſh Lights, which conduct Men thro' Dirt and Darkneſs, till they fall into a deep Pit, or a noiſom Bog.*

* *Vide* Don Quixot.

THIS I have produced, as a Scantling of *Jack*'s great Eloquence, and the Force of his Reaſoning upon ſuch abſtruſe Matters.

HE was beſides, a Perſon of great Deſign and Improvement in Affairs of *Devotion*, having introduced a new Deity, who hath ſince met with a vaſt Number of Worſhippers; by ſome called *Babel*, by others, *Chaos*; who had an antient Temple of *Gothick* Structure upon *Salisbury*-Plain;

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Plain; famous for its Shrine, and Celebration by Pilgrims.

When he had ſome Roguiſh Trick to play, he would down with his Knees, up with his Eyes, and fall to Prayers, tho' in the midſt of the Kennel. Then it was that thoſe who underſtood his Pranks, would be ſure to get far enough out of his Way; And whenever Curioſity attracted Strangers to Laugh, or to Liſten; he would of a ſudden, with one Hand out with his *Gear*, and piſs full in their Eyes, and with the other, all to beſpatter them with Mud.

In Winter he went always looſe and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as poſſible, to let *in* the ambient Heat; and in Summer, lapt himſelf cloſe and thick to keep it *out*.

In all Revolutions of Government, he would make his Court for the Office of *Hangman* General; and in the Exerciſe of that Dignity, wherein he was very dextrous, would make uſe of no other *Vizard* than a long *Prayer*.

He

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He had a Tongue ſo Muſculous and Subtil, that he could twiſt it up into his Noſe, and deliver a ſtrange Kind of Speech from thence. He was alſo the firſt in theſe Kingdoms, who began to improve the *Spaniſh* Accompliſhment of *Braying*; and having large Ears, perpetually expoſed and arrected, he carried his Art to ſuch a Perfection, that it was a Point of great Difficulty to diſtinguiſh either by the View or the Sound, between the *Original* and the *Copy*.

He was troubled with a Diſeaſe, reverſe to that called the Stinging of the *Tarantula*; and would run Dog-mad, at the Noiſe of *Muſick*, eſpecially a *Pair of Bag-Pipes*. But he would cure himſelf again, by taking two or three Turns in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, or *Billingſgate*, or in a *Boarding-School*, or the *Royal-Exchange*, or a *State Coffee-houſe*.

He was a Perſon that *feared* no *Colours*, but mortally *hated* all, and upon that Account, bore a cruel Averſion to *Painters*, inſomuch, that in his Paroxyſms, as he walked the Streets, he would have

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have his Pockets loaden with Stones, to pelt at the *Signs*.

HAVING from his manner of Living, frequent Occaſions to *waſh* himſelf, he would often leap over Head and Ears into the Water, tho' it were in the midſt of the Winter, but was always obſerved to come out again much *dirtier*, if poſſible, than he went in.

HE was the firſt that ever found out the Secret of contriving a *Soporiferous* Medicine to be convey'd in at the *Ears*; It was a Compound of *Sulphur* and *Balm of Gilead*, with a little *Pilgrim's Salve*.

HE wore a large Plaiſter of artificial *Cauſticks* on his Stomach, with the Fervor of which, he could ſet himſelf a *groaning*, like the famous *Board* upon Application of a red-hot Iron.

HE would ſtand in the Turning of a Street, and calling to thoſe who paſſed by, would cry to One; *Worthy Sir, do me the Honour of a good Slap in the Chaps:* To another, *Honeſt Friend, pray, favour me*

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me with a handſom Kick on the Arſe: Madam, ſhall I entreat a ſmall Box on the Ear, from your Ladyſhip's fair Hands? Noble Captain, Lend a reaſonable Thwack, for the Love of God, with that Cane of yours, over theſe poor Shoulders. And when he had by ſuch earneſt Sollicitations, made a ſhift to procure a Baſting ſufficient to ſwell up his Fancy and his Sides; He would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible Accounts of what he had undergone for the *Publick Good. Obſerve this Stroak*, (ſaid he, ſhewing his bare Shoulders) *a plaguy* Janiſary *gave it me this very Morning at ſeven a Clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the* Great Turk. *Neighbours mine, this broken Head deſerves a Plaiſter; had poor* Jack *been tender of his Noddle, you would have ſeen the* Pope, *and the* French *King, long before this time of Day, among your Wives and your Ware-houſes. Dear* Chriſtians, *the* Great Mogul *was come as far as* White-Chappel, *and you may thank theſe poor Sides that he hath not* (*God bleſs us*) *already ſwallowed up Man, Woman, and Child.*

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IT was highly worth obſerving, the ſingular Effects of that Averſion, or Antipathy, which *Jack* and his Brother *Peter* ſeemed, even to an Affectation, to bear towards each other. *Peter* had lately done *ſome Rogueries*, that forced him to abſcond; and he ſeldom ventured to ſtir out before Night, for fear of Bayliffs. Their Lodgings were at the two moſt diſtant Parts of the Town, from each other; and whenever their Occaſions, or Humors called them abroad, they would make Choice of the oddeſt unlikely Times, and moſt uncouth Rounds they could invent; that they might be ſure to avoid one another: Yet after all this, it was their perpetual Fortune to meet. The Reaſon of which, is eaſy enough to apprehend: For, the Phrenzy and the Spleen of both, having the ſame Foundation, we may look upon them as two Pair of Compaſſes, equally extended, and the fixed Foot of each, remaining in the ſame Center; which, tho' moving contrary Ways at firſt, will be ſure to encounter ſomewhere or other in the Circumference. Beſides, it was among the great Misfortunes of *Jack*, to bear a huge Perſonal

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ſonal Reſemblance with his Brother *Peter*. Their Humour and Diſpoſitions were not only the ſame, but there was a cloſe Analogy in their Shape, their Size, and their Mien. Inſomuch, as nothing was more frequent than for a Bayliff to ſeize *Jack* by the Shoulders, and cry; *Mr.* Peter, *You are the King's Priſoner.* Or, at other Times, for one of *Peter's* neareſt Friends, to accoſt *Jack* with open Arms, *Dear* Peter, *I am glad to ſee thee, pray ſend me one of your beſt Medicines for the Worms.* This we may ſuppoſe, was a mortifying Return of thoſe Pains and Proceedings, *Jack* had laboured in ſo long; And finding, how directly oppoſite all his Endeavors had anſwered to the ſole End and Intention, which he had propoſed to himſelf; How could it avoid having terrible Effects upon a Head and Heart ſo furniſhed as his? However, the poor Remainders of his *Coat* bore all the Puniſhment; The orient Sun never entred upon his diurnal Progreſs, without miſſing a Piece of it. He hired a Taylor to ſtitch up the Collar ſo cloſe, that it was ready to choak him, and ſqueezed out his Eyes at ſuch a Rate, as one could ſee nothing but the White.

What

What little was left of the main Subſtance of the Coat, he rubbed every day for two hours, againſt a rough-caſt Wall, in order to grind away the Remnants of *Lace* and *Embroidery*; but at the ſame time went on with ſo much Violence, that he proceeded a *Heathen Philoſopher*. Yet after all he could do of this kind, the Succeſs continued ſtill to diſappoint his Expectation. For, as it is the Nature of Rags, to bear a kind of mock Reſemblance to Finery; there being a ſort of fluttering Appearance in both, which is not to be diſtinguiſhed at a Diſtance, in the Dark, or by ſhort-ſighted Eyes: So, in thoſe Junctures, it fared with *Jack* and his Tatters, that they offered to the firſt View, a ridiculous Flanting, which aſſiſting the Reſemblance in Perſon and Air, thwarted all his Projects of Separation, and left ſo near a Similitude between them, as frequently deceived the very Diſciples and Followers of both. * * * * * * *

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Deſunt nonnulla. * * * * * * * * * *

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THE

THE old *Sclavonian* Proverb ſaid well, That *it is with* Men, *as with* Aſſes; *whoever would keep them faſt, muſt find a very good Hold at their Ears.* Yet, I think, we may affirm, and it hath been verified by repeated Experience, that,

Effugiet tamen hæc ſceleratus vincula Proteus.

IT is good therefore, to read the Maxims of our Anceſtors, with great Allowances to Times and Perſons: For, if we look into Primitive Records, we ſhall find, that no Revolutions have been ſo great, or ſo frequent, as thoſe of human *Ears*. In former Days, there was a curious Invention to catch and keep them; which, I think, we may juſtly reckon among the *Artes perditæ*: And how can it be otherwiſe, when in theſe latter Centuries, the very Species is not only diminiſhed to a very lamentable Degree, but the poor Remainder is alſo degenerated ſo far, as to mock our skilfulleſt *Tenure*? For, if the only ſlitting of one *Ear* in a Stag, hath been found ſufficient to propagate the Defect thro' a whole Foreſt;

Why ſhould we wonder at the greateſt Conſequences, from ſo many Loppings and Mutilations, to which the *Ears* of our Fathers and our own, have been of late ſo much expoſed: 'Tis true, indeed, that while this *Iſland* of ours, was under the *Dominion of Grace*, many Endeavours were made to improve the Growth of *Ears* once more among us. The Proportion of Largeneſs, was not only lookt upon as an Ornament of the *Outward* Man, but as a Type of Grace in the *Inward*. Beſides, it is held by Naturaliſts, that if there be a Protuberancy of Parts in the *Superiour* Region of the Body, as in the *Ears* and *Noſe*, there muſt be a Parity alſo in the *Inferior*: And therefore in that truly pious Age, the *Males* in every Aſſembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in expoſing their *Ears* to view, and the Regions about them; becauſe * *Hippocrates* tells us, that *when the Vein behind the Ear happens to be cut, a Man becomes a Eunuch*: And the *Females* were nothing backwarder in beholding and edifying by them: Whereof thoſe who had already *uſed the Means*, lookt about them with great Concern, in hopes

* *Lib. de aëre locis & aquis.*

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hopes of conceiving a ſuitable Offspring by ſuch a Proſpect: Others, who ſtood Candidates for *Benevolence*, found there a plentiful Choice, and were ſure to fix upon ſuch as diſcovered the largeſt *Ears*, that the Breed might not dwindle between them. Laſtly, the devouter Siſters, who lookt upon all extraordinary Dilatations of that Member, as Protruſions of Zeal, or ſpiritual Excreſcencies, were ſure to honor every Head they ſat upon, as if they had been *cloven Tongues*; but, eſpecially, that of the Preacher, whoſe *Ears* were uſually of the prime Magnitude; which upon that Account, he was very frequent and exact in expoſing with all Advantages to the People: in his Rhetorical *Paroxyſms*, turning ſometimes to *hold forth* the one, and ſometimes to *hold forth* the other: From which Cuſtom, the whole Operation of Preaching is to this very Day among their Profeſſors, ſtyled by the Phraſe of *Holding forth*.

SUCH was the Progreſs of the *Saints*, for advancing the Size of that Member; And it is thought, the Succeſs would have been every way anſwerable, if in Proceſs of time, a cruel King had not aroſe, who raiſed a bloody Perſecution againſt

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all *Ears*, above a certain Standard: Upon which, ſome were glad to hide their flouriſhing Sprouts in a black Border, others crept wholly under a Perewig: ſome were ſlit, others cropt, and a great Number ſliced off to the Stumps. But of this, more hereafter, in my *general Hiſtory of Ears*; which I deſign very ſpeedily to beſtow upon the Publick.

FROM this brief Survey of the falling State of *Ears*, in the laſt Age, and the ſmall Care had to advance their antient Growth in the preſent, it is manifeſt, how little Reaſon we can have to rely upon a Hold ſo ſhort, ſo weak, and ſo ſlippery; and that, whoever deſires to catch Mankind faſt, muſt have Recourſe to ſome other Methods. Now, he that will examine Human Nature with Circumſpection enough, may diſcover ſeveral *Handles*, whereof the * *Six* Senſes afford one apiece, beſide a great Number that are ſcrew'd to the Paſſions, and ſome few riveted to the Intellect. Among theſe laſt, *Curioſity* is one, and of all others, affords the firmeſt Graſp: *Curioſity*, that Spur in the ſide, that Bridle in the Mouth, that Ring

* *Including* Scaliger's.

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Ring in the Noſe, of a lazy, an impatient, and a grunting Reader. By this *Handle* it is, that an Author ſhould ſeize upon his Readers; which as ſoon as he hath one compaſt, all Reſiſtance and ſtruggling are in vain; and they become his Priſoners as cloſe as he pleaſes, till Wearineſs or Dullneſs force him to let go his Gripe.

AND therefore, I the Author of this miraculous Treatiſe, having hitherto, beyond Expectation, maintained by the aforeſaid *Handle*, a firm Hold upon my gentle Readers; It is with great Reluctance, that I am at length compelled to remit my Graſp; leaving them in the Peruſal of what remains, to that natural *Oſcitancy* inherent in the Tribe. I can only aſſure thee, Courteous Reader, for both our Comforts, that my Concern is altogether equal to thine, for my Unhappineſs in loſing, or miſlaying among my Papers the remaining Part of theſe Memoirs; which conſiſted of Accidents, Turns, and Adventures, both New, Agreeable, and Surprizing; and therefore, calculated in all due Points, to the delicate Taſte of this our noble Age. But,

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alas, with my utmoſt Endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few of the Heads. Under which, there was a full Account, how *Peter* got a *Protection* out of the *King's-Bench*; And of a Reconcilement between *Jack* and Him, upon a Deſign they had in a certain *rainy Night*, to trepan Brother *Martin* into a *Spunging-houſe*, and there ſtrip him to the Skin. How *Martin*, with much ado, ſhew'd them both a fair pair of Heels. How a *new Warrant* came out againſt *Peter*: upon which, how *Jack* left him in the lurch, *ſtole his Protection, and made uſe of it himſelf.* How *Jack's* Tatters came into Faſhion in *Court* and *City*; How *he got upon a great Horſe, and eat Cuſtard.* But the Particulars of all theſe, with ſeveral others, which have now ſlid out of my Memory, are loſt beyond all Hopes of Recovery. For which Misfortune, leaving my Readers to condole with each other, as far as they ſhall find it to agree with their ſeveral Conſtitutions; but conjuring them by all the Friendſhip that hath paſſed between Us, from the Title-Page to this, not to proceed ſo far as to injure their Healths, for an Accident paſt Remedy; I now go on to the Ceremonial Part of an accompliſh'd

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polish'd Writer, and therefore, by a Courtly *Modern*, least of all others to be omitted.

The CONCLUSION.

GOING *too long* is a Cause of Abortion as effectual, tho' not so frequent, as *Going too short*; and holds true especially in the *Labors* of the Brain. Well fare the Heart of that Noble * *Jesuit*, who first adventur'd to confess in Print, that Books must be suited to their several Seasons, like Dress, and Dyet, and Diversions: And better fare our noble Notion, for refining upon this, among other *French* Modes. I am living fast, to see the Time, when a *Book* that misses its Tide, shall be neglected, as the *Moon* by Day, or like *Mackarel* a Week after the Season. No Man hath more nicely observed our Climate, than the Bookseller who bought the Copy of this Work; He knows to a Tittle what Subjects will best go off in a *dry*

* *Pere d'Orleans.*

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Year, and which it is proper to expoſe foremoſt, when the Weather-glaſs is fallen to *much Rain*. When he had ſeen this Treatiſe, and conſulted his *Almanack* upon it; he gave me to underſtand, that he had manifeſtly conſidered the two Principal Things, which were the *Bulk*, and the *Subject*; and found, it would never *take*, but after a long Vacation, and then only, in caſe it ſhould happen to be a hard Year for Turnips. Upon which I deſired to know, *conſidering my urgent Neceſſities*, what he thought might be acceptable this Month. He lookt *Weſtward*, and ſaid, *I doubt we ſhall have a Fit of bad Weather; However, if you could prepare ſome pretty little* Banter (but not in Verſe) *or a ſmall Treatiſe upon the* ——— *it would run like Wild-Fire. But*, if it hold up, *I have already hired an Author to write ſomething againſt* Dr. B--tl--y, *which, I am ſure, will turn to Account.*

At length we agreed upon this Expedient; That when a Cuſtomer comes for one of theſe, and deſires in Confidence to know the Author; he will tell him very privately, as a Friend, naming which ever of the Wits ſhall happen to

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be that Week in the Vogue; and if *Durfy*'s laſt Play ſhould be in Courſe, I had as lieve he may be the Perſon as *Congreve*. This I mention, becauſe I am wonderfully well acquainted with the preſent Reliſh of Courteous Readers; and have often obſerved, with ſingular Pleaſure, that a *Fly* driven from a *Honey-pot*, will immediately, with very good Appetite alight, and finiſh his Meal on an *Excrement*.

I have one Word to ſay upon the Subject of *Profound Writers*, who are grown very numerous of late; And, I know very well, the judicious World is reſolved to liſt me in that Number. I conceive therefore, as to the Buſineſs of being *Profound*, that it is with *Writers*, as with *Wells*; A Perſon with good Eyes may ſee to the Bottom of the deepeſt, provided any *Water* be there; and, that often, when there is nothing in the World at the Bottom, beſides *Dryneſs* and *Dirt*, tho' it be but a Yard and half under Ground, it ſhall paſs, however, for wondrous *Deep*, upon no wiſer a Reaſon than becauſe it is wondrous *Dark*.

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I am now trying an Experiment very frequent among Modern Authors; which is, to *write upon Nothing*; When the Subject is utterly exhauſted, to let the Pen ſtill move on; by ſome called, the Ghoſt of Wit, delighting to walk after the Death of its Body. And to ſay the Truth, there ſeems to be no Part of Knowledge in fewer Hands, than That of Diſcerning *when to have Done*. By the Time that an Author has writ out a Book, he and his Readers are become old Acquaintants, and grow very loth to part: So that I have ſometimes known it to be in Writing, as in Viſiting, where the Ceremony of taking Leave, has employ'd more Time than the whole Converſation before. The Concluſion of a Treatiſe, reſembles the Concluſion of Human Life, which hath ſometimes been compared to the End of a Feaſt; where few are ſatisfied to depart, *ut plenus vitæ conviva*: For Men will ſit down after the fulleſt Meal, tho' it be only to *doze*, or to *ſleep* out the reſt of the Day. But, in this latter, I differ extreamly from other Writers; and ſhall be too proud, if by all my Labors, I can have any ways contributed

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buted to the *Repoſe* of Mankind in Times ſo turbulent and unquiet as theſe. Neither, do I think ſuch an Employment ſo very alien from the Office of a *Wit*, as ſome would ſuppoſe. For among a very Polite Nation in * *Greece*, there were the *ſame* Temples built and conſecrated to *Sleep* and the *Muſes*, between which two Deities, they believed the ſtricteſt Friendſhip was eſtabliſhed.

* *Trœzenii*, *Pauſan.* l. 2.

I have one concluding Favour, to requeſt of my Reader; that he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every Line, or every Page of this Diſcourſe; but give ſome Allowance to the Author's Spleen, and ſhort Fits or Intervals of Dullneſs, as well as his own; And lay it ſeriouſly to his Conſcience, whether, if he were walking the Streets, in dirty Weather, or a rainy Day; he would allow it fair Dealing in Folks at their Eaſe from a Window, to Critick his Gate, and ridicule his Dreſs at ſuch a Juncture.

In my Diſpoſure of Employments of the Brain, I have thought fit to make *Invention*

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Invention the *Maſter*, and to give *Method* and *Reaſon*, the Office of its *Lacquays*. The Cauſe of this Diſtribution was, from obſerving it my peculiar Caſe, to be often under a Temptation of being *Witty*, upon Occaſion, where I could be neither *Wiſe* nor *Sound*, nor any thing to the Matter in hand. And, I am too much a Servant of the *Modern* Way, to neglect any ſuch Opportunities, whatever Pains or Improprieties I may be at, to introduce them. For, I have obſerved, that from a laborious Collection of Seven Hundred Thirty Eight *Flowers*, and *ſhining Hints* of the beſt *Modern* Authors, digeſted with great Reading, into my Book of *Common-Places*; I have not been able after five Years to draw, hook, or force into common Converſation, any more than a Dozen. Of which Dozen, the one Moiety failed of Succeſs, by being dropt among unſuitable Company; and the other coſt me ſo many Strains, and Traps, and *Ambages* to introduce, that I at length reſolved to give it over. Now, this Diſappointment, (to diſcover a Secret) I muſt own, gave me the firſt Hint of ſetting up for an *Author*; and, I have ſince found among ſome particular Friends,

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Friends, that it is become a very general Complaint, and has produced the ſame Effects upon many others. For, I have remarked many a *towardly Word*, to be wholly neglected or deſpiſed in *Diſcourſe*, which hath paſſed very ſmoothly, with ſome Conſideration and Eſteem, after its Preferment and Sanction in *Print*. But, now, ſince by the Liberty and Encouragement of the Preſs, I am grown abſolute Maſter of the Occaſions and Opportunities, to expoſe the Talents I have acquired; I already diſcover, that the *Iſſues* of my *Obſervanda* begin to grow too large for the *Receipts*. Therefore, I ſhall here pauſe awhile, till I find, by feeling the World's Pulſe, and my own, that it will be of abſolute Neceſſity for us both, to reſume my Pen.

FINIS.

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A

Full and True Account

OF THE

BATTEL

Fought last *FRIDAY*,

Between the

Antient and the *Modern*

BOOKS

IN

St. *JAMES*'s

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THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

THE following Discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same Author, so it seems to have been written about the same time with the former, I mean, the Year 1697. when the famous Dispute was on Foot, about *Antient and Modern Learning*. The Controversy took its Rise from an Essay of Sir *William Temple*'s, upon that Subject; which was answer'd by *W. Wotton*, B.D. with an Appendix by Dr. *Bently*, endeavouring to destroy the Credit of *Æsop* and *Phalaris*, for Authors, whom Sir *William Temple* had in the Essay before-mentioned, highly commended. In that Appendix, the Doctor falls hard upon a new Edition of *Phalaris*, put out by the Honourable *Charles Boyl*, (now *Earl* of *Orrery*) to which, Mr. *Boyl* replyed at large, with great

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Learning and Wit; and the Doctor, voluminouſly, rejoyned. In this Diſpute, the Town highly reſented to ſee a Perſon of Sir *William Temple*'s Character and Merits, roughly uſed by the two reverend Gentlemen aforeſaid, and without any manner of Provocation. At length, there appearing no End of the Quarrel, our Author tells us, that the BOOKS in St. *James*'s Library, looking upon themſelves as Parties principally concerned, took up the Controverſie, and came to a deciſive Battel; But, the Manuſcript, by the Injury of Fortune, or Weather, being in ſeveral Places imperfect, we cannot learn to which ſide the Victory fell.

I muſt warn the Reader, to beware of applying to Perſons what is here meant, only of Books in the moſt literal Senſe. So, when *Virgil* is mentioned, we are not to underſtand the Perſon of a famous Poet, call'd by that Name, but only certain Sheets of Paper, bound up in Leather, containing in Print, the Works of the ſaid Poet, and ſo of the reſt.

THE

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THE PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

SATYR is a sort of Glass, *wherein Beholders do generally discover every body's Face but their own; which is the chief Reason for that kind Reception it meets in the World, and that so very few are offended with it. But if it should happen otherwise, the Danger is not great; and, I have learned from long Experience, never to apprehend Mischief from those Understandings, I have been able to provoke; For, Anger and Fury, though they add Strength to the* Sinews *of the* Body, *yet are found to relax those of the* Mind, *and to render all its Efforts feeble and impotent.*

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There is a Brain *that will endure but one* Scumming: *Let the Owner gather it with Diſcretion, and manage his little Stock with Husbandry; but of all things, let him beware of bringing it under the* Laſh *of his* Betters; *becauſe, That will make it all bubble up into Impertinence, and he will find no new Supply: Wit, without knowledge: being a Sort of* Cream, *which gathers in a Night to the Top, and by a skilful Hand, may be ſoon* whipt *into* Froth; *but once ſcumm'd away, what appears underneath will be fit for nothing, but to be thrown to the Hogs.*

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A Full and True
ACCOUNT
OF THE
BATTEL
Fought laſt FRIDAY, &c.

WHOEVER examines with due Circumſpection into the * *Annual Records of Time*, will find it remarked, that *War is the Child of Pride*, and *Pride the Daughter of Riches*; The former of which Aſſertions may be ſoon granted; but one cannot ſo eaſily ſubſcribe to the latter: For *Pride* is nearly related to Beggary and *Want*, either by Father or Mother, and ſometimes by both; And, to ſpeak naturally, it very ſeldom happens among

* *Riches produceth Pride; Pride is War's Ground*, &c. Vid. Ephem. de *Mary Clarke*; opt. Edit.

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Men to fall out, when all have enough: Invaſions uſually travelling from *North* to *South*, that is to ſay, from Poverty upon Plenty. The moſt antient and natural Grounds of Quarrels, are *Luſt* and *Avarice*; which, tho' we may allow to be Brethren or collateral Branches of *Pride*, are certainly the Iſſues of *Want*. For, to ſpeak in the Phraſe of Writers upon the Politicks, we may obſerve in the Republick of *Dogs*, (which in its Original ſeems to be an Inſtitution of the *Many*) that the whole State is ever in the profoundeſt Peace, after a full Meal; and, that Civil Broils ariſe among them, when it happens for one great *Bone* to be ſeized on by ſome *leading Dog*, who either divides it among the *Few*, and then it falls to an *Oligarchy*, or keeps it to Himſelf, and then it runs up to a *Tyranny*. The ſame Reaſoning alſo, holds Place among them, in thoſe Diſſenſions we behold upon a Turgeſcency in any of their Females. For, the Right of Poſſeſſion lying in common (it being impoſſible to eſtabliſh a Property in ſo delicate a Caſe) Jealouſies and Suſpicions do ſo abound, that the whole Commonwealth of that Street, is reduced to a maniſeſt *State of War*, of every *Citizen* againſt

gainſt every *Citizen*; till ſome One of more Courage, Conduct, or Fortune than the reſt, ſeizes and enjoys the Prize; Upon which, naturally ariſes Plenty of Heart-burning, and Envy, and Snarling againſt the *Happy Dog*. Again, if we look upon any of theſe Republicks engaged in a Forein War, either of Invaſion or Defence, we ſhall find, the ſame Reaſoning will ſerve, as to the Grounds and Occaſions of each; and, that *Poverty*, or *Want*, in ſome Degree or other, (whether Real, or in Opinion, which makes no Alteration in the Caſe) has a great Share, as well as *Pride*, on the Part of the Aggreſſor.

NOW, whoever will pleaſe to take this Scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an Intellectual State, or Commonwealth of Learning, will ſoon diſcover the firſt Ground of Diſagreement between the two great Parties at this Time in Arms; and may form juſt Concluſions upon the Merits of either Cauſe. But the Iſſue or Events of this War are not ſo eaſie to conjecture at: For, the preſent Quarrel is ſo enflamed by the warm Heads of either Faction, and the Pretenſions *ſomewhere or other* ſo exorbitant, as not to admit the

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leaſt Overtures of Accommodation: This Quarrel firſt began (as I have heard it affirmed by an old Dweller in the Neighbourhood) about a ſmall Spot of Ground, *lying* and *being* upon one of the two Tops of the Hill *Parnaſſus*; the higheſt and largeſt of which, had it ſeems, been time out of Mind, in quiet Poſſeſſion of certain Tenants, call'd the *Antients*; And the other was held by the *Moderns*. But, theſe diſliking their preſent Station, ſent certain Ambaſſadors to the *Antients*, complaining of a great Nuiſſance, how, the Height of that Part of *Parnaſſus*, quite ſpoiled the Proſpect of theirs, eſpecially towards the *Eaſt*; and therefore, to avoid a War, offered them the Choice of this Alternative; either that the *Antients* would pleaſe to remove themſelves and their Effects down to the lower Summity, which the *Moderns* would graciouſly ſurrender to them, and advance in their Place; or elſe, that the ſaid *Antients* will give leave to the *Moderns* to come with Shovels and Mattocks, and level the ſaid Hill, as low as they ſhall think it convenient. To which, the *Antients* made Anſwer; How little they expected ſuch a Meſſage as this, from a Colony, whom they had admitted

out

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out of their own Free Grace, to ſo near a Neighbourhood. That, as to their own Seat, they were *Aborigines* of it, and therefore, to talk with them of a Removal or Surrender, was a Language they did not underſtand. That, if the Height of the Hill, on their ſide, ſhortned the Proſpect of the *Moderns*, it was a Diſadvantage they could not help, but deſired them to conſider, whether that Injury (if it be any) were not largely recompenced by the *Shade* and *Shelter* it afforded them. That, as to the levelling or digging down, it was either Folly or Ignorance to propoſe it, if they did, or did not know, how that ſide of the Hill was an entire Rock, which would break their Tools and Hearts; without any Damage to it ſelf. That they would therefore adviſe the *Moderns*, rather to raiſe their own ſide of the Hill, than dream of pulling down that of the *Antients*, to the former of which, they would not only give Licenſe, but alſo largely contribute. All this was rejected by the *Moderns*, with much Indignation, who ſtill inſiſted upon one of the two Expedients; And ſo this Difference broke out into a long and obſtinate War, maintained on the one Part, by Reſolution,

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ſolution, and by the Courage of certain Leaders and Allies; but, on the other, by the greatneſs of their Number, upon all Defeats, affording continual Recruits. In this Quarrel, whole Rivulets of *Ink* have been exhauſted, and the Virulence of both Parties enormouſly augmented. Now, it muſt here be underſtood, that *Ink* is the great miſſive Weapon, in all Battels of the *Learned*, which, convey'd thro' a ſort of Engine, call'd a *Quill*, infinite Numbers of theſe are darted at the Enemy, by the Valiant on each ſide, with equal Skill and Violence, as if it were an Engagement of *Porcupines*. This malignant Liquor was compounded by the Engineer, who invented it, of two Ingredients, which are *Gall* and *Copperas*, by its Bitterneſs and Venom, to *Suit* in ſome Degree, as well as to *Foment* the Genius of the Combatants. And as the *Grecians*, after an Engagement, when they could not *agree* about the Victory, were wont to ſet up Trophies on both ſides, the beaten Party being content to be at the ſame Expence, to keep it ſelf in Countenance (A laudable and antient Cuſtom, happily revived of late, in the Art of War) ſo the *Learned*, after a ſharp and bloody Diſpute

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Diſpute, do on both ſides hang out their Trophies too, which-ever comes by the worſt. Theſe Trophies have largely inſcribed on them the Merits of the Cauſe; a full impartial Account of ſuch a Battel, and how the Victory fell clearly to the Party that ſet them up. They are known to the World under ſeveral Names; As, *Diſputes*, *Arguments*, *Rejoynders*, *Brief Conſiderations*, *Anſwers*, *Replies*, *Remarks*, *Reflexions*, *Objections*, *Confutations*. For a very few Days they are fixed up in all Publick Places, either by themſelves or their * Repreſentatives, for † Paſſengers to gaze at: From whence the chiefeſt and largeſt are removed to certain Magazines, they call, *Libraries*, there to remain in a Quarter purpoſely aſſign'd them, and from thenceforth, begin to be called, *Books of Controverſie*.

† *Their Title-Pages.*

IN theſe Books, is wonderfully inſtilled and preſerved, the Spirit of each Warrier, while he is alive; and after his Death, his Soul tranſmigrates there, to inform them. This, at leaſt, is the more common Opinion; But, I believe, it is with Libraries, as with other Cœmeteries, where ſome

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ſome Philoſophers affirm, that a certain Spirit, which they call *Brutum hominis*, hovers over the Monument, till the Body is corrupted, and turns to *Duſt*, or to *Worms*, but then vaniſhes or diſſolves: So, we may ſay, a reſtleſs Spirit haunts over every *Book*, till *Duſt* or *Worms* have ſeized upon it; which to ſome, may happen in a few Days, but to others, later; And therefore, *Books* of Controverſy, being of all others, haunted by the moſt diſorderly Spirits, have always been confined in a ſeparate Lodge from the reſt; and for fear of mutual violence againſt each other, it was thought Prudent by our Anceſtors, to bind them to the Peace with ſtrong Iron Chains. Of which Invention, the original Occaſion was this: When the Works of *Scotus* firſt came out, they were carried to a certain great Library, and had Lodgings appointed them; But this Author was no ſooner ſettled, than he went to viſit his Maſter *Ariſtotle*, and there both concerted together to ſeize *Plato* by main Force, and turn him out from his antient Station among the *Divines*, where he had peaceably dwelt near Eight Hundred Years. The Attempt ſucceeded, and the two Uſurpers have reigned ever

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ever ſince in his ſtead: But to maintain Quiet for the future, it was decreed, that all *Polemicks* of the larger Size, ſhould be held faſt with a Chain.

BY this Expedient, the publick Peace of Libraries, might certainly have been preſerved, if a new Species of controverſial Books had not aroſe of late Years, inſtinct with a moſt malignant Spirit, from the War above-mentioned, between the *Learned*, about the higher Summity of *Parnaſſus*.

WHEN theſe Books were firſt admitted into the Publick Libraries, I remember to have ſaid upon Occaſion, to ſeveral Perſons concerned, how I was ſure, they would create Broyls whereever they came, unleſs a World of Care were taken: And therefore, I adviſed, that the Champions of each ſide ſhould be coupled together, or otherwiſe mixt, that like the blending of contrary Poyſons, their Malignity might be employ'd among themſelves. And it ſeems, I was neither an ill Prophet, nor an ill Counſellor; for it was nothing elſe but the Neglect of this Caution, which gave Occaſion

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caſion to the terrible Fight that happened on *Friday* laſt between the *Antient* and *Modern Books* in the *King*'s *Library*. Now, becauſe the Talk of this Battel is ſo freſh in every body's Mouth, and the Expectation of the Town ſo great to be informed in the Particulars; I, being poſſeſſed of all Qualificiations requiſite in an *Hiſtorian*, and retained by neither Party; have reſolved to comply with the urgent *Importunity of my Friends*, by writing down a full impartial Account thereof.

THE *Guardian* of the *Regal Library*, a Perſon of great Valor, but chiefly renowned for his *Humanity*, had been a fierce Champion for the *Moderns*, and in an Engagement upon *Parnaſſus*, had vowed, with his own Hands, to knock down two of the *Antient* Chiefs, who guarded a ſmall Paſs on the ſuperior Rock; but endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obſtructed by his own unhappy Weight, and tendency towards his Center; a Quality, to which, thoſe of the *Modern* Party, are extream ſubject; For, being light-headed, they have in Speculation, a wonderful Agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but in reducing

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cing to Practice, discover a mighty Pressure about their Posteriors and their Heels. Having thus failed in his Design, the disappointed Champion bore a cruel Rancour to the *Antients*, which he resolved to gratifie, by shewing all Marks of his Favour to the *Books* of their Adversaries, and lodging them in the fairest Apartments; when at the same time, whatever *Book* had the boldness to own it self for an Advocate of the *Antients*, was buried alive in some obscure Corner, and threatned upon the least Displeasure, to be turned out of Doors. Besides, it so happened, that about this time, there was a strange Confusion of Place among all the *Books* in the Library; for which several Reasons were assigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of *learned Dust*, which a perverse Wind blew off from a Shelf of *Moderns* into the *Keeper*'s Eyes. Others affirmed, He had a Humour to pick the *Worms* out of the *Schoolmen*, and swallow them fresh and fasting; whereof some fell upon his *Spleen*, and some climbed up into his Head, to the great Perturbation of both. And lastly, others maintained, that by walking much in the

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the dark about the Library, he had quite loſt the Situation of it out of his Head; And therefore, in replacing his *Books*, he was apt to miſtake, and clap *des-Cartes* next to *Ariſtotle*; Poor *Plato* had got between *Hobs* and the *Seven Wiſe Maſters*, and *Virgil* was hemm'd in with *Dryden* on one ſide, and *Withers* on the other.

MEAN while, thoſe *Books* that were Advocates for the *Moderns*, choſe out one from among them, to make a Progreſs thro' the whole Library, examine the Number and Strength of their Party, and concert their Affairs. This Meſſenger performed all things very induſtriouſly, and brought back with him a Liſt of their Forces, in all Fifty Thouſand, conſiſting chiefly of *light Horſe*, *heavy-armed Foot*, and *Mercenaries*; Whereof the *Foot* were in general but ſorrily armed, and worſe clad; Their *Horſes* large, but extreamly out of Caſe and Heart; However, ſome few by trading among the *Antients*, had furniſht themſelves tolerably enough.

WHILE Things were in this Ferment; *Diſcord* grew extreamly high, hot Words paſſed

paſſed on both ſides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a ſolitary *Antient*, ſqueezed up among a whole Shelf of *Moderns*, offered fairly to diſpute the Caſe, and to prove by manifeſt Reaſons, that the Priority was due to them, from long Poſſeſſion, and in regard of their Prudence, Antiquity, and above all, their great Merits towards the *Moderns*. But theſe denied the Premiſes, and ſeemed very much to wonder, how the *Antients* could pretend to inſiſt upon their Antiquity, when it was ſo plain (if they went to that) that the *Moderns* were much the more * *Antient* of the two. As for any Obligations they owed to the *Antients*, they renounced them all. *'Tis true* ſaid they, *we are informed, ſome few of our Party have been ſo mean to borrow their Subſiſtence from You*; *But the reſt, infinitely the greater Number (and eſpecially, we* French *and* Engliſh) *were ſo far from ſtooping to ſo baſe an Example, that there never paſſed, till this very hour, ſix Words between us. For, our* Horſes *are of our own breeding, our* Arms *of our own forging, and our* Cloaths *of our own cutting out and ſowing.* *Plato* was by chance upon the next Shelf, and obſer-

* *According to the Modern Paradox.*

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ving thoſe that ſpoke to be in the ragged Plight, mentioned a while ago; their *Jades* lean and foundred, their *Weapons* of rotten Wood, their *Armor* ruſty, and nothing but Raggs underneath; he laughed loud, and in his pleaſant way, ſwore, *By G* ——, *he believed them.*

NOW, the *Moderns* had not proceeded in their late Negotiation, with Secrecy enough to eſcape the Notice of the Enemy. For, thoſe Advocates, who had begun the Quarrel, by ſetting firſt on Foot the Diſpute of Precedency, talkt ſo loud of coming to a Battel, that *Temple* happened to over-hear them, and gave immediate Intelligence to the *Antients*; who thereupon drew up their ſcattered Troops together, reſolving to act upon the defenſive; Upon which, ſeveral of the *Moderns* fled over to their Party, and among the reſt, *Temple* himſelf. This *Temple* having been educated and long converſed among the *Antients*, was, of all the *Moderns*, their greateſt Favorite, and became their greateſt Champion.

THINGS were at this Criſis, when a material Accident fell out. For, upon the higheſt

higheſt corner of a large Window, there dwelt a certain *Spider*, ſwollen up to the firſt Magnitude, by the Deſtruction of infinite Numbers of *Flies*, whoſe Spoils lay ſcattered before the Gates of his Palace, like human Bones before the Cave of ſome Giant: The Avenues to his Caſtle were guarded with Turn-pikes, and Paliſſadoes, all after the *Modern* way of Fortification. After you had paſſed ſeveral Courts, you came to the Center, wherein you might behold the *Conſtable* himſelf in his own Lodgings, which had Windows fronting to each Avenue, and Ports to ſally out upon all Occaſions of Prey or Defence. In this Manſion he had for ſome Time dwelt in Peace and Plenty, without Danger to his *Perſon* by *Swallows* from above, or to his *Palace* by *Brooms* from below: When it was the Pleaſure of Fortune to conduct thither a wandring *Bee*, to whoſe Curioſity a broken Pane in the Glaſs had diſcovered it ſelf; and in he went; where expatiating a while, he at laſt happened to alight upon one of the outward Walls of the *Spider*'s Cittadel; which yielding to the unequal Weight, ſunk down to the very Foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his Paſſage, and Thrice the Center

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ſhook. The *Spider* within, feeling the terrible Convulſion, ſuppoſed at firſt, that *Nature* was approaching to her final Diſſolution; or elſe, that *Beelzebub* with all his Legions, was come to revenge the Death of many thouſands of his Subjects, whom this Enemy had ſlain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly reſolved to iſſue forth, and meet his Fate. Mean while, the *Bee* had acquitted himſelf of his Toils, and poſted ſecurely at ſome diſtance, was employed in cleanſing his Wings, and diſengaging them from the ragged Remnants of the Cobweb. By this Time the *Spider* was adventured out when beholding the Chaſms, and Ruins, and Dilapidations of his Fortreſs, he was very near at his Wit's end, he ſtormed and ſwore like a Mad-man, and ſwelled till he was ready to burſt. At length, caſting his Eye upon the *Bee*, and wiſely gathering Cauſes from Events, (for they knew each other by ſight) *A Plague ſplit you*, ſaid he, *for a giddy Son of a Whore; Is it you, with a Vengeance, that have made this Litter here? Could not you look before you, and be d——n'd? Do you think I have nothing elſe to do (in the Devil's Name) but to Mend and Repair after your Arſe? Good Words,*

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Words, Friend, ſaid the *Bee,* (having now pruned himſelf, and being diſpoſed to drole) *I'll give you my Hand and Word to come near your Kennel no more; I was never in ſuch a confounded Pickle ſince I was born, Sirrah,* replied the *Spider, if it were not for breaking an old Cuſtom in our Family, never to ſtir abroad againſt an Enemy, I ſhould come and teach you better Manners. I pray, have Patience,* ſaid the *Bee, or you will ſpend your Subſtance, and for ought I ſee, you may ſtand in need of it all, towards the Repair of your Houſe. Rogue, Rogue,* replied the *Spider, yet, methinks, you ſhould have more Reſpect to a Perſon, whom all the World allows to be ſo much your Betters. By my Troth,* ſaid the *Bee, the Compariſon will amount to a very good Jeſt, and you will do me a Favour, to let me know the Reaſons, that all the World is pleaſed to uſe in ſo hopeful a Diſpute.* At this, the *Spider* having ſwelled himſelf into the Size and Poſture of a Diſputant, began his Argument in the true Spirit of Controverſy, with a Reſolution to be heartily ſcurrilous and angry, to urge *on* his own Reaſons, without the leaſt Regard to the Anſwers or Objections of his Oppoſite; and fully predetermined in his Mind againſt all Conviction.

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Not to diſparage my ſelf, ſaid he, *by the Compariſon with ſuch a Raſcal; What art thou but a Vagabond without Houſe or Home, without Stock or Inheritance? Born to no Poſſeſſion of your own, but a Pair of Wings, and a Drone-Pipe. Your Livelihood is an univerſal Plunder upon Nature; a Freebooter over Fields and Gardens; and for the ſake of Stealing, will rob a Nettle as readily as a Violet. Whereas I am a domeſtick Animal, furniſht with a Native Stock within my ſelf. This large Caſtle (to ſhew my Improvements in the Mathematicks) is all built with my own Hands, and the Materials extracted altogether out of my own Perſon.*

I am glad, anſwered the *Bee*, *to hear you grant at leaſt, that I am come honeſtly by my Wings and my Voice, for then, it ſeems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my Flights and my Muſick; and Providence would never have beſtowed on me two ſuch Gifts, without deſigning them for the nobleſt Ends. I viſit, indeed, all the Flowers and Bloſſoms of the Field and the Garden, but whatever I collect from thence, enriches my ſelf, without the leaſt Injury to their Beauty, their Smell, or their Taſte. Now, for you and your Skill*

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in Architecture, and other Mathematicks, I have little to say: In that Building of yours, there might, for ought I know, have been Labor and Method enough, but by woful Experience for us both, 'tis too plain, the Materials are naught, and I hope, you will henceforth take Warning, and consider Duration and matter, as well as method and Art. You, boast, indeed, of being obliged to no other Creature, but of drawing, and spinning out all from your self; That is to say, if we may judge of the Liquor in the Vessel by what issues out, You possess a good plentiful Store of Dirt and Poison in your Breast; And, tho' I would by no means, lessen or disparage your genuine Stock of either, yet, I doubt you are somewhat obliged for an Encrease of both, to a little foreign Assistance. Your inherent Portion of Dirt, does not fail of Acquisitions, by Sweepings exhaled from below: and one Insect furnishes you with a share of Poison to destroy another. So that in short, the Question comes all to this; Whether is the nobler Being of the two, That which by a lazy Contemplation of four Inches round; by an over-weening Pride, which feeding and engendering on it self, turns all into Excrement and Venom; producing nothing at all, but Fly-bane and a

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Cobweb: Or That, which, by an univerſal Range, with long Search, much Study, true Judgment, and Diſtinction of Things, brings home Honey and Wax.

THIS Diſpute was managed with ſuch Eagerneſs, Clamor, and Warmth, that the two Parties of *Books* in Arms below, ſtood Silent a while, waiting in Suſpenſe what would be the Iſſue; which was not long undetermined: For the *Bee* grown impatient at ſo much loſs of Time, fled ſtrait away to a bed of Roſes, without looking for a Reply; and left the *Spider* like an Orator, *collected* in himſelf, and juſt prepared to burſt out.

IT happened upon this Emergency, that *Æſop* broke ſilence firſt. He had been of late moſt barbarouſly treated by a ſtrange Effect of the *Regent*'s *Humanity*, who had tore off his Title-page, ſorely defaced one half of his Leaves, and chained him faſt among a Shelf of *Moderns*. Where ſoon diſcovering how high the Quarrel was like to proceed, He tried all his Arts, and turned himſelf to a thouſand Forms: At length in the borrowed Shape of an

Aſs,

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Aſs, the *Regent* miſtook Him for a *Modern*; by which means, he had Time and Opportunity to eſcape to the *Antients*, juſt when the *Spider* and the *Bee* were entring into their Conteſt; to which He gave His Attention with a world of Pleaſure; and when it was ended, ſwore in the loudeſt Key, that in all his Life, he had never known two Caſes ſo parallel and adapt to each other, as That in the Window, and this upon the Shelves. The *Diſputants*, ſaid he, *have admirably managed the Diſpute between them, have taken in the full Strength of all that is to be ſaid on both ſides, and exhauſted the Subſtance of every Argument* pro *and* con. *It is but to adjuſt the Reaſonings of both to the preſent Quarrel, then to compare and apply the Labors and Fruits of each, as the* Bee *has learnedly deduced them; and we ſhall find the Concluſion fall plain and cloſe upon the* Moderns *and* Us. *For, pray Gentlemen, was ever any thing ſo* Modern *as the* Spider *in his Air, his Turns, and his Paradoxes? He argues in the Behalf of* You *his Brethren, and Himſelf, with many Boaſtings of his native Stock, and great Genius; that he Spins and Spits wholly from himſelf, and ſcorns to own any Obligation or Aſſiſtance from*

from without. Then he displays to you his great Skill in Architecture, and Improvement in the mathematicks. To all this, the Bee, *as an Advocate, retained by us the* Antients, *thinks fit to Answer; That if one may judge of the great Genius or Inventions of the* Moderns, *by what they have produced, you will hardly have Countenance to bear you out in boasting of either. Erect your Schemes with as much Method and Skill as you please; yet, if the materials be nothing but Dirt, spun out of your own Entrails (the Guts of* Modern *Brains) the Edifice will conclude at last in a* Cobweb: *The Duration of which, like that of other* Spiders *Webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a Corner. For any Thing else of Genuine, that the* Moderns *may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large Vein of Wrangling and Satyr, much of a Nature and Substance with the* Spider's *Poison; which, however, they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same Arts, by feeding upon the* Insects *and* Vermin *of the Age. As for* Us, *the* Antients, *We are content with the* Bee, *to pretend to Nothing of our own, beyond our* Wings *and our* Voice: *that is to say, our* Flights *and our* Language; *For the rest, whatever we have*

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have got, has been by infinite Labor, and ſearch, and ranging thro' every Corner of Nature: The Difference is, that inſtead of Dirt *and* Poiſon, *we have rather choſe to fill our Hives with* Honey *and* Wax, *thus furniſhing Mankind with the two Nobleſt of Things, which are* Sweetneſs *and* Light.

'TIS wonderful to conceive the Tumult ariſen among the *Books*, upon the Cloſe of this long Deſcant of *Æſop*; Both Parties took the Hint, and heightened their Animoſities ſo on a ſudden, that they reſolved it ſhould come to a Battel. Immediately, the two main bodies withdrew under their ſeveral Enſigns, to the farther Parts of the Library, and there entred into Cabals, and conſults upon the preſent Emergency. The *Moderns* were in very warm Debates upon the Choice of their *Leaders*, and nothing leſs than the Fear impending from their Enemies, could have kept them from Mutinies upon this Occaſion. The Difference was greateſt among the *Horſe*, where every private *Trooper* pretended to the chief Command, from *Taſſo* and *Milton*, to *Dryden* and *Withers*. The *Light-Horſe* were Commanded by *Cowly*, and *Deſpreaux*. There, came the

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the *Bowmen* under their valiant Leaders, *Des-Cartes*, *Gaſſendi*, and *Hobbes*, whoſe Strength was ſuch, that they could ſhoot their Arrows behind the *Atmoſphere*, never to fall down again, but turn like that of *Evander*, into *Meteors*, or like the *Canon-ball* into *Stars*. *Paracelſus* brought a *Squadron* of *Stink-Pot-Flingers* from the ſnowy Mountains of *Rhætia*. There, came a vaſt Body of *Dragoons*, of different Nations, under the leading of *Harvey*, their great *Aga*: Part armed with *Scythes*, the Weapons of Death; Part with *Launces* and long *Knives*, all ſteept in *Poiſon*; Part ſhot *Bullets* of a moſt malignant Nature, and uſed *white Powder* which infallibly killed without *Report*. There, came ſeveral Bodies of *heavy-armed Foot*, all *Mercenaries*, under the Enſigns of *Guiccardine*, *Davila*, *Polydore Virgil*, *Buchanan*, *Mariana*, *Cambden*, and others. The *Engineers* were commanded by *Regiomontanus* and *Wilkins*. The reſt were a confuſed Multitude, led by *Scotus*, *Aquinas*, and *Bellarmine*; of mighty Bulk and Stature, but without either Arms, Courage, or Diſcipline. In the laſt Place, came infinite Swarms of *Calones*, a diſorderly Rout led by *Leſtrange*; Rogues and Raggamuffins, that follow the Camp for nothing

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nothing but the Plunder; All without *Coats* to cover them.

THE Army of the *Antients* was much fewer in Number; *Homer* led the *Horſe*, and *Pindar* the *Light-Horſe*; *Euclid* was chief *Engineer*: *Plato* and *Ariſtotle* commanded the *Bow-men*, *Herodotus* and *Livy* the *Foot*, *Hippocrates* the *Dragoons*. The *Allies* led by *Voſſius*, and *Temple* brought up the Rear.

ALL things violently tending to a deciſive Battel; *Fame*, who much frequented, and had a large Apartment formerly aſſigned her in the *Regal Library*, fled up ſtrait to *Jupiter*, to whom ſhe delivered a faithful account of all that paſſed between the two Parties below. (For, among the Gods, ſhe always tells Truth.) *Jove* in great concern, convokes a Council in the *Milk-Way*. The Senate aſſembled, he declares the Occaſion of convening them; a bloody Battel juſt impendent between two mighty Armies of *Antient* and *Modern* Creatures, call'd *Books*, wherein the Celeſtial Intereſt was but too deeply concerned. *Momus*, the Patron of the *Moderns*, made an Excellent Speech in their

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their Favor, which was answered by *Pallas* the Protectress of the *Antients*. The Assembly was divided in their Affections; when *Jupiter* commanded the Book of Fate to be laid before Him. Immediately were brought by *Mercury*, three large Volumes in Folio, containing Memoirs of all Things past, present, and to come. The Clasps were of Silver, double gilt; the Covers, of Celestial Turky-leather, and the Paper, such as here on Earth might almost pass for Vellum. *Jupiter* having silently read the Decree, would communicate the Import to none, but presently shut up the Book.

WITHOUT the Doors of this Assembly, there attended a vast Number of light, nimble Gods, menial Servants to *Jupiter*: These are his ministring Instruments in all Affairs below. They travel in a Caravan, more or less together, and are fastened to each other like a Link of Gally-slaves, by a light Chain, which passes from them to *Jupiter*'s great Toe: And yet in receiving or delivering a Message, they may never approach above the lowest Step of his Throne, where he and they whisper to each other thro' a long hollow Trunk.

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Theſe Deities are call'd by mortal Men, *Accidents*, or *Events*; but the Gods call them, *Second Cauſes*. *Jupiter* having delivered his Meſſage to a certain Number of theſe Divinities, they flew immediately down to the Pinnacle of the Regal Library, and conſulting a few Minutes, entered unſeen, and diſpoſed the Parties according to their Orders.

MEAN while, *Momus* fearing the worſt, and calling to mind an ancient Prophecy, which bore no very good Face to his Children the *Moderns*; bent his Flight to the Region of a malignant Deity, call'd *Criticiſm*. She dwelt on the Top of a ſnowy Mountain in *Nova Zembla*; there *Momus* found her extended in her Den, upon the Spoils of numberleſs Volumes half devoured. At her right Hand ſat *Ignorance*, her Father and Husband, blind with Age; at her left; *Pride* her Mother, dreſſing her up in the Scraps of Paper herſelf had torn. There, was *Opinion* her Siſter, light of Foot, hoodwinkt, and headſtrong, yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her play'd her Children, *Noiſe* and *Impudence*, *Dullneſs* and *Vanity*, *Poſitiveneſs*, *Pedantry*, and *Ill-Manners*. The Goddeſs

Goddeſs herſelf had Claws like a Cat: Her Head, and Ears, and Voice, reſembled thoſe of an *Aſs*; Her Teeth fallen out before; Her Eyes turned inward, as if ſhe lookt only upon herſelf: Her Diet was the overflowing of her own *Gall*: Her *Spleen* was ſo large, as to ſtand prominent like a Dug of the firſt Rate, nor wanted Excreſcencies in form of Teats, at which a Crew of ugly Monſters were greedily ſucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of Spleen encreaſed faſter than the Sucking could diminiſh it. *Goddeſs*, ſaid *Momus*, *can you ſit idly here, while our devout Worſhippers, the* Moderns, *are this Minute entring into a cruel Battel, and, perhaps, now lying under the Swords of their Enemies; Who then hereafter, will ever ſacrifice, or build Altars to our Divinities? Haſte therefore to the* Britiſh Iſle, *and, if poſſible, prevent their Deſtruction, while I make Factions among the Gods, and gain them over to our Party.*

MOMUS having thus delivered himſelf, ſtaid not for an anſwer, but left the Goddeſs to her own Reſentments; Up ſhe roſe in a Rage, and as it is the Form upon ſuch Occaſions, began a Soliloquy.

'Tis

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'Tis I (said she) *who give Wisdom to Infants and Idiots; By Me, Children grow wiser than their Parents. By Me,* Beaux *become Politicians; and* School-boys, *Judges of Philosophy. By Me, Sophisters debate, and conclude upon the Depths of Knowledge; and Coffee-house Wits instinct by Me, can correct an Author's Style, and display his minutest Errors, without understanding a Syllable of his Matter or his Language. By Me, Striplings spend their Judgment, as they do their Estate, before it comes into their Hands. 'Tis I, who have deposed Wit and Knowledge from their Empire over* Poetry, *and advanced my self in their stead. And shall a few* upstart Antients *dare to oppose me?* —— *But, come, my aged Parents, and you, my Children dear, and thou my beauteous Sister; let us ascend my Chariot, and haste to assist our devout* Moderns, *who are now sacrificing to us a* Hecatomb, *as I perceive by that grateful Smell, which from thence reaches my Nostrils.*

THE Goddess and her Train having Mounted the Chariot, which was drawn by *tame Geese*, flew over infinite Regions, shedding her Influence in due Places, till at length, she arrived at her beloved I-

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ſland of *Britain*; but in hovering over its *Metropolis*, what Bleſſings did ſhe not let fall upon her Seminaries of *Greſham* and *Covent-Garden*? And now ſhe reach'd the fatal Plain of St. *James*'s Library, at what time the two Armies were upon the Point to engage; where entring with all her Caravan, unſeen, and landing upon a Caſe of Shelves, now deſart, but once inhabited by a Colony of *Virtuoſo's*, ſhe ſtaid a while to obſerve the Poſture of both Armies.

BUT here, the tender Cares of a Mother began to fill her Thoughts, and move in her Breaſt. For, at the Head of a Troop of *Modern Bow-men*, ſhe caſt her Eyes upon her Son *W--tt--n*; to whom the Fates had aſſigned a very ſhort Thread. *W--tt--n*, a young Hero, whom an unknown Father of mortal Race, begot by ſtollen Embraces with this Goddeſs. He was the Darling of his Mother, above all her Children, and ſhe reſolved to go and comfort Him. But firſt, according to the good old Cuſtom of Deities, ſhe caſt about to change her Shape; for fear the Divinity of her Countenance might dazzle his Mortal Sight, and over-charge the reſt

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reſt of his Senſes. She therefore gathered up her Perſon into an *Octavo* Compaſs: her Body grew white, and arid, and ſplit in pieces with Drineſs; the thick turned into Paſtboard, and the thin into Paper, upon which, her Parents and Children, artfully ſtrowed a Black Juice, or Decoction of Gall and Soot, in form of Letters; her Head, and Voice, and Spleen, kept their primitive Form, and that which before, was a cover of Skin, did ſtill continue ſo. In which Guiſe, ſhe marc'd on towards the *Moderns*, undiſtinguiſhable in Shape and Dreſs from the *Divine B--ntl--y*, *W--tt--n*'s deareſt Friend. *Brave W--tt--n*, ſaid the Goddeſs; *Why do our Troops ſtand idle here, to ſpend their preſent Vigour, and Opportunity of the Day? Away, let us haſte to the Generals, and adviſe to give the Onſet immediately.* Having ſpoke thus, ſhe took the uglieſt of her Monſters, full glutted from her Spleen, and flung it inviſibly into his Mouth; which flying ſtrait up into his Head, ſqueez'd out his Eye-balls, gave him a diſtorted Look, and half overturned his Brain. Then ſhe privately ordered two of her beloved Children, *Dulneſs* and *Ill-Manners*, cloſely to attend his Perſon in all Encounters.

Having thus accoutred him, ſhe vaniſhed in a Miſt, and the *Hero* perceived it was the Goddeſs, his Mother.

THE deſtined Hour of Fate, being now arrived, the Fight began; whereof, before I dare adventure to make a particular Deſcription, I muſt, after the Example of other Authors, petition for a hundred Tongues, and Mouths, and Hands, and Pens; which would all be too little to perform ſo immenſe a Work. Say, Goddeſs, that preſideſt over Hiſtory; who it was that firſt advanced in the Field of Battel. *Paracelſus*, at the Head of his *Dragoons*, obſerving *Galen* in the adverſe Wing, darted his Javelin with a mighty Force, which the brave *Antient* received upon his Shield, the Point breaking in the ſecond fold. * * * * *

Hic pauca deſunt. * * * *

THEN, *Ariſtotle* obſerving *Bacon* advance with a furious Mien, drew his Bow to the Head, and let fly his Arrow, which miſt the valiant *Modern*, and went hizzing over his Head; but *Des-Cartes* it hit: The Steel Point quickly found a *Defect* in his *Head-piece*; it pierced the Leather and the Paſt-board, and went in at his Right Eye. The Torture of the Pain, whirled the valiant *Bow-man* round, till Death, like a Star of ſuperior Influence, drew him into his own *Vortex*. * * *

would mount or alight. He had made a Vow to *Pallas*, that he would never leave the Field, till he had ſpoiled * *Homer* of his Armour; Mad-man, who had never once *ſeen* the Wearer, nor underſtood his Strength. Him *Homer* overthrew, Horſe and Man to the Ground, there to be trampled and choak'd in the Dirt. Then, with a long Spear, he ſlew *Denham*, a ſtout *Modern*, who from his Father's ſide, derived his Lineage from *Apollo*, but his Mother was of Mortal Race. He fell, and bit the Earth. The Celeſtial Part *Apollo* took, and made it a Star, but the Terreſtrial lay wallowing upon the Ground. Then *Homer* ſlew *W--ſl--y* with a kick of his Horſe's heel; He took *Perrault* by mighty Force out of his Saddle, then hurl'd him at *Fontenelle*, with the ſame Blow daſhing out both their Brains.

* *Vid. Homer.*

ON the left Wing of the Horſe, *Virgil* appeared in ſhining Armor, compleatly fitted to his Body; He was mounted on a dapple grey Steed, the ſlowneſs of whoſe Pace, was an Effect of the higeſt Mettle and Vigour. He caſt his Eye on the adverſe Wing, with a deſire to find an Object worthy

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worthy of his valour, when behold, upon a ſorrel Gelding of a monſtrous Size, appear'd a Foe, iſſuing from among the thickeſt of the Enemy's Squadrons; But his Speed was leſs than his Noiſe; for his Horſe, old and lean, ſpent the Dregs of his Strength in a high Trot, which tho' it made ſlow advances, yet cauſed a loud Claſhing of his Armor, terrible to hear. The two Cavaliers had now approach'd within the Throw of a Lance, when the Stranger deſired a Parley, and lifting up the Vizard of his Helmet, a Face hardly appeared from within, which after a pauſe, was known for that of the renowned *Dryden*. The brave *Antient* ſuddenly ſtarted, as one poſſeſs'd with Surprize and Diſappointment together: For, the Helmet was nine times too large for the Head, which appeared Situate far in the hinder Part, even like the Lady in a Lobſter, or like a Mouſe under a Canopy of State, or like a ſhrivled Beau from within the Pent-houſe of a modern Perewig: And the voice was ſuited to the Viſage, ſounding weak and remote. *Dryden* in a long Harangue ſoothed up the good *Antient*, called him *Father*, and by a large deduction of Genealogies, made it plainly ap-

pear, that they were nearly related. Then he humbly propoſed an Exchange of Armor, as a laſting Mark of Hoſpitality between them. *Virgil* conſented (for the Goddeſs *Diffidence* came unſeen, and caſt a Miſt before his Eyes) tho' his was of Gold, and coſt a hundred Beeves, the others but of ruſty Iron. However, this glittering Armor became the *Modern* yet worſe than his Own. Then, they agreed to exchange Horſes; but when it came to the Trial, *Dryden* was afraid, and utterly unable to mount. * * * * * * * * *

Vid. Homer.

Alter hiatus in MS. * * * * * * * *

Lucan, *I perceive ſome God protects you, for never did my Arm ſo deceive me before; But, what Mortal can contend with a God? Therefore, let us Fight no longer, but preſent Gifts to each other.* *Lucan* then beſtowed the *Modern a Pair of Spurs*, and *Bl--ckm--re* gave *Lucan* a *Bridle*. *Pauca deſunt.*

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Creech; But, the Goddeſs *Dulneſs* took a Cloud, formed into the Shape of *Horace*, armed and mounted, and placed it in a flying Poſture before Him. Glad was the Cavalier, to begin a Combat with a flying Foe, and purſued the image, threatning loud; till at laſt it led him to the peaceful Bower of his Father *Ogleby*, by whom he was diſarmed, and aſſigned to his Repoſe.

THEN *Pindar* flew——, and ——, and *Oldham*, and —— and *Afra* the *Amazon* light of foot; Never advancing in a direct Line, but wheeling with incredible Agility and Force, he made a terrible Slaughter among the Enemies *Light-Horſe*. Him, when *Cowley* obſerved, his generous Heart burnt within him, and he advanced againſt the fierce *Antient*, imitating his

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his Addreſs, and Pace, and Career, as well as the Vigour of his Horſe, and his own Skill would allow. When the two Cavaliers had approach'd within the Length of three Javelins; firſt *Cowley* threw a Lance, which miſs'd *Pindar*, and paſſing into the Enemy's Ranks, fell ineffectual to the Ground. Then *Pindar* darted a Javelin, ſo large and weighty, that ſcarce a dozen *Cavaliers*, as *Cavaliers* are in our degenerate Days, could raiſe it from the Ground: yet he threw it with Eaſe, and it went by an unerring Hand, ſinging thro' the Air; Nor could the *Modern* have avoided preſent Death, if he had not luckily oppoſed the Shield that had been given Him by *Venus*. And now both Hero's drew their Swords, but the *Modern* was ſo aghaſt and diſordered, that he knew not where he was; his Shield dropt from his Hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not eſcape; at laſt he turned, and lifting up his Hands, in the Poſture of a Suppliant, *God-like* Pindar, ſaid he, *ſpare my Life, and poſſeſs my Horſe with theſe Arms; beſides the Ranſom which my Friends will give, when they hear I am alive, and your Priſoner.* *Dog*, ſaid Pindar, *Let your Ranſom ſtay with your Friends; But your Carcaſs*

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Carcaſs ſhall be left for the Fowls of the Air, *and the* Beaſts of the Field. With that, he raiſed his Sword, and with a mighty Stroak, cleft the wretched *Modern* in twain, the Sword purſuing the Blow; and one half lay panting on the Ground, to be trod in pieces by the Horſes Feet, the other half was born by the frighted Steed thro' the Field. This *Venus* took, and waſh'd it ſeven times in *Ambroſia*, then ſtruck it thrice with a Sprig of *Amarant*; upon which, the Leather grew round and ſoft, and the Leaves turned into Feathers, and being gilded before, continued gilded ſtill; ſo it became a *Dove*, and She harneſs'd it to her Chariot. * * * * * * *

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Hiatus valdè deflendus in MS.

DAY being far ſpent, and the numerous Forces of the *Moderns* half inclining to a Retreat, there iſſued forth from a Squadron of their *heavy armed Foot*, a Captain, whoſe Name was *B--ntl--y*; in Perſon, the moſt deformed of all the *Moderns*; Tall, but without Shape or Comelineſs

The Epiſode of B----ntl---y *and* W---tt----n.

lineſs; Large, but without Strength or Proportion. His Armour was patch'd up of a thouſand incoherent Pieces; and the Sound of it, as he march'd, was loud and dry, like that made by the Fall of a Sheet of Lead, which an *Eteſian* Wind blows ſuddenly down from the Roof of ſome Steeple. His Helmet was of old ruſty Iron, but the Vizard was Braſs, which tainted by his Breath, corrupted into Copperas, nor wanted Gall, from the ſame Fountain; ſo, that whenever provoked by Anger or Labour, an atramentous Quality, of moſt malignant Nature, was ſeen to diſtil from his Lips. In his right Hand he graſp'd a Flail, and (that he might never be unprovided of an *offenſive* Weapon) a Veſſel full of *Ordure* in his left: Thus, compleatly arm'd, he advanced with a ſlow and heavy Pace, where the *Modern* Chiefs were holding a Conſult upon the Sum of Things; who, as he came onwards, laugh'd to behold his crooked Leg, and hump Shoulder, which his Boot and Armour vainly endeavouring to hide were forced to comply with, and expoſe. The Generals made uſe of him for his Talent of Railing; which kept within Government, proved frequently of great

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great Service to their Cauſe, but at other times did more Miſchief than Good; For at the leaſt Touch of Offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded Elephant, convert it againſt his Leaders. Such, at this Juncture, was the Diſpoſition of *B--ntl--y*, grieved to ſee the Enemy prevail, and diſſatisfied with every Body's Conduct but his own. He humbly gave the *Modern* Generals to underſtand, that he conceived, with great Submiſſion, they were all a Pack of *Rogues*, and *Fools*, and *Sons of Whores*, and *d——mn'd Cowards*, and *confounded Loggerheads*, and *illiterate Whelps*, and *nonſenſical Scoundrels*; That if Himſelf had been conſtituted General, thoſe *preſumptuous Dogs*, the *Antients*, would long before this, have been beaten out of the Field. *You*, ſaid he, *ſit here idle, but, when I, or any other valiant* Modern, *kill an Enemy, you are ſure to ſeize the Spoil. But, I will not march one Foot againſt the Foe, till you all ſwear to me, that, whomever I take or kill, his Arms I ſhall quietly poſſeſs.* *B--ntl--y* having ſpoke thus, *Scaliger* beſtowing him a ſower Look; *Miſcreant* Prater, ſaid he, *Eloquent only in thine own Eyes, Thou raileſt*

Vid. Homer. de Therſite.

raileſt without Wit, or Truth, or Diſcretion. The Malignity of thy Temper perverteth Nature; Thy Learning *makes thee more* Barbarous, *thy Study of* Humanity, *more* Inhuman; *Thy* Converſe *amongſt Poets more* groveling, miry, *and* dull. *All Arts of* civilizing *others, render thee* rude *and* untractable; Courts *have taught thee* ill Manners, *and* polite Converſation *has finiſh'd thee a* Pedant. *Beſides, a greater Coward burtheneth not the Army. But never deſpond, I paſs my Word, whatever Spoil thou takeſt, ſhall certainly be thy own; though, I hope, that vile Carcaſs will firſt become a prey to Kites and Worms.*

B--NTL--Y durſt not reply; but half choaked with Spleen and Rage, withdrew, in full Reſolution of performing ſome great Achievment. With him, for his Aid and Companion, he took his beloved *W--tt--n*; reſolving by Policy or Surprize, to attempt ſome neglected Quarter of the *Antients* Army. They began their March over Carcaſſes of their ſlaughtered Friends; then to the Right of their own Forces: then wheeled Northward, till they came to *Aldrovandus*'s Tomb, which they paſs'd on the ſide of the declining Sun. And now

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now they arrived with Fear towards the Enemy's Out-guards; looking about, if haply, they might ſpy the Quarters of the Wounded, or ſome straggling Sleepers, unarm'd and remote from the reſt. As when two *Mungrel-Curs*, whom *native Greedineſs*, and *domeſtick Want*, provoke, and joyn in Partnerſhip, though fearful, nightly to invade the Folds of ſome rich Grazier; They, with Tails depreſs'd, and lolling Tongues, creep ſoft and ſlow; mean while, the conſcious *Moon*, now in her *Zenith*, on their guilty Heads, darts perpendicular Rays; Nor dare they bark, though much provok'd at her refulgent Viſage, whether ſeen in Puddle by Reflection, or in Sphear direct; but one ſurveys the Region round, while the t'other ſcouts the plain, if haply, to diſcover at diſtance from the Flock, ſome *Carcaſs* half devoured, the Refuſe of gorged Wolves, or ominous Ravens. So march'd this lovely, loving Pair of Friends, nor with leſs Fear and Circumſpection; when, at diſtance, they might perceive two ſhining Suits of Armor, hanging upon an Oak, and the Owners not far off in a profound Sleep. The two Friends drew Lots, and the purſuing of this Adventure, fell to *B--ntl--y*;

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On he went, and in his Van *Confuſion* and *Amaze*; while *Horror* and *Affright* brought up the Rear. As he came near; Behold two Hero's of the *Antients* Army, *Phalaris* and *Æſop*, lay faſt aſleep: *B--ntl--y* would fain have diſpatch'd them both, and ſtealing cloſe, aimed his Flail at *Phalaris*'s Breaſt. But, then, the Goddeſs *Affright* interpoſing, caught the *Modern* in her icy Arms, and dragg'd him from the Danger ſhe foreſaw; For both the dormant Hero's happened to turn at the ſame Inſtant, tho' ſoundly Sleeping, and buſy in a Dream. For *Phalaris* was juſt that Minute dreaming, how a moſt vile *Poetaſter* had lampoon'd him, and how he had got him roaring in his *Bull*. And *Æſop* dream'd, that as he and the *Antient* Chiefs were lying on the Ground, a *Wild Aſs* broke looſe, ran about trampling and kicking, and dunging in their Faces, *B--ntl--y* leaving the two Hero's aſleep, ſeized on both their Armors, and withdrew in queſt of his Darling *W--tt--n*.

HE, in the mean time, had wandred long in ſearch of ſome Enterprize, till at length, he arrived at a ſmall *Rivulet*, that iſſued

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issued from a Fountain hard by, call'd in the Language of mortal Men, *Helicon*. Here he stopt, and, parch'd with thirst, resolved to allay it in this limpid Stream. Thrice, with profane Hands, he essay'd to raise the Water to his Lips, and thrice it slipt all thro' his Fingers. Then he stoop'd prone on his Breast, but e'er his Mouth had kiss'd the liquid Crystal, *Apollo* came, and, in the Channel, held his *Shield* betwixt the *Modern* and the Fountain, so that he drew up nothing but *Mud*. For, altho' no Fountain on Earth can compare with the Clearness of *Helicon*, yet there lies at Bottom, a thick sediment of *Slime* and *Mud*; For, so *Apollo* begg'd of *Jupiter*, as a Punishment to those who durst attempt to taste it with unhallowed Lips, and for a Lesson to all, not to *draw too deep*, or *far from the Spring*.

At the Fountain Head, *W--tt--n* discerned two Hero's; The one he could not distinguish, but the other was soon known for *Temple*, General of the *Allies* to the *Antients*. His Back was turned, and he was employ'd in Drinking large Draughts in his Helmet, from the Fountain, where he had withdrawn

himſelf to reſt from the Toils of the War. *W--tt--n*, obſerving him, with quaking Knees, and trembling Hands, ſpoke thus to Himſelf: *Oh, that I could kill this Deſtroyer of our Army, what Renown ſhould I purchaſe among the Chiefs! But to iſſue out againſt Him, Man for Man, Shield againſt Shield, and Launce againſt Launce; what* Modern *of us dare? For, he fights like a God, and* Pallas *or* Apollo *are ever at his Elbow. But, Oh,* Mother! *if what Fame reports, be true, that I am the Son of ſo great a Goddeſs, grant me to Hit* Temple *with this Launce, that the Stroak may ſend Him to Hell, and that I may return in Safety and Triumph, laden with his Spoils.* The firſt Part of his Prayer, the Gods granted, at the Interceſſion of His *Mother* and of *Momus*; but the reſt, by a perverſe Wind ſent from *Fate*, was ſcattered in the Air. Then *W--tt--n* graſp'd his Launce, and brandiſhing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his Might, the *Goddeſs*, his *Mother*, at the ſame time, adding Strength to his Arm. Away the Launce went hizzing, and reach'd even to the Belt of the averted *Antient*, upon which, lightly grazing, it fell to the Ground. *Temple* neither felt the Weapon touch him,

Vid. Homer.

nor

nor heard it fall; And *W--tt--n*, might have eſcaped to his Army, with the Honor of having remitted his Launce againſt ſo great a Leader, unrevenged; But, *Apollo* enraged, that a Javelin, flung by the Aſſiſtance of ſo foul a *Goddeſs*, ſhould pollute his Fountain, put on the ſhape of———, and ſoftly came to young *Boyl*, who then accompanied *Temple:* He pointed, firſt to the Launce, then to the diſtant *Modern* that flung it, and commanded the young Hero to take immediate Revenge. *Boyl*, clad in a ſuit of Armor which had been *given him by all the Gods*, immediately advanced againſt the trembling Foe, who now fled before him. As a young Lion, in the *Libyan Plains*, or *Araby Deſart*, ſent by his aged Sire to hunt for Prey, or Health, or Exerciſe; He ſcours along, wiſhing to meet ſome Tiger from the Mountains, or a furious Boar: If Chance, a *Wild Aſs*, with Brayings importune, affronts his Ear, the generous Beaſt, though loathing to diſtain his Claws with Blood ſo vile, yet much provok'd at the offenſive Noiſe; which *Echo*, fooliſh Nymph, like her *ill judging Sex*, repeats much louder, and with more Delight than *Philomela*'s Song: He vindicates the Honor of

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the Foreſt, and hunts the noiſy, long-ear'd Animal. So *W--tt--n* fled, ſo *Boyl* purſued. But *W--tt--n* heavy-arm'd, and ſlow of foot, began to ſlack his Courſe; when his Lover *B--ntl--y* appeared, returning laden with the Spoils of the two ſleeping *Antients*. *Boyl* obſerved him well, and ſoon diſcovering the Helmet and Shield of *Phalaris*, his Friend, both which he had lately with his own Hands, new poliſh'd and gilded; Rage ſparkled in His Eyes, and leaving his Purſuit after *W--tt--n*, he furiouſly ruſh'd on againſt this new Approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled different Ways: And as a Woman in a little Houſe, that gets a painful Livelihood by Spinning; if chance her *Geeſe* be ſcattered o'er the Common, ſhe courſes round the Plain from ſide to ſide, compelling here and there, the Stragglers to the Flock; They cackle loud, and flutter o'er the Champian. So *Boyl* purſued, ſo fled this Pair of Friends: finding at length, their Flight was vain, they bravely joyn'd, and drew themſelves in *Phalanx*. Firſt, *B--ntl--y* threw a Spear with all his Force, hoping to pierce the Enemy's Breaſt; But *Pallas* came unſeen,

Vid. Homer.

and

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and in the Air took off the Point, and clap'd on one of *Lead*, which after a dead Bang againſt the Enemy's Shield, fell blunted to the Ground. Then *Boyl*, obſerving well his Time, took a Launce of wondrous Length and ſharpneſs; and as this Pair of Friends compacted ſtood cloſe Side to Side, he wheel'd him to the right, and with unuſual Force, darted the Weapon. *B--ntl--y* ſaw his Fate approach, and flanking down his Arms, cloſe to his Ribs, hoping to ſave his Body; in went the Point, paſſing through Arm and Side, nor ſtopt, or ſpent its Force, till it had alſo pierc'd the valiant *W--tt--n*, who going to ſuſtain his dying Friend, ſhared his Fate. As, when a skilful Cook has truſs'd a Brace of *Woodcocks*, He, with Iron Skewer, pierces the tender Sides of both, their Legs and Wings cloſe pinion'd to their Ribs; So was this pair of Friends transfix'd, till down they fell, joyn'd in their Lives, joyn'd in their Deaths; ſo cloſely joyn'd, that *Charon* will miſtake them both for one, and waft them over *Styx* for half his Fare. Farewel, beloved, loving Pair; Few Equals have you left behind: And happy and immortal ſhall you be, if

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all my Wit and Eloquence can make you.

AND, now * * *

A

DISCOURSE

Concerning the

Mechanical Operation

OF THE

SPIRIT.

IN A

LETTER

To a FRIEND.

A

FRAGMENT.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year, MDCCV.

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THE BOOKSELLER's Advertiſement.

THE following Diſcourſe came into my Hands perfect and entire. But there being ſeveral Things in it, which the preſent Age would not very well hear, I kept it by me ſome Years, reſolving it ſhould never ſee the Light. At length, by the Advice and Aſſiſtance of a judicious Friend, I retrench'd thoſe Parts that might give moſt Offence, and have now ventured to publiſh the Remainder; Concerning the Author, I am wholly ignorant; neither can I conjecture, whether it be the ſame with That of the two foregoing Pieces, the Original having been ſent me at a different Time, and in a different Hand. The Learned Reader will better determine; to whoſe Judgment I entirely ſubmit it.

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A DISCOURSE Concerning the Mechanical Operation OF THE SPIRIT, &c.

For T. H. *Esquire, at His Chambers in the Academy of the* Beaux Esprits *in* New-Holland.

SIR,

IT is now a good while, since I have had in my Head, something, not only very material, but absolutely necessary to my Health, that the World should be informed in. For, to tell you a Secret, I am able to *contain* it no longer. However, I have been perplexed for some time

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time, to resolve what would be the most proper Form to send it abroad in. To which End, I have three Days been coursing thro' *Westminster-Hall*, and St. *Paul's Church-Yard*, and *Fleet-street*, to peruse *Titles*; and, I do not find any which holds so general a Vogue, as that of, *A Letter to a Friend*: Nothing is more common, than to meet with long Epistles, addressed to Persons and Places, where, at first thinking, one would be apt to imagine it, not altogether so Necessary or Convenient; Such as, *a Neighbour at next Door*, *a mortal Enemy*, *a perfect Stranger*, or *a Person of Quality in the Clouds*; and these upon Subjects, in appearance, the least proper for Conveyance by the Post; as, *long Schemes in Philosophy*; *dark and wonderful Mysteries of State*; *Laborious Dissertations in Criticism and Philosophy*, *Advice to Parliaments*, and the like.

Now, Sir, to proceed after the Method in present Wear. (For, let me say what I will to the contrary, I am afraid you will publish this *Letter*, as soon as ever it comes to your Hands;) I desire you will be my Witness to the World, how careless and sudden a Scribble it has been; That it was

was but Yesterday, when You and I began accidentally to fall into Discourse on this Matter: That I was not very well, when we parted; That the Post is in such haste, I have had no manner of Time to digest it into Order, or correct the Style; And if any other Modern Excuses, for Haste and Negligence, shall occur to you in Reading, I beg you to insert them, faithfully promising they shall be thankfully acknowledged.

PRAY, Sir, in Your next Letter to the *Iroquois Virtuosi*, do me the Favor to present my humble Service to that illustrious Body, and assure them, I shall send an Account of those *Phænomena*, as soon as we can determine them at *Gresham*.

I have not had a Line from the *Litterati* of *Tobinambou*, these three last Ordinaries.

AND now Sir, having dispatch'd what I had to say of Forms, or of Business, let me intreat, you will suffer me to proceed upon my Subject; and to pardon me, if I make no further Use of the Epistolary Style, till I come to conclude.

SECT.

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SECTION I.

'TIS recorded of *Mahomet*, that upon a Viſit he was going to pay in *Paradiſe*, he had an Offer of ſeveral Vehicles to conduct him upwards; as fiery Chariots, wing'd Horſes, and celeſtial Sedans; but he refuſed them all, and would be born to Heaven upon nothing but his *Aſs*. Now, this Inclination of *Mahomet*, as ſingular as it ſeems, hath been ſince taken up by a great Number of devout *Chriſtians*; and doubtleſs, with very good Reaſon. For, ſince That *Arabian* is known to have borrowed a Moiety of his Religious Syſtem from the *Chriſtian* Faith; it is but juſt he ſhould pay Repriſals to ſuch as would Challenge them; wherein the good People of *England*, to do them all Right, have not been backward. For, tho' there is not any other Nation in the World, ſo plentifully provided with Carriages for that Journey, either as to Safety or Eaſe; yet there are abundance of us, who will not be ſatisfied with any other Machine, beſide this of *Mahomet*.

FOR

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For my own part, I must confess to bear a very singular Respect to this Animal, by whom I take human Nature to be most admirably held forth in all its Qualities as well as Operations: And therefore, whatever in my small Reading, occurs, concerning this our Fellow-Creature, I do never fail to set it down, by way of Common-place; and when I have occasion to write upon Human Reason, Politicks, Eloquence, or Knowledge; I lay my *Memorandums* before me, and insert them with a wonderful Facility of Application. However, among all the Qualifications, ascribed to this distinguish'd Brute, by Ancient or Modern Authors; I cannot remember this Talent, of bearing his Rider to Heaven, has been recorded for a Part of his Character, except in the two Examples mentioned already; Therefore, I conceive the Methods of this Art, to be a Point of useful Knowledge in very few Hands, and which the Learned World would gladly be better informed in, This is what I have undertaken to perform in the following Discourse. For, towards the Operation already mentioned, many peculiar

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liar Properties are required, both in the *Rider* and the *Aſs*; which I ſhall endeavour to ſet in as clear a Light as I can.

BUT, becauſe I am reſolved, by all means, to avoid giving Offence to any Party whatever; I will leave off diſcourſing ſo cloſely to the *Letter* as I have hitherto done, and go on for the future by way of Allegory, though in ſuch a manner, that the judicious Reader, may without much ſtraining, make his Applications as often as he ſhall think fit. Therefore, if you pleaſe, from hence forward, inſtead of the Term, *Aſs*, we ſhall make uſe of, *Gifted*, or, *enlightned Teacher*; And the Word, *Rider*, we will exchange for that of *Fanatick Auditory*, or any other Denomination of the like Import. Having ſettled this weighty Point; the great Subject of Enquiry before us, is to examine, by what Methods this *Teacher* arrives at his *Gifts*, or *Spirit*, or *Light*; and by what Intercourſe between him and his Aſſembly, it is cultivated and ſupported.

IN

IN all my Writings, I have had conſtant Regard to this great End, not to ſuit and apply them to particular Occaſions and Circumſtances of Time, of Place, or of Perſon; but to calculate them for univerſal Nature, and Mankind in general. And of ſuch Catholick uſe, I eſteem this preſent Diſquiſition: For I do not remember any other Temper of Body, or Quality of Mind, wherein all Nations and Ages of the World have ſo unanimouſly agreed, as That of a *Fanatick* Strain, or Tincture of *Enthuſiaſm*; which improved by certain Perſons or Societies of Men, and by them practiſed upon the reſt, has been able to produce Revolutions of the greateſt Figure in Hiſtory; as will ſoon appear to thoſe who know any thing of *Arabia*, *Perſia*, *India*, or *China*, of *Morocco* and *Peru*: Farther, it has poſſeſſed as great a Power in the Kingdom of Knowledge, where it is hard to aſſign one Art or Science, which has not annexed to it ſome *Fanatick* Branch: Such are the *Philoſopher's Stone*; **The Grand Elixir*; *The Planetary Worlds*; *The Squaring of the Circle*; *The Summum bonum*; Utopian *Commonwealths*;

* Some Writers hold them for the ſame, others not.

wealths; with ſome others of leſs or ſubordinate Note: which all ſerve for nothing elſe, but to employ or amuſe this Grain of *Enthuſiaſm*, dealt into every Compoſition.

BUT, if this Plant has found a Root in the Fields of *Empire*, and of *Knowledge*, it has fixt deeper, and ſpread yet farther upon *Holy Ground*. Wherein, though it hath paſs'd under the general Name of *Enthuſiaſm*, and perhaps ariſen from the ſame Original, yet hath it produced certain Branches of a very different Nature, however often miſtaken for each other. The Word in its univerſal Acceptation, may be defined, *A lifting up of the Soul or its Faculties above Matter.* This Deſcription will hold good in general; but I am only to underſtand it, as applied to *Religion*; wherein there are three general Ways of ejaculating the Soul, or tranſporting it beyond the Sphere of Matter. The firſt, is the immediate Act of God, and is called, *Prophecy* or *Inſpiration.* The ſecond, is the immediate Act of the Devil, and is termed *Poſſeſſion.* The third, is the Product of natural Cauſes, the effect of ſtrong Imagination, Spleen, violent Anger, Fear, Grief,

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Grief, Pain, and the like. These three have been abundantly treated on by Authors, and therefore shall not employ my Enquiry. But, the fourth Method of *Religious Enthusiasm*, or launching out of the Soul, as it is purely an Effect of Artifice and *Mechanick Operation*, has been sparingly handled, or not at all, by any Writer; because though it is an Art of great Antiquity, yet having been confined to few Persons, it long wanted these Advancements and Refinements, which it afterwards met with, since it has grown so Epidemick, and fallen into so many cultivating Hands.

IT is therefore upon this *Mechanical Operation of the Spirit*, that I mean to treat, as it is at present performed by our *British Workmen*. I shall deliver to the Reader the Result of many judicious Observations upon the Matter; tracing, as near as I can, the whole Course and Method of this *Trade*, producing parallel Instances, and relating certain Discoveries that have luckily fallen in my way.

I have said, that there is one Branch of *Religious Enthusiasm*, which is purely an

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Effect of Nature; whereas, the Part I mean to handle, is wholly an Effect of Art, which, however, is inclined to work upon certain Natures and Conſtitutions, more than others. Beſides, there is many an Operation, which in its Original, was purely an Artifice, but through a long Succeſſion of Ages, hath grown to be natural. *Hippocrates*, tells us, that among our Anceſtors, the *Scythians*, there was a Nation call'd, * *Longheads*, which at firſt began by a Cuſtom among Midwives and Nurſes, of molding, and ſqueezing, and bracing up the Heads of Infants; by which means, Nature ſhut out at one Paſſage, was forc'd to ſeek another, and finding room above, ſhot upwards, in the Form of a Sugar-Loaf; and being diverted that way, for ſome Generations, at laſt found it out of her ſelf, needing no Aſſiſtance from the Nurſe's Hand. This was the Original of the *Scythian Long-heads*, and thus did Cuſtom, from being a ſecond Nature proceed to be a firſt. To all which, there is ſomething very analogous among Us of this Nation, who are the undoubted Poſterity of that refined People. For, in the Age of our Fathers, there aroſe a Ge-

* *Macrocephali.*

neration

neration of Men in this Iſland, call'd *Round-heads*, whoſe Race is now ſpread over three Kingdoms, yet in its Beginning, was meerly an Operation of Art, produced by a pair of Cizars, a Squeeze of the Face, and a black Cap. Theſe Heads, thus formed into a perfect Sphere in all Aſſemblies, were moſt expoſed to the view of the Female Sort, which did influence their Conceptions ſo effectually, that Nature, at laſt, took the Hint, and did it of her ſelf; ſo that a *Round-head* has been ever ſince as familiar a Sight among Us, as a *Long-head* among the *Scythians*.

UPON theſe Examples, and others eaſy to produce, I deſire the curious Reader to diſtinguiſh, Firſt between an Effect grown from *Art* into *Nature*, and one that is natural from its Beginning; Secondly, between an Effect wholly natural, and one which has only a natural Foundation, but where the Superſtructure is entirely Artificial. For, the firſt and the laſt of theſe, I underſtand to come within the Diſtricts of my Subject. And having obtained theſe allowances, they will ſerve to remove any objections that may be raiſed hereafter againſt what I ſhall advance.

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THE Practitioners of this famous Art, proceed in general upon the following Fundamental; That, *the Corruption of the Senses is the Generation of the Spirit:* Because the *Senses* in Men are so many Avenues to the Fort of *Reason*, which in this Operation is wholly block'd up. All Endeavours must be therefore used, either to divert, bind up, stupify, fluster, and amuse the *Senses*, or else to justle them out of their Stations; and while they are either absent, or otherwise employ'd or engaged in a Civil War against each other, the *Spirit* enters and performs its part.

NOW, the usual Methods of managing the Senses upon such Conjunctures, are what I shall be very particular in delivering, as far as it is lawful for me to do; But having had the Honour to be Initiated into the Mysteries of every Society, I desire to be excused from divulging any Rites, wherein the *Profane* must have no Part.

BUT here, before I can proceed farther, a very dangerous Objection must, if possible, be removed: For, it is positively denied

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nied by certain Criticks, that the *Spirit* can by any means be introduced into an Assembly of Modern Saints, the Disparity being so great in many material Circumstances, between the Primitive Way of Inspiration, and that which is practised in the present Age. This they pretend to prove from the second Chapter of the *Acts*, where comparing both, it appears; First, that *the Apostles were gathered together with one accord in one place*; by which is meant, an universal Agreement in Opinion, and Form of Worship; a Harmony (say they) so far from being found between any two Conventicles among Us, that it is in vain to expect it between any two Heads in the same. Secondly, the *Spirit* instructed the Apostles in the Gift of speaking several Languages; a Knowledge so remote from our Dealers in this Art, that they neither understand Propriety of Words, or Phrases in their own. Lastly, (say these Objectors) The Modern Artists do utterly exclude all Approaches of the *Spirit*, and bar up its antient Way of entring, by covering themselves so close, and so industriously a top. For, they will needs have it as a Point clearly gained, that the *Cloven Tongues*

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never ſat upon the Apoſtles Heads, while their Hats were on.

NOW, the Force of theſe Objections, ſeems to conſiſt in the different Acceptation of the Word, *Spirit:* which if it be underſtood for a ſupernatural Aſſiſtance, approaching from without, the Objectors have Reaſon, and their Aſſertions may be allowed; But the *Spirit* we treat of here, proceeding entirely from within, the Argument of theſe Adverſaries is wholly eluded. And upon the ſame Account, our Modern Artificers, find it an Expedient of abſolute Neceſſity, to cover their Heads as cloſe as they can, in order to prevent Perſpiration, than which nothing is obſerved to be a greater Spender of Mechanick Light, as we may, perhaps, farther ſhew in convenient Place.

TO proceed therefore upon the *Phænomenon* of *Spiritual Mechaniſm*, It is here to be noted, that in forming and working up the *Spirit*, the Aſſembly has a conſiderable Share, as well as the Preacher; The Method of this *Arcanum*, is as follows. They violently ſtrain their Eye balls inward, half cloſing the Lids; Then, as they ſit,

ſit, they are in a perpetual Motion of *See-ſaw*, making long Hums at proper Periods, and continuing the Sound at equal Height, chuſing their Time in thoſe Intermiſſions, while the Preacher is at Ebb. Neither is this Practice, in any part of it, ſo ſingular or improbable, as not to be traced in diſtant Regions, from Reading and Obſervation. For, firſt, the * *Jauguis*, or enlightened Saints of *India*, ſee all their Viſions, by help of an acquired ſtraining and preſſure of the Eyes. Secondly, the Art of *See-ſaw* on an Beam, and ſwinging by Seſſion upon a Cord, in order to raiſe artificial Extaſies, hath been derived to Us, from our † *Scythian* Anceſtors, where it is practiſed at this Day, among the Women. Laſtly, the whole Proceeding, as I have here related it, is performed by the Natives of *Ireland*, with a conſiderable Improvement; And it is granted, that this noble Nation, hath of all others, admitted fewer Corruptions, and degenerated leaſt from the Purity of the Old *Tartars*. Now it is uſual for a Knot of *Iriſh*, Men and Women, to abſtract themſelves from Matter, bind up all their Senſes, grow viſionary

* *Bernier. Mem. de Mogol.*

† *Guagnini Hiſt. Sarmat.*

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ſionary and ſpiritual, by Influence of a ſhort Pipe of Tobacco, handed round the Company; each preſerving the Smoak in his Mouth, till it comes again to his Turn to take in freſh: At the ſame Time, there is a Conſort of a continued gentle Hum, repeated and renewed by Inſtinct, as Occaſion requires, and they move their Bodies up and down, to a Degree, that ſometimes their Heads and Points lie parallel to the Horiſon. Mean while, you may obſerve their Eyes turn'd up in the Poſture of one, who endeavours to keep himſelf awake; by which, and many other Symptoms among them, it manifeſtly appears, that the Reaſoning Faculties are all ſuſpended and ſuperſeded, that Imagination hath uſurped the Seat, ſcattering a Thouſand Deliriums over the Brain. Returning from this Digreſſion, I ſhall deſcribe the Methods, by which the *Spirit* approaches. The Eyes being diſpoſed according to Art, at firſt, you can ſee nothing, but after a ſhort pauſe, a ſmall glimmering Light begins to appear, and dance before you. Then, by frequently moving your Body up and down, you perceive the Vapors to aſcend very faſt, till you are perfectly doſed and fluſtred like one who

who drinks too much in a Morning. Mean while, the Preacher is alſo at work; He begins a loud Hum, which pierces you quite thro'; This is immediatly returned by the Audience, and you find your ſelf prompted to imitate them, by a meer ſpontaneous Impulſe, without knowing what you do. The *Interſtitia* are duly filled up by the Preacher, to prevent too long a Pauſe, under which the *Spirit* would ſoon faint and grow languid.

THIS is all I am allowed to diſcover about the Progreſs of the *Spirit*, with relation to that part, which is born by the *Aſſembly*; But in the Methods of the Preacher, to which I now proceed, I ſhall be more large and particular.

SECT. II.

YOU will read it very gravely remarked in the Books of thoſe illuſtrious and right eloquent Pen-men, the Modern Travellers; that the fundamental Difference in Point of Religion, between the wild *Indians* and Us, lies in this; that We

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We worſhip *God*, and they worſhip the *Devil*. But, there are certain Criticks, who will by no means admit of this Diſtinction; rather believing, that all Nations whatſoever, adore the *true God*, becauſe, they ſeem to intend their Devotions to ſome inviſible Power, of greateſt *Goodneſs* and *Ability* to help them, which perhaps will take in the brighteſt Attributes aſcribed to the Divinity. Others, again, inform us, that thoſe Idolaters adore two *Principles*; the *Principle* of *Good*, and That of *Evil*: Which indeed, I am apt to look upon as the moſt Univerſal Notion, that Mankind, by the meer Light of Nature, ever entertained of Things Inviſible. How this Idea hath been managed by the *Indians* and Us, and with what Advantage to the Underſtandings of either, may well deſerve to be examined. To me, the difference appears little more than this, That They are put oftener upon their Knees by their *Fears*, and We by our *Deſires*; That the former ſet them a *Praying*, and Us a *Curſing*. What I applaud them for, is their Diſcretion, in limiting their Devotions and their Deities to their ſeveral Diſtricts, nor ever ſuffering the Liturgy of the *white* God, to croſs or interfere with that

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that of the *Black*. Not ſo with Us; who pretending by the Lines and Meaſures of our Reaſon, to extend the Dominion of one inviſible Power, and contract that of the other, have diſcovered a groſs Ignorance in the Natures of Good and Evil, and moſt horribly confounded the Frontiers of both. After Men have lifted up the Throne of their Divinity to the *Cælum Empyræum*, adorned with all ſuch Qualities and Accompliſhments, as themſelves ſeem moſt to value and poſſeſs: After they have ſunk their *Principle* of *Evil* to the loweſt Center, bound him with Chains, loaded him with Curſes, furniſh'd him with viler Diſpoſitions than any *Rake-hell* of the Town, accoutred him with Tail, and Horns, and huge Claws, and Sawcer Eyes; I laugh aloud, to ſee theſe Reaſoners, at the ſame time, engaged in wiſe Diſpute, about certain Walks and Purlieus, whether they are in the Verge of God or the Devil, ſeriouſly debating, whether ſuch and ſuch Influences come into Mens Minds, from above or below, whether certain Paſſions and Affections are guided by the Evil Spirit, or the Good.

Dum-

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Dum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
Diſcernunt avidi ——

Thus do Men eſtabliſh a Fellowſhip of *Chriſt* with *Belial*, and ſuch is the Analogy between *cloven Tongues*, and *cloven Feet*. Of the like Nature is the Diſquiſition before us: It hath continued theſe hundred Years an even Debate, whether the Deportment and the Cant of our *Engliſh* Enthuſiaſtick Preachers, were *Poſſeſſion*, or *Inſpiration*, and a World of Argument has been drained on either ſide, perhaps, to little Purpoſe. For, I think, it is in *Life* as in *Tragedy*, where, it is held, a Conviction of great Defect, both in Order and Invention, to interpoſe the Aſſiſtance of preternatural Power, without an abſolute and laſt Neceſſity. However, it is a Sketch of Human Vanity, for every Individual, to imagine the whole Univerſe is intereſs'd in his meaneſt Concern. If he hath got cleanly over a Kennel, ſome Angel, unſeen, deſcended on purpoſe to help him by the Hand; if he hath knockt his Head againſt a Poſt, it was the Devil, for his Sins, let looſe from Hell, on purpoſe to buffet him. Who, that ſees a little paultry Mortal, droning

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ning, and dreaming, and drivelling to a Multitude, can think it agreeable to common good Senſe, that either Heaven or Hell ſhould be put to the Trouble of Influence or Inſpection upon what he is about? Therefore, I am reſolved immediately, to weed this Error out of Mankind, by making it clear, that this Myſtery, of vending ſpiritual Gifts is nothing but a *Trade*, acquired by as much Inſtruction, and maſtered by equal Practice and Application as others are. This will beſt appear, by deſcribing and deducing the whole Proceſs of the Operation, as variouſly as it hath fallen under my Knowledge or Experience.

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Here the whole Scheme of ſpiritual Mechaniſm was deduced and explained, with an Appearance of great reading and obſervation; but it was thought neither ſafe nor Convenient to Print it.

HERE it may not be amiſs, to add a few Words upon the laudable Practice of wearing

wearing *quilted Caps*; which is not a Matter of meer Cuſtom, Humor, or Faſhion, as ſome would pretend, but an Inſtitution of great Sagacity and Uſe; theſe, when moiſtned with Sweat, ſtop all Perſpiration, and by reverberating the Heat, prevent the Spirit from evaporating any way, but at the Mouth; even as a skilful Houſewife, that covers her Still with a wet Clout, for the ſame Reaſon, and finds the ſame Effect. For, it is the Opinion of Choice *Virtuoſi*, that the Brain is only a Crowd of little Animals, but with Teeth and Claws extremely ſharp, and therefore, cling together in the Contexture we behold, like the Picture of *Hobs*'s *Leviathan*, or like Bees in perpendicular ſwarm upon a Tree, or like a Carrion corrupted into Vermin, ſtill preſerving the Shape and Figure of the Mother Animal. That all Invention is formed by the Morſure of two or more of theſe Animals, upon certain capillary Nerves, which proceed from thence, whereof three Branches ſpread into the Tongue, and two into the right Hand. They hold alſo, that theſe Animals are of a Conſtitution extremely cold; that their Food is the Air we attract, their Excrement Phlegm; and that what we vulgarly

vulgarly call Rheums, and Colds, and Distillations, is nothing else but an Epidemical Looseness, to which that little Commonwealth is very subject, from the Climate it lyes under. Further, that nothing less than a violent Heat, can disentangle these Creatures from their hamated Station of Life, or give them Vigor and Humor, to imprint the Marks of their little Teeth. That if the Morsure be Hexagonal, it produces Poetry; the Circular gives Eloquence; If the Bite hath been Conical, the Person, whose Nerve is so affected, shall be disposed to write upon the Politicks; and so of the rest.

I shall now Discourse briefly, by what kind of Practices the Voice is best governed, towards the Composition and Improvement of the *Spirit*; for, without a competent Skill in tuning and toning each Word, and Syllable, and Letter, to their due Cadence, the whole Operation is incompleat, misses entirely of its Effect on the Hearers, and puts the Workman himself to continual Pains for new Supplies, without Success. For, it is to be understood, that in the Language of the Spirit, *Cant* and *Droning* sup-

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ply the Place of *Senſe* and *Reaſon*, in the Language of Men: Becauſe, in Spiritual Harangues, the Diſpoſition of the Words according to the Art of Grammar, hath not the leaſt Uſe, but the Skill and Influence wholly lye in the Choice and Cadence of the Syllables; Even as a diſcreet *Compoſer*, who in ſetting a Song, changes the Words and Order ſo often, that he is forced to make it *Nonſenſe*, before he can make it *Muſick*. For this Reaſon, it hath been held by ſome, that the Art of Canting is ever in greateſt Perfection, when managed by *Ignorance*: Which is thought to be enigmatically meant by *Plutarch*, when he tells us, that the beſt Muſical Inſtruments were made from the Bones of an *Aſs*. And the profounder Criticks upon that Paſſage, are of Opinion, the Word in its genuine Signification, means no other than a *Jaw-bone*: tho' ſome rather think it to have been the *Os ſacrum*; but in ſo nice a Caſe, I ſhall not take upon me to decide: The Curious are at Liberty, to *pick* from it whatever they pleaſe.

THE

THE first Ingredient, towards the Art of Canting, is a competent Share of *Inward Light*: that is to say, a large Memory, plentifully fraught with Theological Polysyllables, and mysterious Texts from holy Writ, applied and digested by those Methods, and Mechanical Operations already related. The Bearers of this *Light*, resembling *Lanthorns*, compact of Leaves from old *Geneva* Bibles; Which Invention, Sir *Humphry Edw-n*, during his Mayoralty, of happy Memory, highly approved and advanced; affirming, the Scripture to be now fulfilled, where it says, *Thy Word is a Lanthorn to my Feet, and a Light to my Paths.*

Now, the Art of *Canting* consists in skilfully adapting the Voice, to whatever Words the Spirit delivers, that each may strike the Ears of the Audience, with its most significant Cadence. The Force, or Energy of this Eloquence, is not to be found, as among antient Orators, in the Disposition of Words to a Sentence, or the turning of long Periods; but agreeable to the Modern Refinements in Musick, is taken up wholly in dwelling, and

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dilating upon Syllables and Letters. Thus it is frequent for a ſingle *Vowel* to draw Sighs from a Multitude; and for a whole Aſſembly of Saints to ſob to the Muſick of one ſolitary *Liquid*. But theſe are Trifles; when even Sounds inarticulate are obſerved to produce as forcible Effects. A Maſter Work-man ſhall *blow his Noſe ſo powerfully*, as to pierce the Hearts of his People, who are diſpoſed to receive the *Excrements* of his Brain with the ſame Reverence, as the *Iſſue* of it. Hawking, Spitting, and Belching, the Defects of other Mens Rhetorick, are the Flowers, and Figures, and Ornaments of his. For, the *Spirit* being the ſame in all, it is of no Import through what Vehicle it is convey'd.

It is a Point of too much Difficulty, to draw the Principles of this famous Art, within the Compaſs of certain adequate Rules. However, perhaps, I may one day, oblige the World with my Critical Eſſay upon the Art of *Canting, Philoſophically, Phyſically, and Muſically conſidered.*

But,

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BUT, among all Improvements of the *Spirit*, wherein the Voice hath born a Part, there is none to be compared with That of *conveying the Sound thro' the Nose*, which under the Denomination of *Snuffling*, hath paſſed with ſo great Applauſe in the World. The Originals of this Inſtitution are very dark; but having been initiated into the Myſtery of it, and Leave being given me to publiſh it to the World, I ſhall deliver as direct a Relation as I can.

THIS Art, like many other famous Inventions, owed its Birth, or at leaſt, Improvement and Perfection, to an Effect of Chance, but was eſtabliſhed upon ſolid Reaſons, and hath flouriſhed in this Iſland ever ſince, with great Luſtre. All agree, that it firſt appeared upon the Decay and Diſcouragement of *Bag-pipes*, which having long ſuffered under the Mortal Hatred of the *Brethren*, tottered for a Time, and at laſt fell with *Monarchy*. The Story is thus related.

AS yet, *Snuffling* was not; when the following Adventure happened to a *Ban-*

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bury Saint. Upon a certain Day, while he was far engaged among the Tabernacles of the *Wicked*, he felt the Outward Man put into odd Commotions, and ſtrangely prick'd forward by the Inward: An Effect very uſual among the Modern Inſpired. For, ſome think, that the *Spirit* is apt to feed on the *Fleſh*, like hungry Wines upon raw Beef. Others rather believe, there is a perpetual Game at *Leap-Frog* between both; and, ſometimes, the *Fleſh* is uppermoſt, and ſometimes the *Spirit*; adding, that the former, while it is in the State of a *Rider*, wears huge *Rippon* Spurs, and when it comes to the Turn of being *Bearer*, is wonderfully head-ſtrong, and hard-mouth'd. However it came about, the *Saint* felt his *Veſſel* full *extended* in every Part (a very natural Effect of ſtrong *Inſpiration*;) and the Place and Time falling out ſo unluckily, that he could not have the Convenience of Evacuating upwards, by Repetition, Prayer, or Lecture; he was forced to open an inferior Vent. In ſhort, he wreſtled with the Fleſh ſo long, that he at length ſubdued it, coming off with honourable Wounds, all *before*. The Surgeon had now cured the Parts, primarily affected;

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affected; but the Diſeaſe driven from its Poſt, flew up into his Head: And, as a skilful General, valiantly attack'd in his Trenches, and beaten from the Field, by flying Marches withdraws to the Capital City, breaking down the Bridges to prevent Purſuit; So the Diſeaſe repell'd from its firſt Station, fled before the *Rod of Hermes*, to the upper Region, there fortifying it ſelf; but, finding the Foe making Attacks at the *Noſe*, broke down the *Bridge*, and retired to the *Head-Quarters*. Now, the Naturaliſts obſerve, that there is in human Noſes, an *Idioſyncraſy*, by Virtue of which, the more the Paſſage is obſtructed, the more our Speech delights to go through, as the Muſick of a Flagelate is made by the *Stops*. By this Method, the Twang of the Noſe, becomes perfectly to reſemble the *Snuffle* of a Bag-pipe, and is found to be equally attractive of *Britiſh* Ears; whereof the Saint had ſudden Experience, by practiſing his new Faculty with wonderful Succeſs in the Operation of the *Spirit*: For, in a ſhort Time, no Doctrine paſs'd for Sound and Orthodox, unleſs it were delivered thro' the Noſe. Strait, every Paſtor copy'd after this Original; and

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those, who could not otherwise arrive to a Perfection, spirited by a noble Zeal, made use of the same Experiment to acquire it. So that, I think, it may be truly affirmed, the *Saints* owe their Empire to the *Snuffing* of one *Animal*, as *Darius* did his, to the *Neighing* of another; and both Stratagems were performed by the same Art; for we read, how the * *Persian Beast* acquired his Faculty, by *covering a Mare* the Day before.

* *Herodot.*

I should now have done, if I were not convinced, that whatever I have yet advanced upon this Subject, is liable to great Exception. For, allowing all I have said to be true, it may still be justly objected, that there is in the Commonwealth of *artificial Enthusiasm*, some real Foundation for Art to work upon in the Temper and Complexion of Individuals, which other Mortals seem to want. Observe, but the Gesture, the Motion, and the Countenance, of some choice Professors, tho' in their most familiar Actions, you will find them of a different Race from the rest of human Creatures. Remark your commonest Pretender to a Light

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Light *within*, how dark, and dirty, and gloomy he is *without*; As Lanthorns, which the more Light they bear in their Bodies, cast out so much the more Soot, and Smoak, and fuliginous Matter to adhere to the Sides. Listen, but to their ordinary Talk, and look on the Mouth that delivers it; you will imagine you are hearing some antient Oracle, and your Understanding will be *equally* informed. Upon these, and the like Reasons, certain Objectors pretend to put it beyond all Doubt, that there must be a sort of preternatural *Spirit*, possessing the Heads of the Modern Saints; And some will have it to be the *Heat* of Zeal, working upon the *Dregs* of Ignorance, as other *Spirits* are produced from *Lees*, by the Force of Fire. Some again think, that when our earthly Tabernacles are disordered and desolate, shaken and out of Repair, the *Spirit* delights to dwell within them, as Houses are said to be haunted, when they are forsaken and gone to Decay.

To set this Matter in as fair a Light as possible; I shall here, very briefly, deduce the History of *Fanaticism*, from the most

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most early Ages to the present. And if we are able to fix upon any one material or fundamental Point, wherein the chief Professors have universally agreed, I think we may reasonably lay hold on That, and assign it for the great Seed or Principle of the *Spirit*.

THE most early Traces we meet with, of *Fanaticks*, in antient Story, are among the *Egyptians*, who instituted those Rites, known in *Greece* by the Names of *Orgya*, *Panegyres*, and *Dionysia*, whether introduced there by *Orpheus* or *Melampus*, we shall not dispute at present, nor in all likelihood, at any time for the future. These Feasts were celebrated to the Honor of *Osyris*, whom the *Grecians* called *Dionysius*, and is the same with *Bacchus*: Which has betray'd some superficial Readers to imagine, that the whole Business was nothing more than a Set of roaring, scouring Companions, over-charg'd with Wine; but this is a scandalous Mistake foisted on the World, by a sort of Modern Authors, who have too *literal* an Understanding; and, because Antiquity is to be traced *backwards*, do therefore, like *Jews*, begin their Books at the wrong

Diod. Sic. L. 1. Plut. de Iside & Osyride.

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wrong End, as if Learning were a sort of *Conjuring*. These are the Men, who pretend to understand a Book, by scouring thro' the *Index*, as if a traveller should go about to describe a *Palace*, when he had seen nothing but the *Privy*; or like certain Fortune-tellers in *Northern America*, who have a Way of reading a Man's Destiny, by peeping in his *Breech*. For, at the Time of instituting these Mysteries, * there was not one Vine in all *Egypt*, the Natives drinking nothing but *Ale*; which Liquor seems to have been far more antient than Wine, and has the Honor of owing its Invention and Progress, not only to the † *Egyptian Osyris*, but to the *Grecian Bacchus*, who in their famous Expedition, carried the Receipt of it along with them, and gave it to the Nations they visited or subdued. Besides, *Bacchus* himself, was very seldom, or never Drunk: For, it is recorded of him, that he was the first * Inventor of the *Mitre*, which he wore continually on his Head (as the whole Company of *Bacchanals* did) to prevent Vapors and the Head-ach, after hard Drinking. And for this Reason (say

* *Herod.* L. 2.

† *Diod. Sic.* L. 1. & 3.

* *Id.* L. 4.

(ſay ſome) the *Scarlet Whore*, when ſhe makes the Kings of the Earth drunk with her Cup of Abomination, is always ſober her ſelf, tho' ſhe never balks the Glaſs in her Turn, being, it ſeems, kept upon her Legs by the Virtue of her *Triple Mitre*. Now, theſe Feaſts were inſtituted in imitation of the famous Expedition *Oſyris* made thro' the World, and of the Company that attended him, whereof the *Bacchanalian* Ceremonies were ſo many Types and Symbols. From which Account, it is manifeſt, that the Fanatick Rites of theſe *Bacchanals*, cannot be imputed to Intoxications by Wine, but muſt needs have had a deeper Foundation. What this was, we may gather large Hints from certain Circumſtances in the Courſe of their Myſteries. For, in the firſt Place, there was in their Proceſſions, an entire *Mixture and Confuſion of Sexes*; they affected to ramble about Hills and Deſarts: Their Garlands were of *Ivy* and *Vine*, Emblems of Cleaving and Clinging; or of *Fir*, the Parent of *Turpentine*. It is added, that they imitated *Satyrs*, were attended by *Goats*, and rode upon *Aſſes*, all Companions of great Skill and Practice

See the Particulars in Diod. Sic. *L.* 1. *&* 3.

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Practice in Affairs of Gallantry. They bore for their Enſigns, certain curious Figures, perch'd upon long Poles, made into the Shape and Size of the *Virga genitalis*, with its *Appurtenances*, which were ſo many Shadows and Emblems of the whole Myſtery, as well as Trophies ſet up by the Female Conquerors. Laſtly, in a certain Town of *Attica*, the whole Solemnity * ſtript of all its Types, was performed in *puris naturalibus*, the Votaries, not flying in Coveys, but ſorted into Couples. The ſame may be farther conjectured from the Death of *Orpheus*, one of the Inſtitutors of theſe Myſteries, who was torn in Pieces by Women, becauſe he refuſed to † *communicate his Orgyes* to them; which others explained, by telling us, he had *caſtrated* himſelf upon Grief, for the Loſs of his Wife.

* *Dionyſia Brauronia.*

† *Vid. Photium in excerptis è Conona.*

OMITTING many others of leſs Note, the next *Fanaticks* we meet with, of any Eminence, were the numerous Sects of *Hereticks* appearing in the five firſt Centuries of the *Chriſtian Æra*, from *Simon Magus* and his Followers, to thoſe of *Eutyches*.

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Enthes. I have collected their Systems from infinite Reading, and comparing them with those of their Successors in the several Ages since, I find there are certain Bounds set even to the Irregularities of Human Thought, and those a great deal narrower than is commonly apprehended. For, as they all frequently interfere, even in their wildest Ravings; So there is one fundamental Point, wherein they are sure to meet, as Lines in a Center, and that is the *Community of Women*: Great were their Solicitudes in this Matter, and they never fail'd of certain Articles in their Schemes of Worship, on purpose to establish it.

THE last *Fanaticks* of Note, were those which started up in *Germany*, a little after the *Reformation* of *Luther*; Springing, as *Mushrooms* do at the *End of a Harvest*: Such were *John* of *Leyden*, *David George*, *Adam Neuster*, and many others; whose Visions and Revelations, always terminated in *leading about half a dozen Sisters, apiece*, and making That Practice a fundamental Part of their System. For, Human Life is a continual Navigation, and, if we expect our *Vessels* to pass with

with Safety, thro' the Waves and Tempests of this fluctuating World, it is necessary to make a good Provision of the *Flesh*, as Sea-men lay in store of *Beef* for a long Voyage.

Now from this brief Survey of some Principal Sects, among the *Fanaticks*, in all Ages (having omitted the *Mahometans* and others, who might also help to confirm the Argument I am about) to which I might add several among our selves, such as the *Family of Love*, *Sweet Singers of Israel*, and the like: And from reflecting upon that fundamental Point in their Doctrines, about *Women*, wherein they have so unanimously agreed; I am apt to imagine, that the Seed or Principle, which has ever put Men upon *Visions* in Things *Invisible*, is of a Corporeal Nature: For the profounder Chymists inform us, that the Strongest *Spirits* may be extracted from *Human Flesh*. Besides, the Spinal Marrow, being nothing else but a Continuation of the Brain, must needs create a very free Communication between the Superior Faculties and those below: And thus the *Thorn in the Flesh* serves for a *Spur* to the *Spirit*. I think,

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it is agreed among Phyſicians, that nothing affects the Head ſo much, as a tentiginous Humor, repelled and elated to the upper Region, found by daily practice, to run frequently up into Madneſs. A very eminent Member of the Faculty, aſſured me, that when the *Quakers* firſt appeared, he ſeldom was without ſome Female Patients among them, for the *furor* Perſons of a viſionary Devotion, either Men or Women, are in their Complexion, of all others, the moſt amorous: For, *Zeal* is frequently kindled from the ſame Spark with other Fires, and from inflaming Brotherly Love, will proceed to raiſe That of a Gallant. If we inſpect into the uſual Proceſs of modern Courtſhip, we ſhall find it to conſiſt in a devout Turn of the Eyes, called *Ogling*; an artificial Form of Canting and and Whining by rote, every Interval, for want of other Matter, made up with a Shrug, or a Hum, a Sigh or a Groan; The Style compact of inſignificant Words, Incoherences and Repetition. Theſe, I take, to be the moſt accompliſh'd Rules of Addreſs to a Miſtreſs; and where are theſe performed with more Dextetity, than by the *Saints?* Nay, to bring this Argument

ment yet closer, I have been informed by certain Sanguine Brethren of the first Class, that in the Height and *Orgasmus* of their Spiritual Exercise, it has been frequent with them * * * * *; immediately after which, they found the *Spirit* to relax and flag of a sudden with the Nerves, and they were forced to hasten to a Conclusion. This may be further Strengthened, by observing, with Wonder, how unaccountably all Females are attracted by Visionary or Enthusiastick Preachers, tho' never so contemptible in their *outward Men*; which is usually supposed to be done upon Considerations, purely Spiritual, without any carnal Regards at all. But I have Reason to think, the *Sex* hath certain Characteristicks, by which they form a truer Judgment of Human Abilities and Performings, than we our selves can possibly do of each other. Let That be as it will, thus much is certain, that however Spiritual Intrigues begin, they generally conclude like all others; they may branch upwards toward Heaven, but the Root is in the Earth. Too intense a Contemplation is not the Business of Flesh and Blood; it must by the necessary Course of Things, in a little

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Time, let go its Hold, and fall into *Matter*. Lovers, for the ſake of Celeſtial Converſe, are but another ſort of *Platonicks*, who pretend to ſee Stars and Heaven in Ladies Eyes, and to look or think no lower; but the ſame *Pit* is provided for both; and they ſeem a perfect Moral to the Story of that Philoſopher, who, while his Thoughts and Eyes were fixed upon the *Conſtellations*, found himſelf ſeduced by his *lower Parts* into a *Ditch*.

I had ſomewhat more to ſay upon this Part of the Subject; but the Poſt is juſt going, which forces me in great Haſte to conclude,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

Pray, burn this Letter as ſoon as it comes to your Hands.

FINIS.

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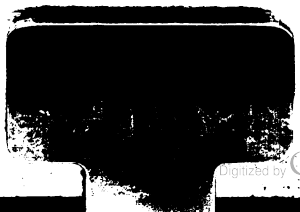
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